Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

APRIL

ARTICLES

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
HENRY M. ROBINSON
ARTHUR D. FICKE
FRANK SCULLY
JOHN GUNTHER
W. BERAN WOLFE, M. D.
WM. M. MARSTON
BARON REITZENSTEIN
PAUL W. KEARNEY
LAWTON MACKALL
LEO ROSTEN
CHARLES COOKE

FICTION

MANUEL KOMROFF
MORLEY CALLAGHAN
JOHN COLLIER
LOUIS PAUL
ROBERT BUCKNER
WALTER CLARE MARTIN
WOLFE KAUFMAN

POETRY

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

SATIRE

MONTAGUE GLASS
ELLIS PARKER BUTLER
LAWRENCE MARTIN
RAYMOND KNIGHT

SPORTS

HAROLD TITUS
HERB GRAFFIS
LEWIS Y. HAGY
HOLMES ALEXANDER

DEPARTMENTS

GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
SIGMUND SPAETH
JOHN V. A. WEAVER
FRANK BLACK
MEYER LEVIN
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY

CARTOONS

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E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
R. VAN BUREN
GILBERT BUNDY
D. McKAY
HOWARD BAER
RODNEY de SARRO
PAUL WEBB
JAY IRVING
GEORGE PETTY
TY MAHON
ROLAND COE
ABNER DEAN
SYDNEY HOFF
SAM BERMAN
(COVER)

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FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN CANADA FIFTY-FIVE CENTS

A
WORTHY MEMBER
OF THE ARISTOCRACY

America's richest Blend
Containing 51% Mellow
6 year Old Whiskey

PENN MARYLAND WHISKEY
De Luxe

BLENDED RYE or BLENDED BOURBON

PENN-MARYLAND CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS

WHO'S WHO
in America
1934-1935
TWO YEARS
VOL. 18
New York Social Register
ALMANACH DE GOTHA
1934
PENN-MARYLAND CORPORATION
4/5 QUART
NATIONAL DISTILLERS
Penn Maryland
De Luxe
BRAND
Blended Bourbon
Whiskey
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
BLENDED BY
Penn-Maryland Corp
BALTIMORE, MD
MADE IN U.S.A.
BURKE'S
PEERAGE,
BARONETAGE,
&
KNIGHTAGE
1934
LONDON:
RISON, PALL MAL

COMFORT OF A DEGREE UNKNOWN IN OTHER CARS IS *YOURS IN CADILLAC*

Cadillac cars have always been noted for their ease of riding. The 1935 Cadillac cars are so luxurious that their comfort seems more restful than ever before. Cadillac comfort comes from long wheelbase, substantial weight, independent front wheel suspension and the ride stabilizer . . . and from form-fitting springs in the deeply upholstered cushions and seats. No other fine car offers all these advantages. That is why Cadillac owners alone enjoy riding comfort that is truly complete. . . . The 1935 Cadillac models are lower in price, and are available on convenient G. M. A. C. terms. Your Cadillac dealer will gladly place a car in your hands for a demonstration of Cadillac comfort.

THE MOTOR CAR MODE IS ESTABLISHED BY

Cadillac

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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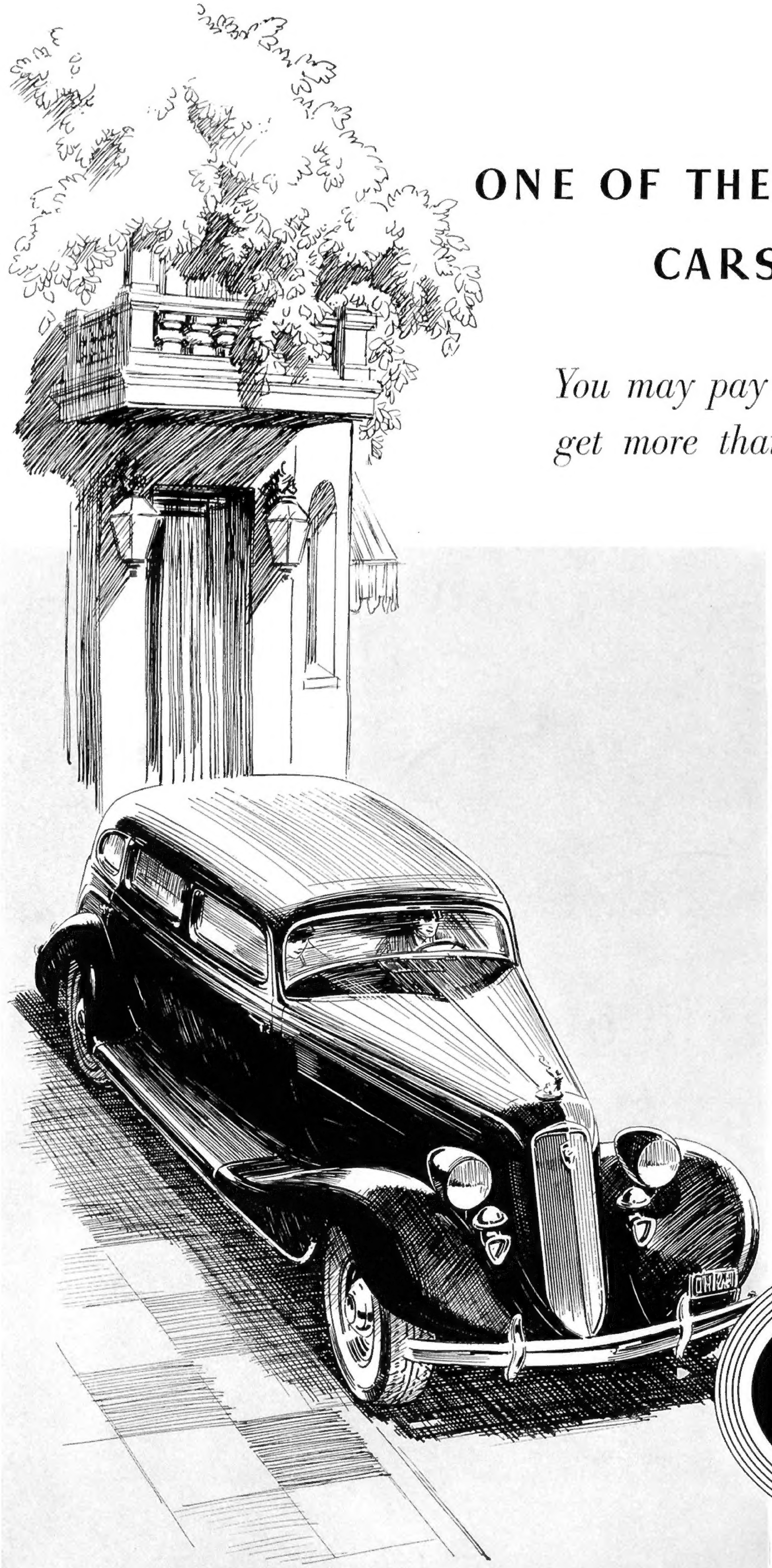


ONE OF THE FIVE FINEST CARS IN AMERICA

You may pay more but you cannot get more than the President gives

Significant of the changed point of view of the times is the 1935 attitude on the subject of fine automobiles.

Exorbitantly high prices for cars are difficult to justify today. Too many people are too smart and sensible to condone unnecessary extravagance.

That accounts for the increasing interest of informed motorists in the new Studebaker President . . . an automobile as fine as it is possible to build . . . a luxury car that isn't luxury priced.

Studebaker stakes its 83-year-old reputation for integrity on the statement that the President is the most restful riding, surest footed, most obedient handling car in America regardless of price or wheelbase.

It has the costliest custom steel body in the world . . . as roomy as cars costing thousands more.

Its engineering excellence is evident in such developments as Independent Planar Wheel Suspension and Compound Hydraulic Brakes. A new super-range transmission gives this President an automatic fourth speed.

Consider the President, not as another new Studebaker, but as an entirely new automobile. Then take it out for a driving trial and convince yourself that paying more is needless and wasteful indulgence.

THE
DISTINGUISHED NEW 1935
President
A STUDEBAKER CHAMPION
$1245 *and up*

ESTABLISHED 1863
"Quality Tells"
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
REGISTERED
REGISTERED
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Wm. Sanderson & Son LEITH, SCOTLAND
IMPORTED BY
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK
SOLE AGENTS FOR UNITED STATES

VAT 69

In clubs the world over - a member in good standing

Wherever quality is the first consideration, there you will find Vat 69. Everywhere it is recognized as one of the world's finest liqueur Scotch whiskies. And that is why men who know never say simply "Scotch and soda." They specify—and insist on—Vat 69.

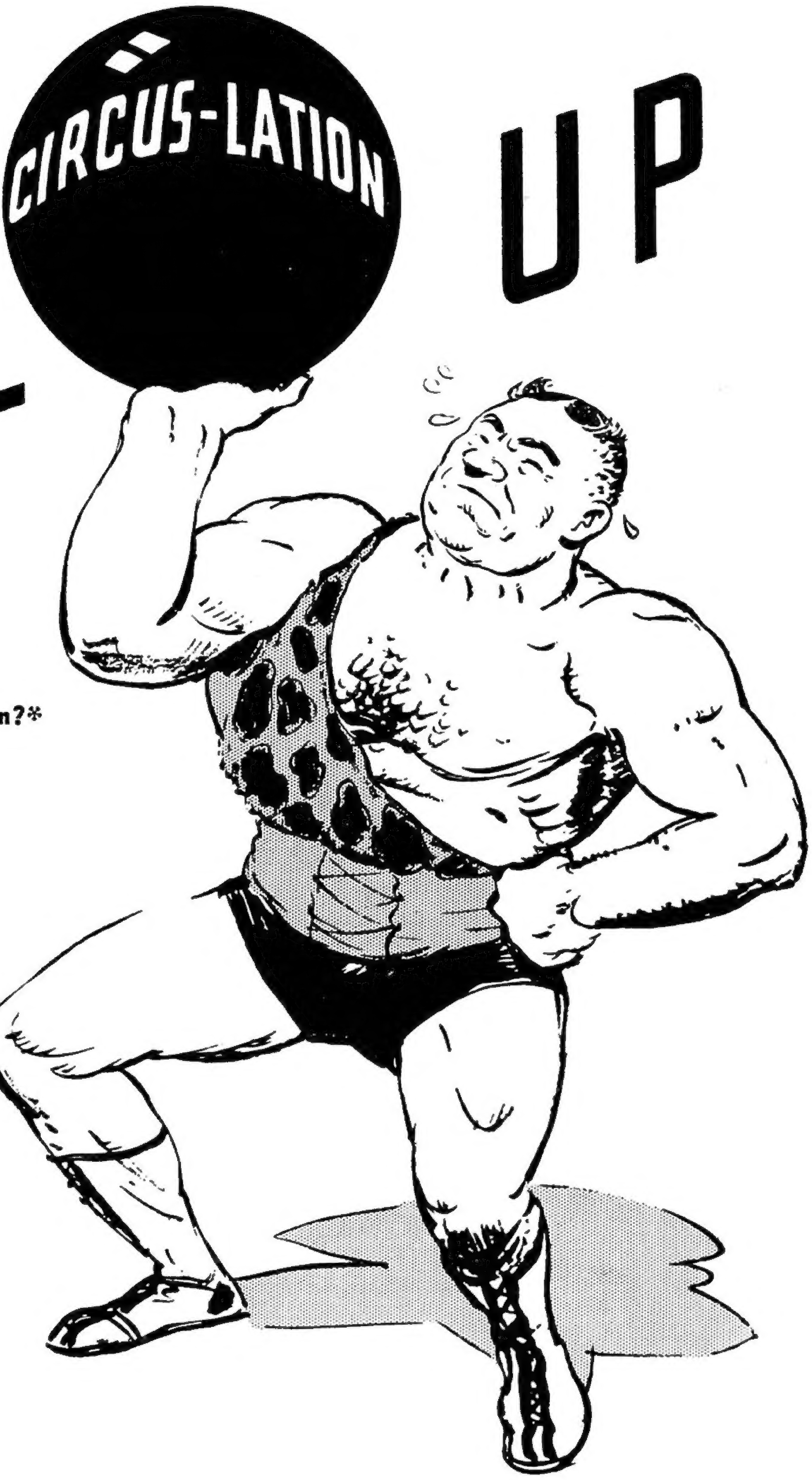
EST. 1863

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY
Wm. Sanderson & Son

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORPORATION, New York, *Exclusive U. S. Representative*

Liqueur
SCOTCH WHISKY

UP—UP—UP



. . . but is it Circulation or CIRCUS-lation?*

CIRCULATION can be either *solid* or *inflated*. If size is all that counts, then it might just as well be made of pumped-up rubber . . . certainly that kind of cannon ball is a lot easier to lift . . . UP! UP! UP!

Just print a good newspaper, and your problems solve themselves automatically. Desirable readers will buy your newspaper in abundance because they want *your newspaper*. And desirable advertisers will buy it in abundance because they want your circulation.

Advertisers, today, turn thumbs down on mere bulk circulation. This has been demonstrated in New York, where the paper with the biggest circulation does not carry the most advertising. So in Baltimore. So in Philadelphia. And notably so IN CHICAGO where THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, with more home coverage, less waste and no CIRCUS-lation (circulation obtained by circus methods) consistently carries more advertising than any other Chicago daily . . . and has done so as far back as there are any records.

Not long ago an authenticated and conclusive home coverage survey was made of the residential districts of Chicago and suburbs. This survey, incidentally never successfully challenged, proves that THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS HAS MORE HOME COVERAGE IN CHICAGO AND SUBURBS THAN ANY OTHER CHICAGO DAILY NEWSPAPER.

And because of this known fact, despite over 1,500,000 lines of liquor and medical advertising carried by other Chicago newspapers (not admitted to the columns of The Daily News) in 1934 advertisers placed more linage in The Daily News than in any other Chicago daily newspaper.

So, evidently, advertisers are not overly impressed when the weight-lifter hoists what may be an inflated rubber cannon ball . . . UP! UP! UP!

LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORD

TOTAL DISPLAY ADVERTISING
Year 1934†

DAILY NEWS	**10,329,131**
DAILY TRIBUNE	8,712,816
AMERICAN	7,545,386
SUNDAY TRIBUNE	4,264,810
DAILY HERALD & EXAMINER	4,100,246
DAILY TIMES	3,034,201
SUNDAY HERALD & EXAMINER	2,590,318
SUNDAY TIMES	428,485

Thus THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS MAINTAINS its leadership, by a wide margin, despite the fact that in 1934 other Chicago newspapers accepted and printed over 1,500,000 lines of liquor and medical advertising, not admitted to the columns of The Daily News.

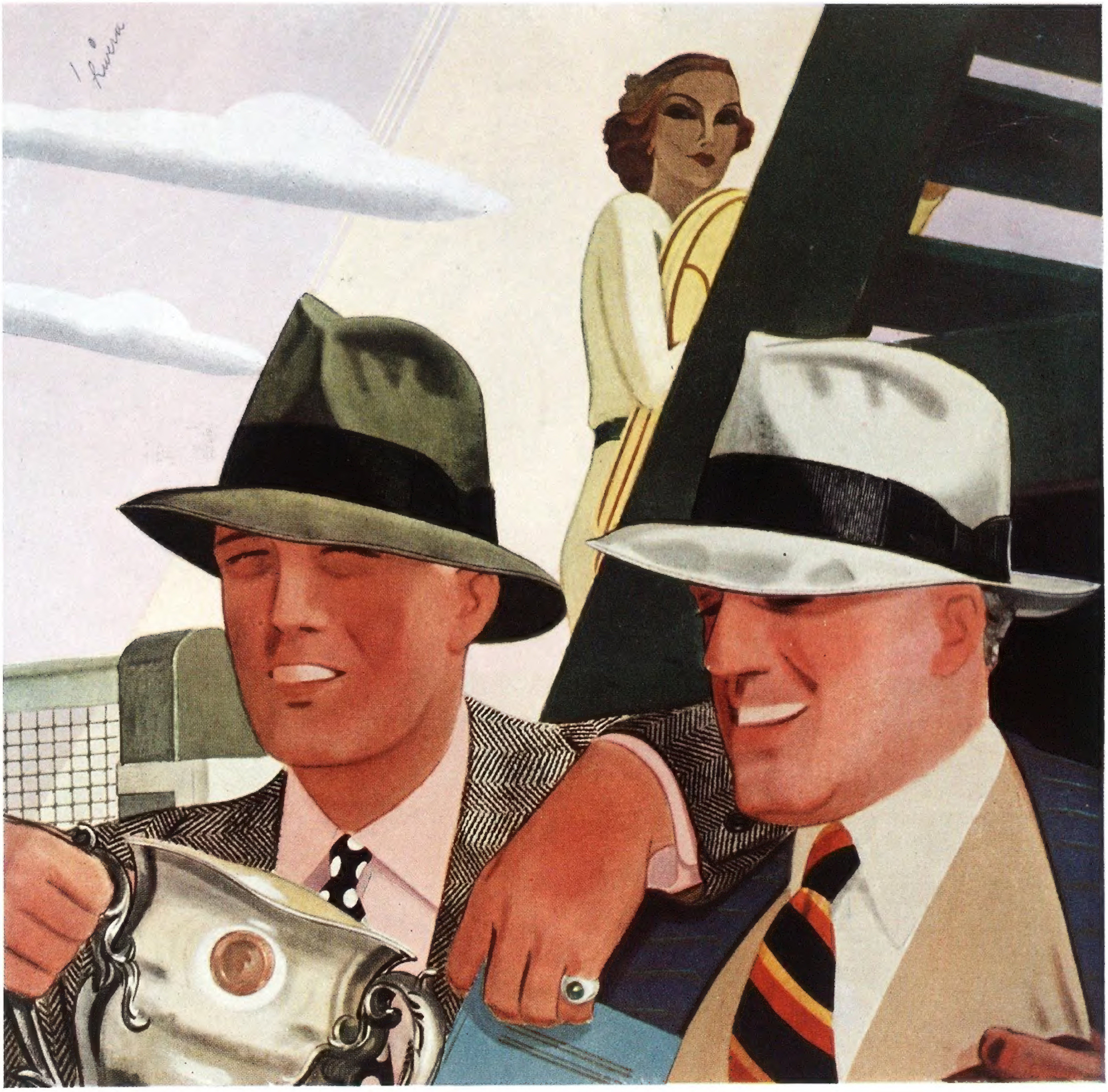
†*Authority: Media Records, Inc.*

**Circulation obtained by Circus Methods*

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

—Chicago's Home Newspaper

GEORGE A. McDEVITT CO., National Advertising Representatives . . . NEW YORK . . . CHICAGO . . . PHILADELPHIA . . . DETROIT . . . SAN FRANCISCO



IT'S THE DOBBS "HANKACHIF* FELT"

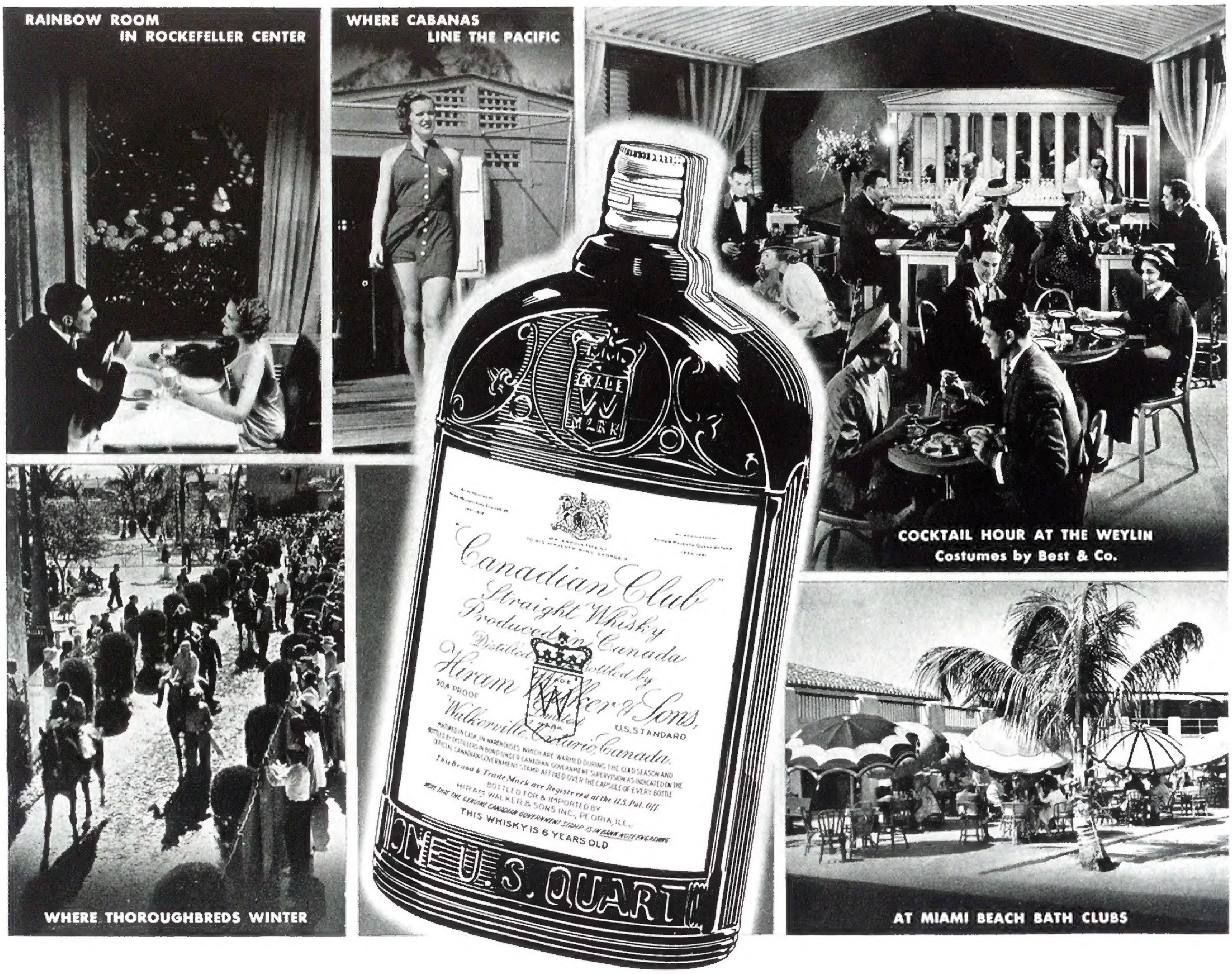
The lightest felt hat ever made

The de luxe light felt for gentlemen, everywhere. The "Hankachif Felt" is unbelievably cool . . . soft . . . comfortable. It weighs only Two Ounces! And it has that famous perspiration resisting feature—the Cavanagh Way. In all the favored summer colors.*

*REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

New York's Leading Hatters DOBBS

711 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK . . . REPRESENTATIVES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES


RAINBOW ROOM IN ROCKEFELLER CENTER
WHERE CABANAS LINE THE PACIFIC
COCKTAIL HOUR AT THE WEYLIN
Costumes by Best & Co.
WHERE THOROUGHBREDS WINTER
AT MIAMI BEACH BATH CLUBS
"Canadian Club"
Straight Whisky
Produced in Canada
Distilled and bottled by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada.
U.S. STANDARD
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
U.S. QUART

Partner for Playtime

Those who make Hiram Walker their playtime companion tell us no partner in pleasure gives more generously of enjoyment. That is true, no matter which of the famous Hiram Walker brands of whiskies and gins you select.

Hiram Walker bonded whiskies are aged in wood six years, and are bottled in bond in Canada. They include "Canadian Club," Imperial, DeLuxe Straight Rye and DeLuxe Straight Bourbon.

Further, Hiram Walker makes three fine blended whiskies from the same vast Canadian stocks — King of Clubs, Queen of Clubs and Jack of Clubs — each with a generous base of fully-matured 5½-year-old whisky.

Finally, Ten High and Royal Oak, the best straight whiskies under a dollar, are available everywhere . . . as is Hiram Walker's London Dry Gin, distilled from the "heart of the run."

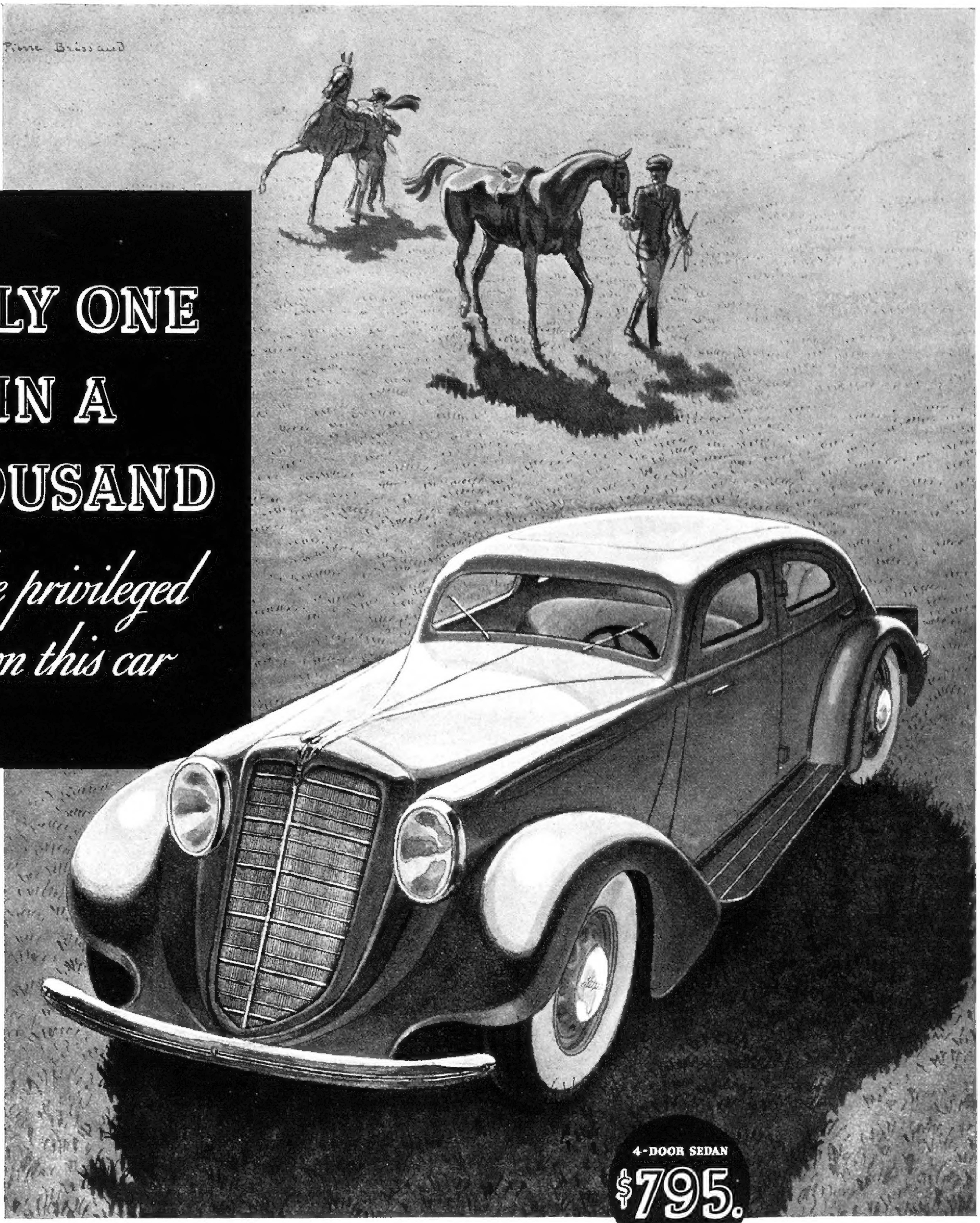
Seventy-five years' skill and experience give these liquors their smoothness and superior flavor. Remember, the password to pleasure is "Hiram Walker."

Hiram Walker & Sons

Distilleries at Walkerville, Ontario, and Peoria, Illinois

ONLY ONE IN A THOUSAND

will be privileged to own this car



4-DOOR SEDAN
$795.

The car illustrated is the Series 518 four-door Touring Sedan. Overall length, 189 inches. Horse power, 101. *Equipped with Hydraulic Brakes.*

De luxe models at slight extra cost. All prices f. o. b. factory. Tax and equipment extra.

HERE is a new low-priced car, the first to combine the efficiency of modern air-line design with true dignity and beauty. However, despite its price, not everyone can own this Hupmobile. The care and skill that go into its construction forbid haste, and limit the number that can be built.*

It is Hupp's policy to pioneer principles . . . and let others sponsor fads. That's why so often, when Hupp announces a new car, it proves to be a sensation.

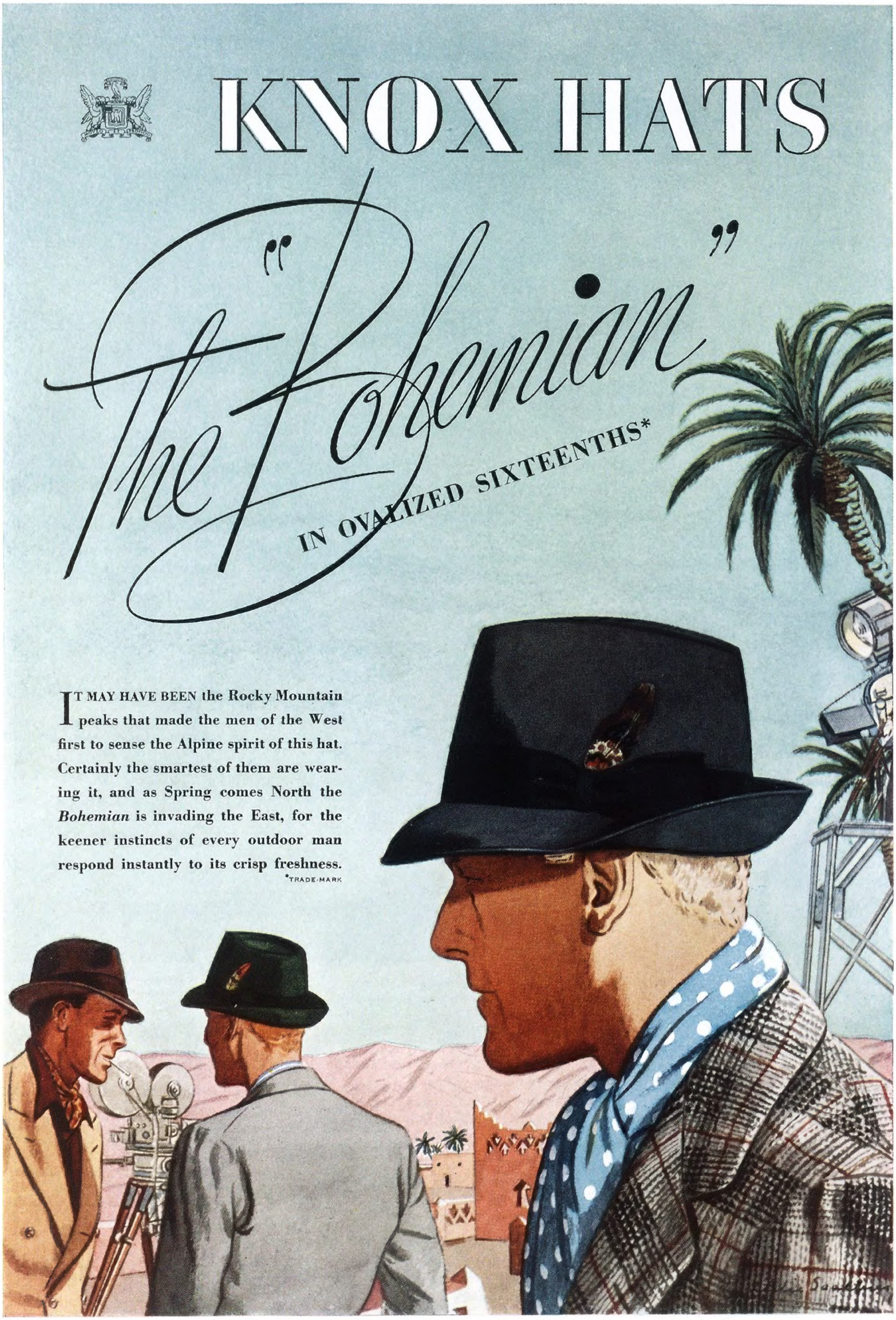
It explains why the 1916 Hupmobile is *still* regarded by engineers as a yardstick to measure mechanical perfection . . . why the Century Hupmobile of '28 is generally given credit for the sleek lines of today's cars . . . and why this new 1935 Hupmobile, will, in all probability, set an entirely new standard of quality and value for low-priced cars.

May we suggest, if you are to be the "one" of the "one in a thousand", that you lose no time in examining this new Hupmobile and subjecting it to a test drive.

. . .

*The maximum production for 1935 of this Hupmobile is 25,000. Statistics show 25,000,000 persons can easily afford this car. That means that only one in a thousand will be fortunate enough to own it.

THE 1935 *Hupmobile*



KNOX HATS

The "Bohemian"

IN OVALIZED SIXTEENTHS*

IT MAY HAVE BEEN the Rocky Mountain peaks that made the men of the West first to sense the Alpine spirit of this hat. Certainly the smartest of them are wearing it, and as Spring comes North the *Bohemian* is invading the East, for the keener instincts of every outdoor man respond instantly to its crisp freshness.

*TRADE-MARK

Edited
by
ARNOLD GINGRICH

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
DAVID A. SMART
WM. H. WEINTRAUB

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Direct Color Photography and Sketches ....
by Saalburg, Fellows, Kehl and Goodman, beginning on page 101

Art Directors: JOHN GROTH, ERIC LUNDGREN

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Passing on an old problem For about a year straight there have been complaints about the little ESQUIRE figure on our cover. Well, Eskie doesn't have to stay on the cover. We could move him inside, onto one of the color pages now devoted to cartoons. That way, perhaps we could satisfy those who can't stand the sight of him on the cover and still mollify those who shriek at every suggestion of his being ousted. But we'd rather you wouldn't write us, seconding this motion, unless at the same time you suggest something to take the place that Eskie has occupied for the last fifteen issues. It isn't much we're asking of you. Just give us an idea to replace the one you're asking us to abandon. Of course, it must possess the same admittedly meagre set of advantages possessed by the present cover idea. It must, like this one, be different from any other magazine cover now in use. It must, like this one, be readily recognizable, even from a distance. It must, like this one, express more or less accurately the general tone, or spirit, of the magazine. And it must have, like this one, continuity possibilities. That's all. It's been our problem for fifteen months, since the complaints first began. But if anybody else would like to worry about it for awhile, we'd be glad to stop. So take it away.

For "humor" read "satire" We got tired, after the first few times, of hearing that the only funny thing about most of the pages labeled "humor" was the very fact of our so labeling them. You will kindly notice that we have at last neatly sideslipped that one. Heh, heh—it's "satire" now. So if you don't laugh, we won't have to feel that you've got a rebate coming. The respite from The Fury will be short-lived, though. In a few days you'll be asking, in high dudgeon, for our definition of satire. Meanwhile, awaiting the awful moment, we'll be endeavoring to fix up an all-time all-elastic meaning.

Dating of the Sound and Fury It occurs to us that we have never explained the mechanics of The Sound and The Fury department. The letters are selected, for each issue, on the twenty-first of the month preceding date of issue. For example, this month's Sound and Fury was picked by the editor, captioned and annotated and sent to the printer, on the twenty-first of February. We are moved to make this explanation because we are constantly getting letters as late as the second and third of the month which carry a postscript to the effect that a bet has been made on the chances of their appearing in the next Sound and Fury. In such cases, somebody's betting on a certainty.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE

Every month I read in *Sound and Fury* a letter from some one panning Raymond Knight. They range from savage attacks to pure amazement that his stuff should be in Esquire.

Now I think it's about time that some one stood up for Knight. A letter in favor of him would be a novelty. Personally I think his stuff is swell. Maybe I'm alone in this but I have every reason to believe that his articles are perfection. I always turn to them first. For cleverness, ingenuity, and hilarious comedy, they are unequalled. The man is a riot and I for one cannot see why this opinion is not universal. Speaking simply, Raymond Knight is colossal!

I hope you print this just to prove that there is one reader who knows genius when he sees it.

Sincerely yours,
New York, N. Y. Raymond Knight

TO THE HEIGHT OF OUR MORALS!

Thank God (or whoever else is responsible) for Esquire!!

I've withheld this word of praise, perhaps, too long, but, I excuse myself with the observation that I was a little bit afraid you'd slip into the commonplace and I wanted to wait until I was sure you wouldn't.

However, I've tried (with success) to show my great appreciation and thanks for your highbrow, yet mass-appealing publication by getting you many new readers. (It's up to you to get them to buy their own copies instead of reading mine.)

Regardless of what the muck-rakers and self-righteous reforming individuals say in your *S. & F.* Dept., I contend (with head high and a dangerous light in my eyes) that the moral tone of your magazine is *high*. (Hold that brick, Mrs. Grundy and myriad children, I'll explain in a second!).

The exercise of one's mentality or a study of psychology readily shows how much sex influences our lives, and has done so since before history. An understanding of the facts makes for a broader understanding of humanity and a discard of the petty, narrow mind.

Your stories and articles show sex in its rightful place; a *complement* of life's main functions (a difficult fact for Mr. Reformer Grundy to concede). Sex presented in this way is not objectionable; instead, it explains certain otherwise un-understandable human actions.

And now to exercise the prerogative of the old reader (I have a copy of every issue since inception) and make suggestions.

I was disappointed when I noticed you were using two-part stories. Is it because their excellence and content require a greater length or because you are using the methods of second-rate magazines to maintain your circulation?

However, if two-part stories are a necessary evil, suppose you classify it as such at the *beginning* instead of bluntly stating at the end that it will be concluded in the next issue. I speak particularly of *These Too Shall Live*, which carried my interest along on an ever-rising crescendo, until the dash of cold water contained in the words: "Concluded next month." I think a little warning at the beginning will aid us who like to read both parts at once in waiting till the next month to read both parts at the same time.

Suggestion Number Two is that you run an occasional scientific article, which will give us up-to-the minute facts in a more complete fashion than newspapers or news-magazines.

Suggestion Number Three is that you add, not eliminate. Build up to an ideal, not down to a taste. Surprise, don't disappoint.

Again, thanks, for the only really readable magazine; all others fall flat in format, color, moral tone, and entertainment.

Long life (for your sake, as well as mine).
Chicago, Ill. Ralph Voigt

P. S.—As for Petty's cartoons (which I enjoy very much, both for color and line) I can only say as did the farmer who saw a giraffe for the first time, "I don't believe it."—R.W.V.

WE CHANGED THE HUMOR LABEL

Before reading my one story or article I allow myself each day (to make it seem less like a month between Esquires) I'll just have my little say regarding several criticisms in the *S. & F.* department of the current issue. Now it seems that there are those who dislike your style of tagging the items "humor," "fiction," etc. These individuals undoubtedly don't know that there are a number of us who definitely like our things labelled. If we take a dose of something and it's labelled and it doesn't happen to taste like we expected it to it isn't any proof that the next consumer will be similarly disappointed. I, for one would be mighty sad if this classification were discontinued.

Sincerely,
San Diego, Cal. Virginia Lee Updegraff

P.S.—Maybe you could tell me why I insist on saving all issues of Esquire when they have been read through two or three times? Usually nothing that isn't nailed down escapes the incinerator if it has served it's purpose. I being a merciless eliminator of all other monthly magazines immediately after they are read.—V.L.U.

CLAP HANDS, THAT'S OUR JOHNNY

I'll not take up much of your time. I simply want to get in a husky huzza before the planets drop from their orbits and the pieces begin showering over the English-speaking world. Gather round, you manly males, who so vociferously demand literature with hair on its chest, and clap hands for the first real show of intestinal stamina by any of Esquire's departments!

HE
GAVE
LA CORNELL
HER FIRST

I refer to John V. A. Weaver's gallant and well-aimed kick at a portion of Katharine Cornell's anatomy which, in the ermine circle, would be deemed the nether quarters. Beside that magnificent foolhardiness, Meyer Levin's cantankerous little paragraphs about the cinema, which have called forth such groans, become Millay sonnets of liquid good will. Even Hemingway, despite his fluent bastards and bitches, must be biting his knuckles in envy.

Dear Mr. Weaver, you exhibited a swashbuckling recklessness that we thought had died long, long ago. Mind you, I do not say I agree with your critical comments (mild phrase for that dynamite masking as printer's ink). But to come right out in black and white and take such a death-dealing crack at the most untouchable of all this generation's ultra-untouchables—the glamorous Cornell! Sir, it warms the cockles of an admittedly cowardly heart. My congratulations—and my condolences. For I believe you will need more of the latter before it's all over and done with.

What does it matter that you are hopelessly given to overstatement—you do it with such a flourish!

When it comes your time to play hide and seek with the worms, I know the Esquire alumni will raise a suitable monument at the head of your grassy mound, and I hope they will allow this unworthy one to pen your epitaph. For these will be the words: "He gave La Cornell her first Bronx cheer!"

Yours in sympathy,
Tulsa, Oklahoma Allen McGinnis

IF THIS BE CALLOW, HANG THE WISE

A little explanation before I go into my "noise and rage." Your ad which appeared in the January issue illustrated with typical case histories hit me exactly. I'm Type 6, "Sophomore 'sophisticate'. Probably wiser than you think—yet still a little callow." The family leapt at the suggestion of the gift subscription and I got Esky for Xmas. No longer do I have to save my pennies for my monthly newsstand purchase of your glossy catalogue.

I'm satisfied but for one thing. I may be a callow Sophomore but I'm rising in indignation against the *opposition* to your Type III stories. Every Soph has had a Freshman rhetoric course in which in a few short weeks he is exposed to the modern short story and learns to like it. Esquire has satisfied my demands and those of thousands of other readers by giving us monthly supplies of excellent, intelligent fiction. Now after we've gotten used to this and expect it, are we to understand that the editorial policy of your mag is going to be altered to satisfy the demands of a few readers who "can't understand" these stories and ask for a type fiction that is as unenjoyable to most of us as last week's newspaper?

Please Ed. don't let this happen, weigh the few gripers against your two hundred thousand readers that don't gripe and keep on shoving Type III fiction at us, I'm depending on you.

Sincerely,
Flint, Michigan Wayne M. Hartwell

Editor's Note: *Some months we're just hard up for something to talk about in that space beneath the table of contents. Don't worry, we won't sell you out—but remember that we never said they'd* all *be Type III.*

A RIPE BANANA FOR THE MAJOR

We in the tropics got a bigger belly-laugh of *Old Twiddle Toe* by Major Howard S. Reed in the November issue than out of anything labelled "Humor."

To one who has worked on banana plantations both in Honduras and Panama for over ten years, this article is pathetic in its inaccuracies and unauthenticities. Major Reed has evidently served in the Marines and did not contact Jamaican farm labor or passed through on a tourist boat or has been hoodwinked by some tropical man set on making a sap out of him.

It is a deplorable fact that, to my knowledge not a single article has ever been written about Central America in which there were no flaws discernible to a tropical man of six months residence.

The most screaming inconsistencies were as follows:

1. The conversation employed by Dod, the newly arrived Jamaican. In addressing a white man I have yet to hear a Jamaican say "Massa." They use Chief, Captain, Boss or Super.
2. I never heard of a Jamaican trotting all day long behind a mule—it is not done.
3. A machete isn't heavy—the heaviest weigh 1 lb. 10 oz. by actual weight.
4. Dod, fresh from Jamaica, wouldn't know animals or be able to handle them well. They're scared of mules. A Jamaican wouldn't make cat-like rounds of the potreros at night, he'd bar doors and windows and go to bed. The white Overseer would make the rounds if any were made.
5. Beating bush for jaguars is a laugh. These cats are hunted at night with a jack-light, never attack a human being of adult age and will only circle one while being robbed of its young.
6. Natives don't invite Jamaicans to butcher for their feast days, they can use an axe. And they use pork for feasts, not beef. This is like a Chinaman feasting on rice—they have it every day.
7. Machete fighters, who are usually drunk, aim at any part of the body and don't concentrate on the heart.
8. Your illustrations look like no Jamaicans I ever saw. A farm laborer wears a pair of trousers, maybe a shirt, a pair of nondescript shoes and a straw hat.

This is my first letter to any magazine on any article but I had to put you straight on the fact that our Jamaican labor do not dress like Zulus nor talk like Uncle Tom.

Yours very truly,
Puerto Armuelles, Panama W. C. Wright

IT'S TOO GOOD FOR A CARTOON

I have one for the book.

On West 17th St. in Kansas City there is a relief station where groceries are distributed gratis.

In front of the station there is a sign on a pole to wit:

Relief Groceries Delivered 15c

Presumably the individual operating the delivery business makes a living at it. One of your staff artists ought to make a pretty good cartoon out of that.

Very truly yours,
Kansas City, Mo. Whitney Goit

Editor's Note: *But nothing's too good for the good old S. & F. Some fun, this month, hey fellers?*

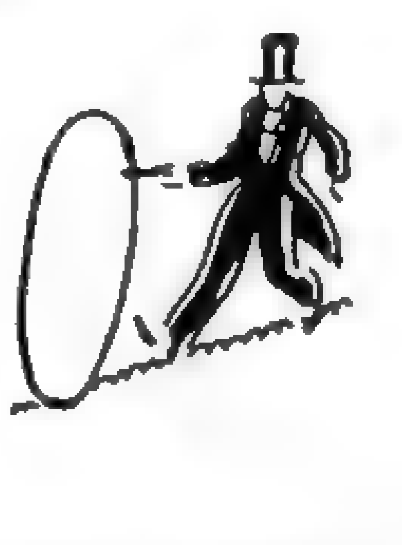
WRONG: THERE'VE BEEN SEVEN

At least fifteen issues (including March 1935, just received) have been published thus far, and if my recollection is not deliberately incorrect, two articles purporting to treat of golf have so far appeared in the publication.

Huntingdon, Pa. Robert H. Henderson

EVER TRY ROLLING HOOPS?

I noticed in a recent number of your magazine, an article praising bull fighting as a sport.

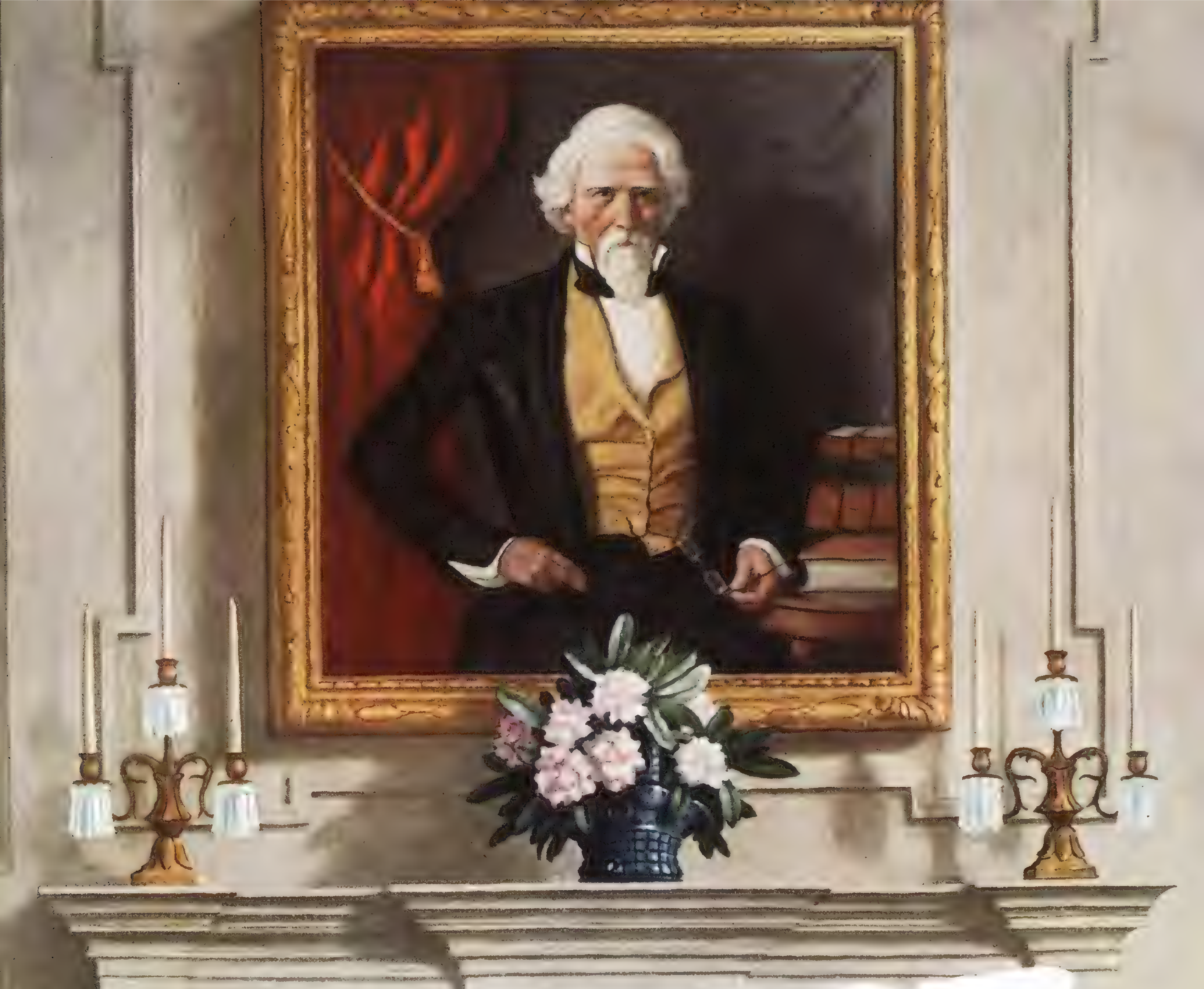


It has always seemed to me that bull fighting, as I have seen it depicted, is a very brutalizing exhibition, and one which would not appeal to the ordinary American temperament, aroused, as it is, against the visible exhibition of animal suffering.

I do not believe that the article is one which will add to the credit of your magazine or improve the class of your readers.

Very truly yours,
New York, N. Y. Herbert C. Pell

Continued on page 14



"I would like to have known my grandfather better"

"I think we would have been great friends—because I seem to like the things he liked.

"I like dogs and horses just as he did. I like the books he used to read. And I like the same old whiskey that was always his favorite—Paul Jones!"

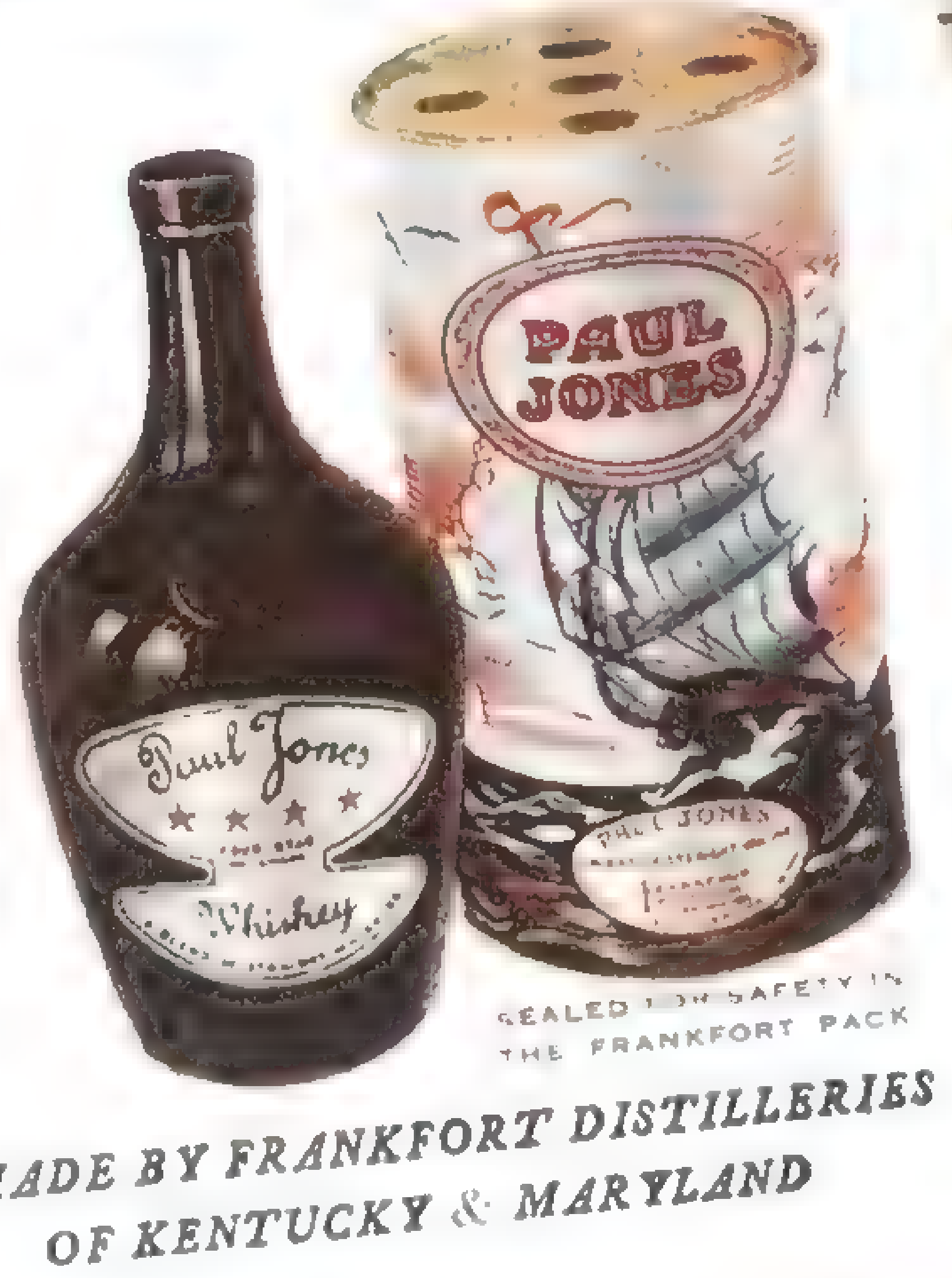
IN MANY HOMES, Paul Jones is almost an institution. It has been the preferred whiskey in the family for four generations.

Perhaps the reason is that Paul Jones is one whiskey whose sound quality and smooth, mellow flavor never vary.

If you have been pining for a really good, dependable whiskey, get Paul Jones. Insist on it in hotels and restaurants. And when you ask for Paul Jones, be sure you get it.

There is a Frankfort Whiskey for every pocketbook: FOUR ROSES, Antique, Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore, Shipping Port.

"Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book" offers you $100 worth of wit and wisdom. Send 10¢ in stamps for your copy to Frankfort Distilleries, Dept. 409, Louisville, Ky., America's largest independent distillers.



MADE BY FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES OF KENTUCKY & MARYLAND

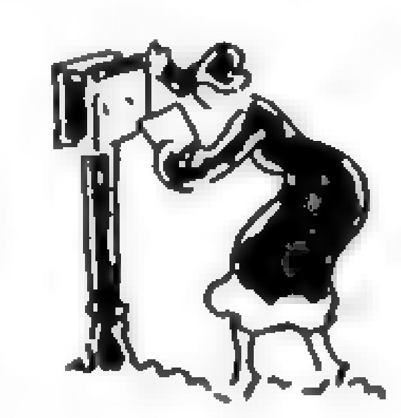
Try Paul Jones

A BLEND OF ALL STRAIGHT WHISKIES

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

THE WIDE OPEN PLACES

My wife got Esquire for Christmas so I get to see it eventually. All through January and February she bore down on me to dress like the pictures but, tonight, she come on this Trousers Tailored with Talon ad which was sketched in the Lounge Cafe at the Waldorf on page 15 in the March issue and when she sees that pair of trousers standing wide open she wants to know what the hell kind of a place is this here Waldorf Lounge Cafe.



Now I'm afraid she is going to write to you because I couldn't tell her what all she wanted to know about the place and I'm afraid she'll say something about things being waved around like that there Carol Dinan so please, if you get a letter from my wife, don't print it. I don't want people making cracks about her, too.

Columbus, Ohio — Robert Lockett

LOST ART OF JOHN ANDREWS

Sometime in the early part of 1919 a reputable business friend of mine in Pittsburgh by the name of Rockstraw mentioned several times that he knew a Chemist by the name of John Andrews, who was more or less of an inventor, and that this man had a substitute gasoline that was going to revolutionize the gasoline or petrol business of the world for he had a process whereby, when mixing certain chemicals with water, he could make a fuel that was the equivalent of gasoline or petrol.

Then in the early part of June, 1919, Rockstraw came to me and said he had made a contract with John Andrews whereby he was to have certain rights in connection with this invention but, before he could secure this contract, it would be necessary for him to raise $15,000.00 cash in order to finance a trip to London, England, where they would be obliged to demonstrate this substitute gasoline before certain people who were willing to finance the promotion and use of this fuel on a large scale if the demonstration was sucessful. I told Rockstraw it was a far-fetched idea and I was not interested in helping him but he kept after me and said he could prove to me that Andrews knew what he was doing, with the result that on Saturday, June 14th, 1919, Andrews made 2½ gallons of this fuel in my garage and a test witnessed by five people was run with my Cadillac car. Still I was not sold on the idea, so again on July 2nd, 1919, we run another test, witnessed by eight people, with my car. In each of these tests I saw to it that all the gasoline was drained from my car; I helped draw a bucket of water from the faucet; then Andrews took a bottle of his chemicals from his little black satchel, poured it into the water, stirred it up with a stick, poured the mixture into the gasoline tank of the automobile and off we started. As I recollect we got about 9 miles per gallon with this Cadillac car. During the second test we poured some of the solution, after it was made up for use in the car, on the concrete floor of my garage; also on a rag, touched a match to it and it burned similar to gasoline.

The second test with my car was witnessed by a man named Jackson, from England, who had been sent over by certain Englishmen to make some arrangements for the sale of this fuel in Europe.

At the time of these tests Andrews said this fuel could be made at a cost of anywhere from 2 cents to 5 cents per gallon but I was never able to verify this for the reason that he would not disclose the chemicals used.

I loaned Rockstraw a part of the money he required for financing the trip to England and, as I recollect, on July 29th, 1919, the party, including Rockstraw, sailed for England. Rockstraw spent nearly five months in England, during which time Andrews was over there a part of the time.

After Andrews had been in England for a short time, he suddenly disappeared and came back to the United States, much to the chagrin of the Englishmen as well as of Rockstraw. Rockstraw communicated with me from England and, on Andrews' arrival here, I looked him up and asked him why he had left the party in England but could not get any satisfactory explanation from him. Later Rockstraw returned and the whole thing finally developed into some kind of a row. The general impression was that Andrews, together with his Attorney who went to England with him, got substantial sums of money from some of those Englishmen but Rockstraw did not get anything. As I recollect he was out about $30,000.00 as well as the loss of time from his business. Then after a while Andrews again disappeared from his home at Elizabeth, near McKeesport, Pa. I would say that this was sometime during the year 1920, and since then I have lost all track of him.

There is no question but what John Andrews made a fuel from his chemicals, a small portion of which when added to a very large quantity of water, seemed to give just as good results as the gasoline I was using at that time in my Cadillac car.

I understood that, previous to the time I became interested in this proposition with Rockstraw, John Andrews had taken this matter up with the Government as Mr. Meriwether tells in his article; also that he had been negotiating with some prominent automobile people in Indianapolis and Detroit but I was never able to get much information regarding these negotiations.

I have quite a voluminous detail file on this subject and can back up the above statements with proper records. However, I do not believe it is necessary to publish any further information on the subject because I think Mr. Meriwether has covered the subject in very good shape. It was hard for me, before making these tests, to believe that any such fuel could be made where the bulk of the mixture was water but, after the tests were made, I was sure of it and today I am sure that John Andrews made a mixture of water and chemicals that had certain merits and perhaps possibilities. No doubt it is now a lost art.

Yours very truly,

Pittsburgh, Pa. — Grant B. Shipley

NONDESCRIPT RESIDENT ANDREWS?

Walter Scott Meriwether's article, "The Great Invention," I have just read with keen interest and sheer astonishment, as I am familiar with the same inventor, John Andrews, as well as his habit and abode since his vanishment referred to in the current article.

Nor did he meet with ill—at the time police investigators and Mr. Meriwether, in their examination of his cottage, found marks of struggle, a trunk broken open and the drawers of a bureau thoroughly ransacked; for it has been my fortune, during the past fourteen years, to have lived within a three-mile radius of his present, humble, farm home where, even today, he nondescriptly resides with his wife and family.

More than once I have heard the story of his invention from his own lips, as he told my father and multiple times by word of mouth. Nor did his experimentation stop in the field of gasoline, his most revolutionary one, if released.

In all probability, his nervous apprehensions may be attributed to the circumstances surrounding a demonstration of his invention before a foreign government, for which he reputedly received a sum of money.

To my mind, Mr. Meriwether, with his interest in the case, would be glad to possess this information; and I beg to say that I would be glad to cooperate with either Esquire or him in additional, and emphatically only authentic, information in the continuance of this article.

In appreciation of any consideration you may give this matter, I remain

Yours truly,

Elizabeth, Pa. — Wm. Paul Caldwell

INSERT ROTTEN, LOUSY, FOUL

The gentle Esquire is in his glory on the cover. As he grows bolder he will thumb his nose at the critics. He will never be righter until you are "wronger." "Wriggle" 'round a trifle and you will be properly oriented, then, pseudo-critics, duck.

Definite enders might cease annoying if Esquire should add a kindergarten department or a sob sister to nurse them along until their minds develop. Their criticisms are only bluff. Imagine one prancing along the street with a huge Esquire under his arm hoping people will mistake him for an intellectual or at least a Brain Truster.

Your unfinished stories are compliments that swell the ego of your understanding public. If continued you may develop an artist who will give the world the pleasure of reading the definite ending of *Edwin Drood.*

To avoid annoying some of the more delicate readers with bright paper you should print Esquire in Braille. Second thought, better not, raised letters would hurt their fingers.

Your success is assured. Three capitalists backed by three communists failed to break you.

The above is an effort to conform to the kindly spirit and gentle address of the most polished of your critics. Men of nuse, whose ideas and graceful language will give everlasting life to "Sound and Fury."

This writer regrets that he cannot use correctly such polite words as rotten, lousy, or kindred elegances.

If to peer "Sound and Fury" critics such profound language is necessary perhaps the kindly editor will insert it.

Sincerely,

San Jacinto, Calif. — R. A. Knipp

COMPETITION FOR CAROL, HUH?

I am an unfortunate young woman whose life was no bed of roses but at least exhilarating until the doctor two weeks ago prescribed, among other things, "bed every night at ten o'clock for six months, no dancing, no excitement." So this, the tenth night away from all the stimulating male companionship I've been used to—the dancing, the intimate talking and smoking and drinking at bars and in restaurants and in bachelor apartments, the rushing about the countryside under the winter moon—this night I have spent in reading over the best bits of nine issues of your much-to-be-applauded magazine.

Reading Esquire is almost as good as being around one of my favorite men. It brings the nicest sort of essential male presence into my chaste feminine studio.

After six months of this getting-health I may be a picture of health but I will be a psychopathic case as far as my mind and nerves are concerned. You see, the whole trouble is that I'm a man's woman. I'm twenty-three years old and I look like Myrna Loy and I've had a lot of interesting experiences these last ten years and I still think the nicest thing about the world is that it has so many likable men in it. Unfortunately I go for the sophisticated clever sort Esquire glorifies, the sort who have too damned much charm to be let loose on any woman so sentimental and romantic as I am. But I love them anyhow—because they wear trousers and shave their chins and look down their noses at us weak bits of femininity. I even like to have my heart broken.

Your sports section doesn't interest me at all, naturally. But I run around asking people if they've seen this or that cartoon. Don't ever cut expenses on those entirely-unique, super-swell pages of Eskimos, Sultans, Tired Business Men, Blonde Fluffs and Angry Husbands. Most of all I like such articles as the one in the February issue by George Jean Nathan titled "The More Presentable Sex." He put down on paper all the things I've secretly fumed over—and he's right on every count!

I think your sub-titles are too, too lurid and often misleading. You said that the story by Alan Marshall called "I, the Lord, Love Judgment," was "a horror story for steel stomachs which will scare you silly and turn your hair white overnight"—and I read it calmly to the very end without one quickening pulse-beat. Now am I somehow lacking in imagination, Esquire, or have you too much of it?

Men are sweet but they're awfully dumb about women sometimes—and it would be the happiest moment of my life if you and I, Esquire, could conspire to help some of the younger ones along the way they want to go, although they shouldn't, perhaps!

Please accept my good wishes for continued success.

Sincerely,

Denver, Colo. — Barbara Jean Hamilton

PETER PIPER PICKED A PECK—

I quiver with indignation. I am so damb mad. What did you have to go and spoil it for? They never would have caught on and everything was fine and dandy until you had to go and open that big trap of yours. This Whore's Lamentable Hex has raised general hell. I am so damb mad. You have sowed the seed of discontent. You have robbed us ladies of our birthright. You are not only a robber and a dastard but a sneak of the first water. Not content with just uttering you had to get it published in Esquire, the magazine for men.

But Mr. Nathan, tell me one thing, tell me do; have you a ......? Honest to God?

Hatefully yours,

Detroit, Mich. — Gab'l Dufort

Editor's Note: *Miss Dufort will move down (if possible) to the foot of the class for failing to remember that "lamentable" is accented on the first syllable.*

Continued on page 156

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

STYLES FOR SPRING AGAIN INDICATE THE EXTRAORDINARY DESIGNING TALENT OF FINCHLEY. THE SPLENDID SWEEP OF LAPELS, THE CUSTOM CONTOUR OF SHOULDERS AND THE TRIM ELEGANCE AFFECTING ALL BODY LINES CONTRIBUTE A DEGREE OF CHARACTER SELDOM ASSOCIATED WITH SUITS READY FOR WEARING. FABRIC SELECTIONS, WHICH ARE WIDELY VARIED, EMBRACE PLAIN BROWNS, GREYS AND BLUES AND EXCLUSIVE CHECKS, PLAIDS AND STRIPES. OBVIOUSLY THE QUALITY IS EXCELLENT.

FORTY DOLLARS
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THE MODEL ILLUSTRATED MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL. SAMPLES OF FABRICS SENT ON REQUEST TO ANY PART OF AMERICA.

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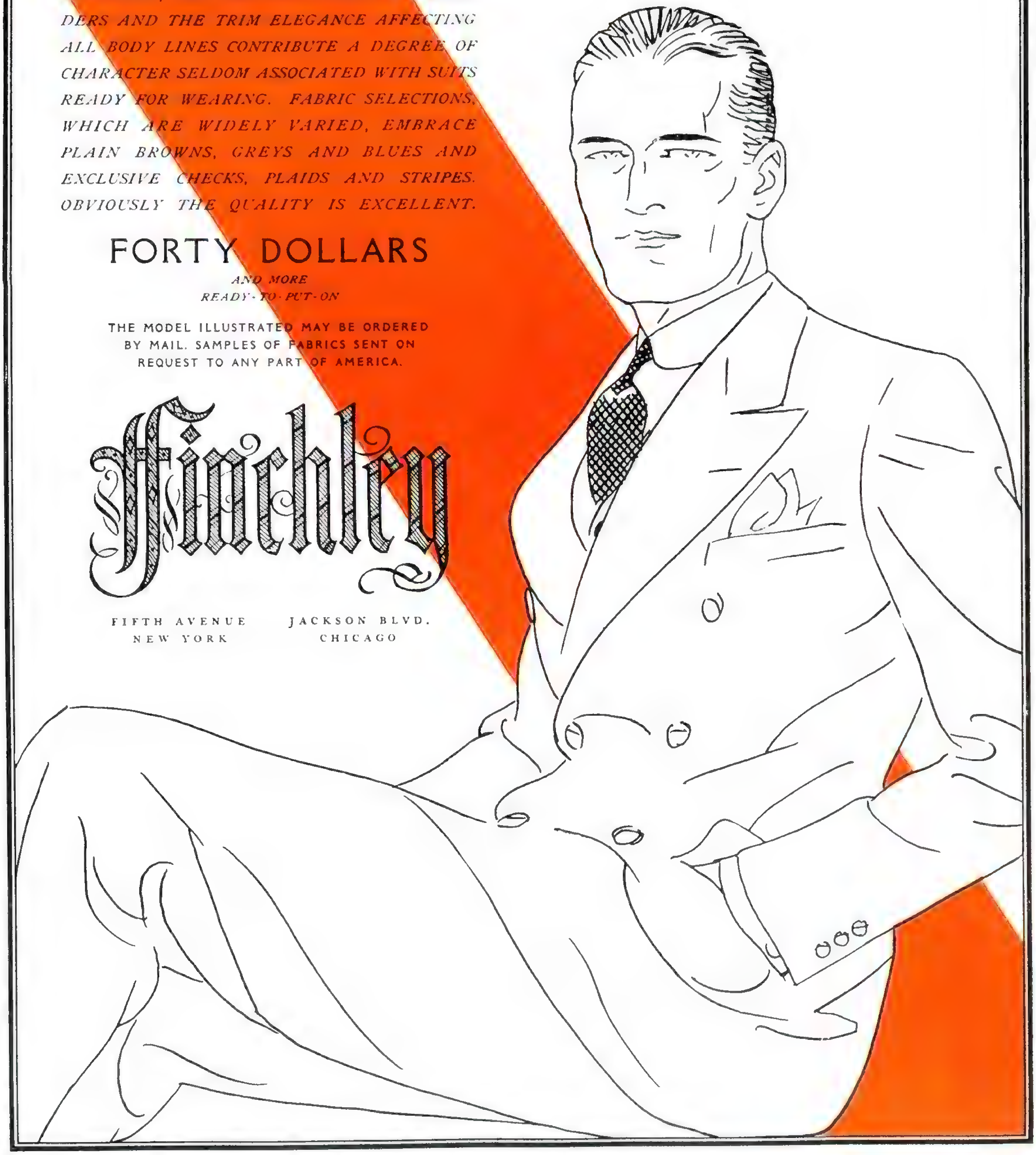

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

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Gentlemen's shirts, neckwear, underwear and robes tailored from the finest imported materials under the supervision of our Mr. William A. Morgan. Prices and particulars on request.
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ONE OF NEW YORK'S FINEST CUSTOM SHIRT MAKERS. ESTABLISHED 1872. Shirts, Pajamas, Robes, and Accessories expertly tailored from imported fabrics. For information or samples, write to No. 16 West 46th Street, New York City.

Carabao hide, accent on the ba with a broad a, please! This is a brand new luggage idea and, cutting out the superlatives, it is as tough as hell and as beautiful as one of Petty's gals. We understand that due to the private life of the carabao (water buffalo to his friends), which is just one excursion after another into the water and out under the glaring heat of the African sun, the tanning process practically takes place on the hoof. This hide, as used in the aforementioned luggage, has a texture similar to varnished rawhide with the added effectiveness of the variegated coloring that one finds in tortoise shell. It is comparatively light in weight and obtainable in anything from a smart overnight bag to a wardrobe trunk.

To fit in with elegant surroundings of the 18th Century English type there is a beautifully designed urn-shaped cigarette server in silver plate. This is fairly inexpensive and looks extremely "museum-piece".

The palate-petting department reports having come upon the following delicacies: A new high spot for the hors d'oeuvres tray—green olives flavored with paprika and garlic; something very inviting comes from 'way down east in Maine in the form of tins of selected wet lobster meat. As you know, the usual lobster meat is dry and has hence, allegedly, lost some of the full, original flavor.

The old gag about cutting the atmosphere of a room full of smoke is no longer going to be needed, due to the ingeniousness of a concern which has put on the market a small portable air-conditioning gadget that may be moved from room to room and is no larger than an electric desk clock. It is so compact it might even be placed on the bridge table, and cleans the air without just replacing it with some other odor. However, you can get a refreshing pine fragrance if desired.

We have always had a suspicion that Rube Goldberg, Joe Cook, Stoopnagle & Bud and a couple of other fellows got together and worked out those automobile turning-signal devices. At least the complicated affairs that have been on the market would suggest such a genesis. However, there is now a turning-signal with a switch that replaces the usual gear shift knob which when turned indicates by a light in the rear a signal right or left. The signal itself consists of two small indicators with arrows pointing to either side that flash intermittently so that they are not to be confused with the stoplight. This may be placed above or below the rear license plate, and is not much larger than the spotlight itself.

To get that proper thousand year old Oxford atmosphere into a room at school it is now possible to obtain small stained glass shields in university colors, crests or names, that may be hung in the window.

Whether you have the luxury of a real wine cellar or have to keep your vintages in a closet, if you have anything like a flair for wines you'll be interested in an ingenious contraption, which comes in sections, that holds as many as one hundred and two bottles, and takes care of them in two senses, first by providing the proper tilt for the bottle, designated by best cellar practices, and further by safeguarding them with a simple locking dee-vice which closes down on the bottle necks so that it may be padlocked.

If you want to stock these wine cellar racks we understand that the entire cellar of the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo has been imported to this country and most of the famous vintages may be obained in any quantity you either desire or can afford.

CAMERAS

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Your Easter clothes ensemble deserves to be "topped off" by a STETSON HAT. There is no finer selection of smart styles than at Young's. YOUNG'S HATS $2.95 & $3.50. PENN-CRAFT HATS $5. THE STETSON BANTAM $5. Other STETSONS $6 up. There's a Young's store always at hand to serve you.

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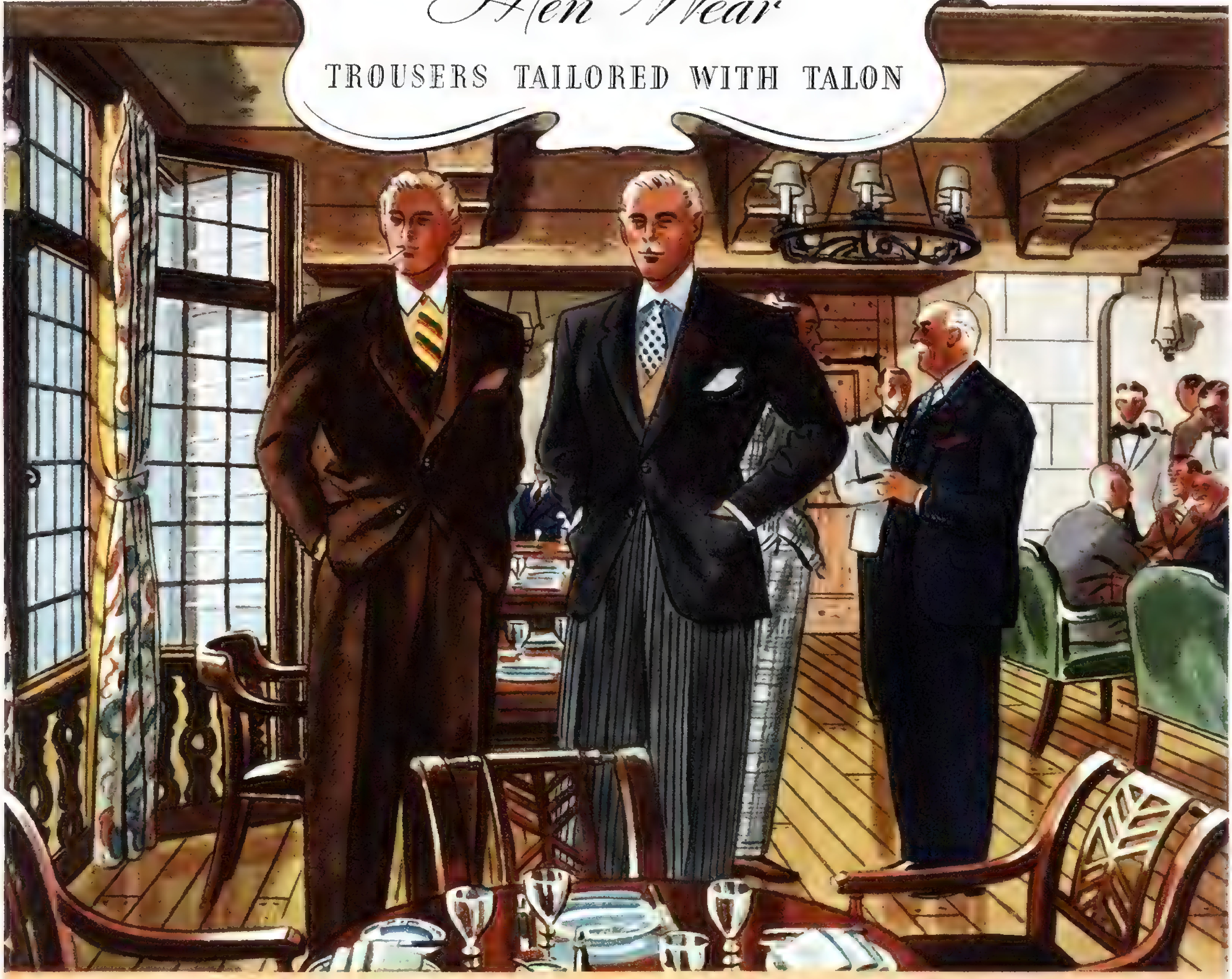
Where Captains of the Nation's Business Meet, Men Wear

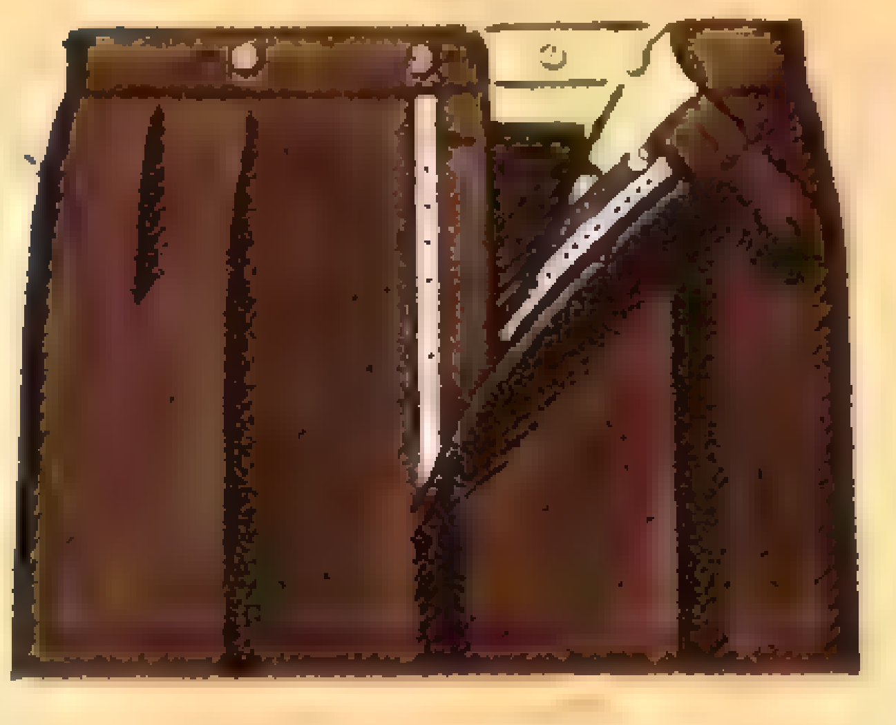
TROUSERS TAILORED WITH TALON



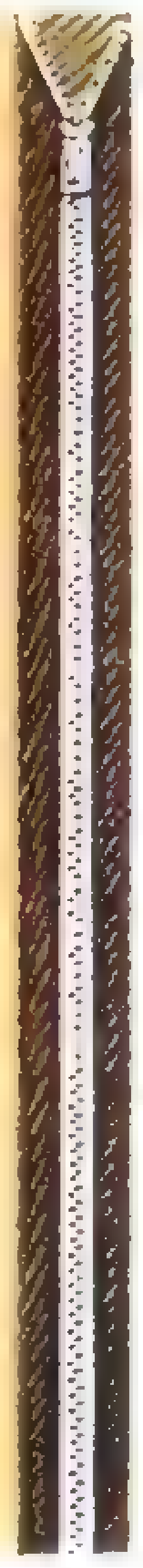
Sketched at the Cloud Club, Chrysler Building, New York

Men who can command the finest in tailoring, require, in the clothes they wear, trousers closed with the Talon slide fastener . . . These directors of great enterprises, to whom distinction in dress goes without saying, have accepted and approved the refinement of finish, the new perfection in the drape of trousers, that Talon makes possible . . . Today, millions of men of every age, who appreciate the importance of fine tailoring, request, in suits for business and more formal wear, trousers tailored with Talon.

HOW TALON BRINGS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
A NEW DISTINCTION TO THE TAILORING OF TROUSERS



The Talon trouser fastener is small and especially made for this use. It creates a continuous closure, smooth, thin and seamlike. Scientifically applied, it cannot catch on the underclothing. It is not harmed by cleaning or pressing, and cannot rust. It excludes the possibility of embarrassing disarray.



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5 Minutes from Grand Central or Penn. Station . . . Spacious, Luxurious rooms . . . Single, private bath, $3 . . . Double, twin beds, bath, $5 . . . Park Ave. at 34th St.
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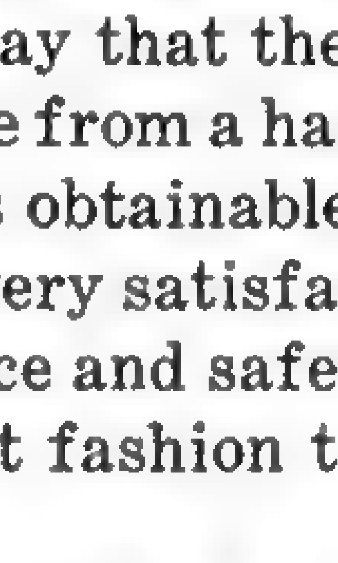
Closet space for the male is at a premium. And even for the man with a pretty modest wardrobe, extra room is always desirable. A new version of the coat hanger, by the simple application of a long handle, creates extra space very adroitly. The handle makes it possible to place a rod close to the ceiling of the closet and thereby leaves room for another rod placed very little lower than the usual distance from the floor, thus creating two tiers. Don't think we have forgotten the hat shelf . . . this is now made unnecessary by applying another gadget up and down the side of the wall with projecting arms to carry your hats, and it's far superior to the ordinary shelf for that purpose. The hanger mentioned is obtainable without the handle, and while they cost enough to come under the head of an investment they certainly will take care of your clothes in a fitting manner. And another thing, on the subject of the care and keeping of clothes, if you are fed up with trying to make a chair perform the service of a clothes horse while dressing or disrobing, there is a valet rack, that comes in finishes to match your woodwork, which is the handiest thing we have ever seen for the purpose. It takes care of coat, trousers, shoes and the necessary accessories, and would be a grand thing to put in a guest room as well as to have for yourself.

For the more elegant serving of the omnipresent dry Martini (which seems to be the primary use for what Westbrook Pegler has satirically termed character-building gin) one of the foremost modern designers has created a mixer in silver plate that puts to shame the glass affair usually devoted to this purpose.

It won't be long now before you can do something with the old fishing outfit besides fondling it lovingly while dreaming of the flash of salmon or trout, and for lake fishermen particularly, who enjoy fishing more than they do rowing, there is a new electric battery boat that is both light in weight and light on the pocketbook and will run without recharging for a month of ordinary usage. And if you have a boat, there is a new outboard motor that develops 4-horse power and that doesn't weigh or cost more than a case of good Scotch.

Some artistic soul of the type who are always on the prowl for something quaint to make useful or vice versa, has made English Navy cartridge cases into umbrella stands by painting them red or black and applying the colorful crest of England in gold and blue to the side. They make you think you live in Mayfair.

Kipling in his Plain Tales from the Hills had one of his English cavalry officers on duty in India say that the best kind of a leather watch guard could be made from a harness lip strap. This horsey accent to the lapel is obtainable now in a variety of leathers and you'll find it a very satisfactory way to carry a pocket watch for convenience and safety, to say nothing of its importance as a current fashion touch.



The use of an Ascot muffler for wear with lounging pajamas and robe, or for wear with the type of shirt that doesn't take a tie has latterly been considered quite the thing. A couple of uncommonly alert producers of shirts and pajamas have seen the light and are now making these items with Ascots which may be detached.

One of the most famous pipe shops has broken with the tradition that considers the pipe a sacredly immutable thing and is bringing out a new pipe from which the bowl unscrews, making a cavity for a filter that does the job of taking up all the excess moisture, a hazard to any pipe smoker's enjoyment.

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It is the earnest endeavor of this department to make a business of pleasure, daily from night to morning, with the aim of affording you a prescient guide to the night life of the town, both hot and sweet. We shall try to give you an idea of the atmosphere of the most eligible places—eligibility being determined by considerations of purse, purpose, and mood—that inhabit the multitudinous nooks and crannies of nocturnal New York.—The Editor.

Says he glibly. I just wish I had his head and he mine this morning (or is it P. M. already?)—after eleven "evenings," one on top of another, *pousse-café* style, from cocktail hour to cockcrow. How weirdly those roosters do sing in this metropolis, when one has been mixing his drinking-places in line of duty to his editor (snug in bed, the loafer!). I've climbed stools. I've found tables and lost them. I've met an acre of smorgasbord at the Kungsholm and sampled all but seven dishes of it. I've partied. I've been almost alone. I've sprained these old eyes on wholesale and detailed cuteness. . . . Now I'm supposed to unscramble it all and turn a distracted bean into an information bureau.

Well, dear pleasure-soakers, there's a Spanish *boite de nuit* as the French would say (and I don't mean *table de nuit* or anything derogatory) by the name of El Chico. It's down in the Village. They sing and they guitar, and castanet their curves in Andalusian atmosphere. That's where I got all tangoed up. . . . At the Perroquet in the East Sixties, a bird with real feathers on asked me, "Must you go so soon?" Not to hurt his (possibly her?) feelings I stuck around for some more of those little chef-rolled flapjacks a la Susie. . . . Leon & Eddie's (West Forties), where caprice is on the loose. Tried a string of their Body & Soul cocktails. Good, and so is sign over pantry door that chow comes through; it says: "Through these portals pass the most beautiful waiters in the world." . . . Had two select orchestras working for me in the Waldorf's Empire Room. Quite a *chambre* to dine or sup in and shake a well-turned limb. Royal carriage trade a specialty. Floor show includes Terpsichorean suavity by Beauvel & Tova, mimicking stunts by Sheila Barrett, and Mexican song-excitements by Consuelo. . . . Another super-swankery, the Rainbow Room atop Rockefeller Center, with rotary dance floor and esthetic lighting symphonied upon you by a color organ. Music by Jolly Coburn, and Beatrice Lillie-isms by Beatrice Lillie . . . also the super super Biltmore with music by Jack Denny. . . . Getting up for luncheon one day, I had it at Sherry's Flamingo Bar. Cocktail hour at same place also has merit, with steel guitar-twingerist soothing your nerves. . . . Amen Corner of Fifth Avenue Hotel gave me my chance to imbibe a Brown Derby amid politicians and litterateurs, who also eat there. . . . Just south, at Number One Fifth Avenue, found Jules and Joe operating twin grands which sounded like two and a half as cocktails registered. . . . Normandie, Central Park South, has Society's delight Eddie Elkins (music) and Thelma Leeds (songs). Social Register trade. . . . Nearby, St. Moritz than whiches 'em with its Continental Grill, Café de la Paix, and its Rumpelmayer's . . . The Plaza . . . The Weylin . . . The Central Park Casino . . . The Coq Rouge . . . The Sherry Netherland . . . The Mascotte . . . The French Casino, with its razzle-dazzle floor show of air-conditioned cuties. . . . Ah, my memories! Don't insist that I tell you *all*.

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Henry King and Xavier Cugat orchestras
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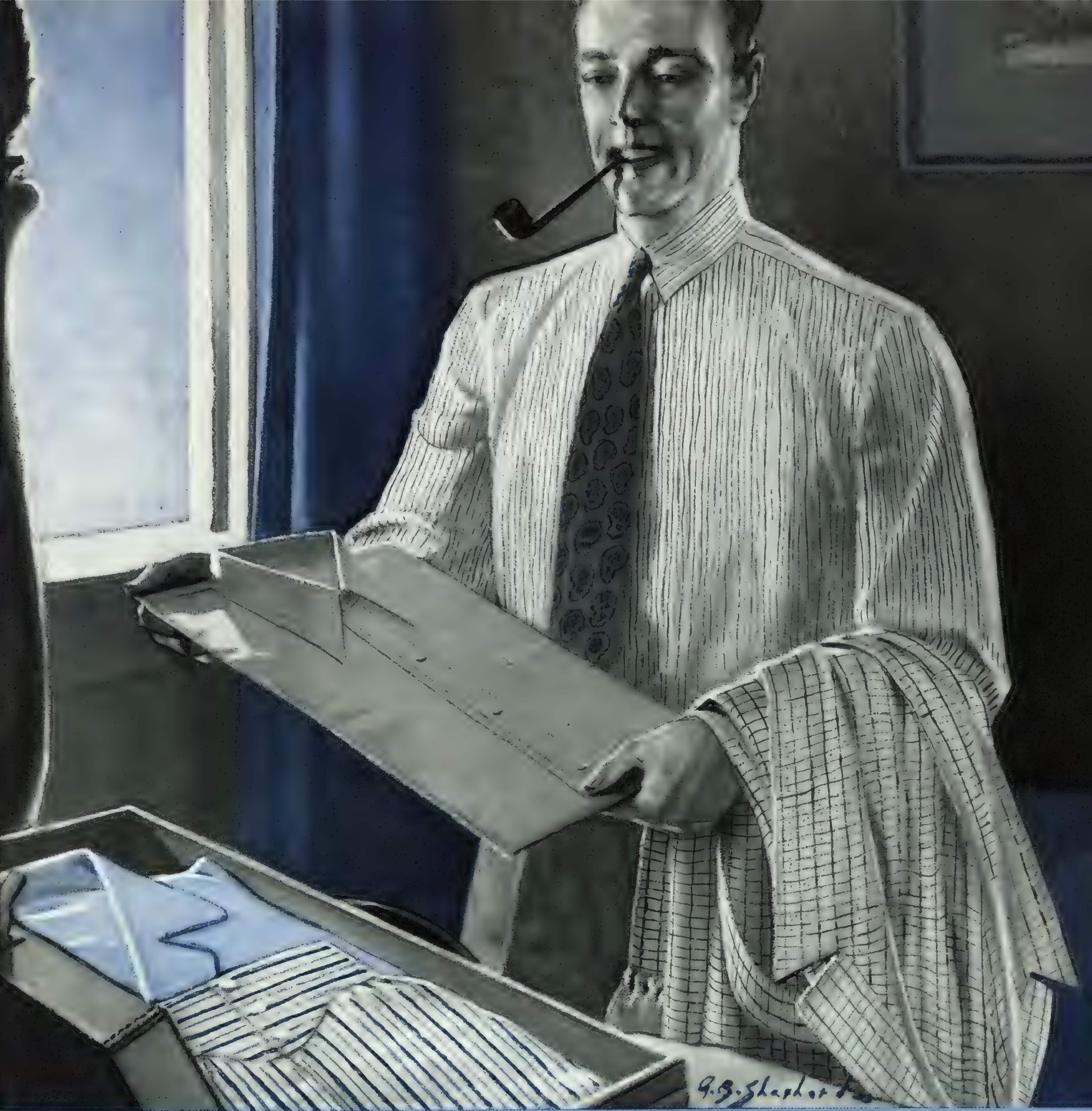

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As the golfer hates with bitter hatred the weekend storm, so does man despise shirts with collars more choking than a hangman's noose, and Houdini cuffs that disappear up coat sleeves. Sure signs, these, that the cloth was not completely shrunk before it became a shirt. Nor laundry nor laundress could prevent such shirts from shrinking out of fit. Shirts, shorts, pajamas, robes labeled Sanforized-shrunk won't shrink out of fit because the cloth has been completely shrunk . . . Sanforized-shrunk. Select your usual quality and price, but buy only when you find on the labels the words

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40 WORTH STREET NEW YORK CITY

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Bergen Evans writes of Oxford from the experience gained from three years as a Rhodes Scholar. He is at present an Instructor in English at Northwestern University. A few of his articles have appeared recently in the magazines. He is not married.

•

The anonymous author of *Jackknife Surgery* is the Third Officer on a large American passenger vessel. He was born in Austria of American parents, speaks five languages, and lists as his hobbies "painting, etching, and reading newspapers from Le Matin to the Irish Press."

•

Paul W. Kearney was brought up in the printing and advertising fields. Since then, he has really worked for a living. If you don't believe us, ask any free-lance writer. Having collected over two hundred different games of Solitaire, he has for three years been unable to decide which one to play. Rather than have you share his fate, we got him to narrow the field down to seven. He is the author of *Fire, Business Letters, Strange Fishes, 50 Games of Solitaire,* and other books. He also contributes to *The Saturday Evening Post,* the *Ladies' Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion*—or make him an offer.

•

Discovery of the month is **Hewitt Leonard Ballowe,** whose first published work is *Echoes of the Marsh* on page sixty-four. He was born in Plaquemines Parish, Louisiana, educated at Tulane University (A. B., M. D.), did yellow fever quarantine work in banana ports of Central America, was a transport surgeon the last year of the Boer War, U. S. Army surgeon, 1914-20 (discharged with rank of Captain), afterward practicing medicine on the river below New Orleans. As Doctor and trusted friend of the dwellers of the marshes, he was able to collect voodoo data from the old Negroes on sugar plantations, and intimate tales of Jean Lafitte and the Barataria pirates from their descendants. He is, at long last, obeying an urge to set down the annals of these folk.

•

Wolfe Kaufman is a newspaperman in his twenties, one of the editors of *Variety,* the theatrical bible. He was in Paris for about six years working on the *New York Herald,* Paris edition, the Paris office of the *N. Y. Herald-Tribune,* and as a publicity man for the *Hotel George V.* He has been published in *Transition* and a few other *avant garde* magazines. His first novel *Tender Cheeks,* was published by Covici-Friede a few months ago.

•

Charles Cooke was born in Cooperstown, N. Y., in 1904. (His father, Dr. Joseph B. Cooke, now retired, was one of New York City's leading obstetricians and author of a number of manuals and textbooks.) Charles Cooke attended Colgate and Cornell Universities and from 1925 to 1930 worked in the publicity department of the New York office of the Cunard Line. He joined the staff of *The New Yorker* in 1930 as a reporter on the Talk of the Town department, has been doing that work ever since. He married in 1931 and his wife (the former Helen Hemlin) is also a staff reporter for *The New Yorker's* Talk of the Town department. His first published short story, *Triple Jump,* which was printed in the April-May 1934 issue of the English magazine *New Stories,* will appear in *The Best Short Stories: 1935.* A forthcoming issue of *Scribner's* will contain a circus short story of his entitled *Ivory Parane.* At present he is working on his first novel; its background will be musical.

•

Lawrence Martin says: "I am a college professor, and a professor has no biography. He is born, he studies, he teaches, and he dies. This one studied at Chicago, Northwestern, and Harvard, and is now associate professor in the Medill School of Journalism of Northwestern University. In addition to the usual professorial chore of writing a book on writing, he has done odd jobs for newspapers and magazines."

•

Arthur Davison Ficke and his wife, Gladys Brown, a painter, are in Jalisco, where they are sharing a house with Witter Bynner. Mr. Ficke is best known as a poet (*Sonnets of a Portrait Painter*) and as an authority on Japanese prints.

•

John Beecroft was born in Wisconsin of British parentage, attended lectures at Columbia and the Sorbonne in Paris, edited *Wings,* the Literary Guild magazine, for three years. While travelling, he was offered a job doing editorial work in Moscow but said he would rather starve in America than work in Russia—a decision which (this'll fool you) he has often since regretted.

•

William LeRoy Broun is a native of Charlestown, S. C., a cousin of Heywood Broun, a friend of Alexander Woollcott and of our own Harry Ashe (from whom another story is coming up soon, by the way) and considers him—Ashe, not Woollcott—one of the best pilots in America. Broun was a pilot himself during the War, where he acquired a wooden leg and married his nurse. He lives in Santa Barbara, California. (Don't write him any letters about Carol Dinan, though. We thought of that first.)

•

Ellis Parker Butler is one of the old-timers in the humor field. He sold his first short story fifty-one years ago when he was fourteen and has been in the business of making America laugh-conscious ever since. Born at Muscatine, Iowa, on the Mississippi River, he ventured to New York in 1897 as a free-lance humorist. In 1905 his *Pigs Is Pigs* made him world-famous. Although he has 32 books to his credit Mr. Butler is professionally a writer of short stories. His hobbies are trout fishing and stamp collecting. He lives in a suburb of New York, where he has been Vice-President of a bank and is now President of a savings and loan organization.

Holmes Alexander hails from the hunting shires of Maryland. At Princeton (Class of '28) he played on the polo team, and played more polo at Trinity College, Cambridge. He has a degree from Johns Hopkins and has been a member of the Maryland Legislature, but for the last three years has lived only for writing and vice versa. He has written a life of Martin Van Buren which will be published by Harper this Spring under the title of *The American Talleyrand.*

•

William Moulton Marston is the discoverer of the systolic blood pressure deception test, popularly known as the lie detector. In addition to many articles on psychology which he has contributed to the various scientific journals, he is the author of *Emotions of Normal People, The Art of Sound Pictures* (with W. B. Pitkin), *Integrative Psychology* (with wife), *Brunettes and Red Heads.*

•

Second **discovery of the month** is **Russell Wallace,** whose first published story is *Kids Are Bad Luck,* which appears on page seventy-six. He is in the Army, stationed at Selfridge Field, Michigan. He is twenty-one, was born in Flint, and has never lived outside the state of Michigan. His school years were spent in various small towns in the vicinity of Detroit. He was graduated from high school at Plymouth, Michigan in 1930. Since then he has been successively clerk, theatre usher, mechanic and bartender, finally ending as a soldier, an occupation which pleases him because of the leisure time which it gives him for writing. We asked him for a photograph but the one he sent us wouldn't reproduce. Now all he has to do to get his picture in this paper is sell us his second published short story.

•

W. Béran Wolfe is a psychiatrist practicing in New York City where he is the Director of the Community Church Mental Hygiene Clinic. He was born in Vienna with the turn of the century and was educated entirely in the United States. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College and Washington University School of Medicine and served as Lieutenant in the Medical Corps of the U. S. Navy. After resigning his commission, Dr. Wolfe went to his native Vienna where he studied with all the more famous psychiatrists and became assistant to Dr. Alfred Adler, many of whose books Dr. Wolfe has translated into English. Subsequent studies led him to France and to England before he entered into practice in New York City. Dr. Wolfe is the author of *A Woman's Best Years, Nervous Breakdown: Its Cause and Cure,* and *How To Be Happy Though Human.* He has also translated numerous psychological works from the German. His hobbies are music, sculpture and movie photography, and when he gets the time, he is a passionate skier.

•

Last month we said we'd tell you this time about **Louis Paul's** novel, *The Pumpkin Coach.* We were going to say "S'prise" in gleeful gurgles, and announce that it is the April selection of the Literary Guild. But **Mr. Rascoe** stole the play by reviewing *The Pumpkin Coach* in this issue, so you will now kindly walk, don't run, to page one hundred.

Paul W. Kearney

Hewitt Leonard Ballowe

Wolfe Kaufman

Charles Cooke

Lawrence Martin

Arthur Davison Ficke

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A thick slice of orange
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Sugar . . . bitters . . . ice
Then
A brimming silver jigger
Of Old Overholt rye . . .

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The Sights of Whitehead Street

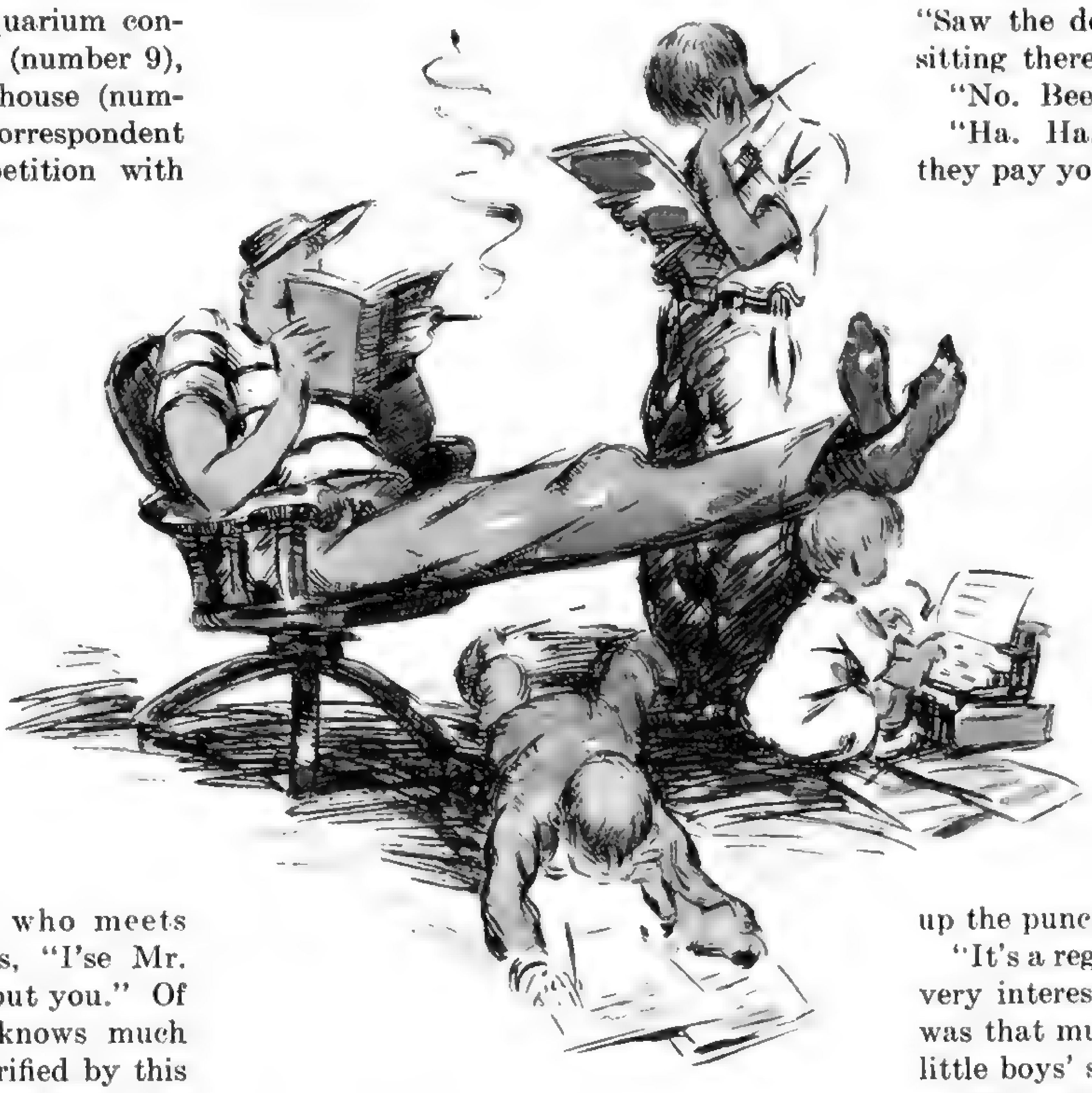
A Key West Letter

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

The house at present occupied by your correspondent is listed as number eighteen in a compilation of the forty-eight things for a tourist to see in Key West. So there will be no difficulty in a tourist finding it or any other of the sights of the city, a map has been prepared by the local F. E. R. A. authorities to be presented to each arriving visitor. Your correspondent is a modest and retiring chap with no desire to compete with the Sponge Lofts (number 13 of the sights), the Turtle Crawl (number 3 on the map), the Ice Factory (number 4), the Tropical Open Air Aquarium containing the 627 pound jewfish (number 9), or the Monroe County Courthouse (number 14). The ambition of your correspondent does not even run to competition with Typical Old House (number 12), the Ley M. E. Church, South (number 37), or Abandoned Cigar Factory (number 35). Yet there your correspondent is at number 18 between Johnson's Tropical Grove (number 17) and Lighthouse and Aviaries (number 19). This is all very flattering to the easily bloated ego of your correspondent but very hard on production.

To discourage visitors while he is at work your correspondent has hired an aged negro who appears to be the victim of an odd disease resembling leprosy who meets visitors at the gate and says, "I'se Mr. Hemingway and I'se crazy about you." Of course a visitor who really knows much about leprosy is not at all terrified by this aged negro and after examining him in a cursory fashion dismisses him as an imposter and demands to be introduced into the presence of his master. But tourists with a limited knowledge of leprosy are often easily discouraged and can be seen running down the street toward Fort Taylor (number 16) with the aged negro hobbling after them on his crutches shouting out to them tales of how he caught gigantic marlin and sailfish and details of his sporting exploits with animals whose names he has a lamentable habit of confusing. Lately the poor old chap has taken to telling such visitors as will listen stories for which your correspondent can really, in no way, be responsible.

The other afternoon sitting on the verandah enjoying a cheroot your correspondent heard the old fellow regaling a group of rather horror stricken tourists with a tale of how he wrote a book which he insisted on calling "De Call to Arms." In some odd way he had confused the plot with that of another best seller, Uncle Tom's Cabin, and his description of how he wrote the passage where Missy Catherine Barkley pursues the Italian army with blood hounds over the ice would have been mirth provoking if it had not been so realistic. One of his rather reluctant audience asked him why he always wrote in the first person and the old man seemed stumped for a moment but finally answered, "No sir. You're wrong, sir. I don't write in the first person. I don't fool with no person at all. I write direct on the typewriter."



"But were you really in Italy during the war, Mr. Hemingway? Or was the background of your best seller purely imaginative?"

This always sets the old man off for he loves to talk about Italy which he describes as the place where "he first get that leppacy disease," but his audience rarely stay to hear the end of that story and drawing deeply on my cheroot I enjoyed seeing them get a good bit of exercise as they strung out along Whitehead Street toward the Cable House (number 22) with the old man making not bad time after them on the not un-gruesome remains of his legs.

On the old man's day off or on national holidays visitors will sometimes get into the house itself. Since his home has been listed as an official attraction your correspondent feels that he owes it to the F. E. R. A. to give such visitors their money's worth. Such a visitor was Mr. Questioner, a prominent business man and fellow member of the Player's Club who honored us with his visit lately. Your correspondent had just finished a hard day's work and was feeling rather fatigued when the door opened and looking up he saw Mr. Questioner.

"Why, hello Questioner, old pal," you say.

"I just dropped in," said Questioner. "Saw the door was open and noticed you sitting there reading. Not fishing today?"

"No. Been working."

"Ha. Ha. Call that working. What do they pay you for those things?"

"Oh it varies. Sometimes a dollar a word. Sometimes seventy-five cents. Sometimes you bid them up to two dollars when you have something on them. Of course the stuff the kids do is a little cheaper."

"I didn't know your children wrote."

"Well, of course, there's only one of them really writes. That's the oldest boy, Bumby. The others just dictate."

"And you can sell their stuff as yours?"

"Every word of it. Of course you have to touch up the punctuation a bit."

"It's a regular business," says Questioner, very interested now. "I had no idea there was that much money in it. What does the little boys' stuff bring?"

"We get about three for a quarter for the eldest boy. The others are in proportion."

"Even at that it's money."

"Gad yes," you say. "If you can keep the little bastids at work."

"Is it hard?"

"It's not easy. When you over-beat them they write such damned sad stuff there's no market for it until you get down around a dime a word. And I want to keep their standards up."

"My word, yes," said Questioner. "Tell me more about it. I had no idea this writing business was so interesting. What do you mean when you 'have something on' an editor?"

"It's rather like the old badger game," you explain. "Of course we have to give quite a cut to the police though. So there's not the money in it there used to be. Say an editor comes down, a married editor,

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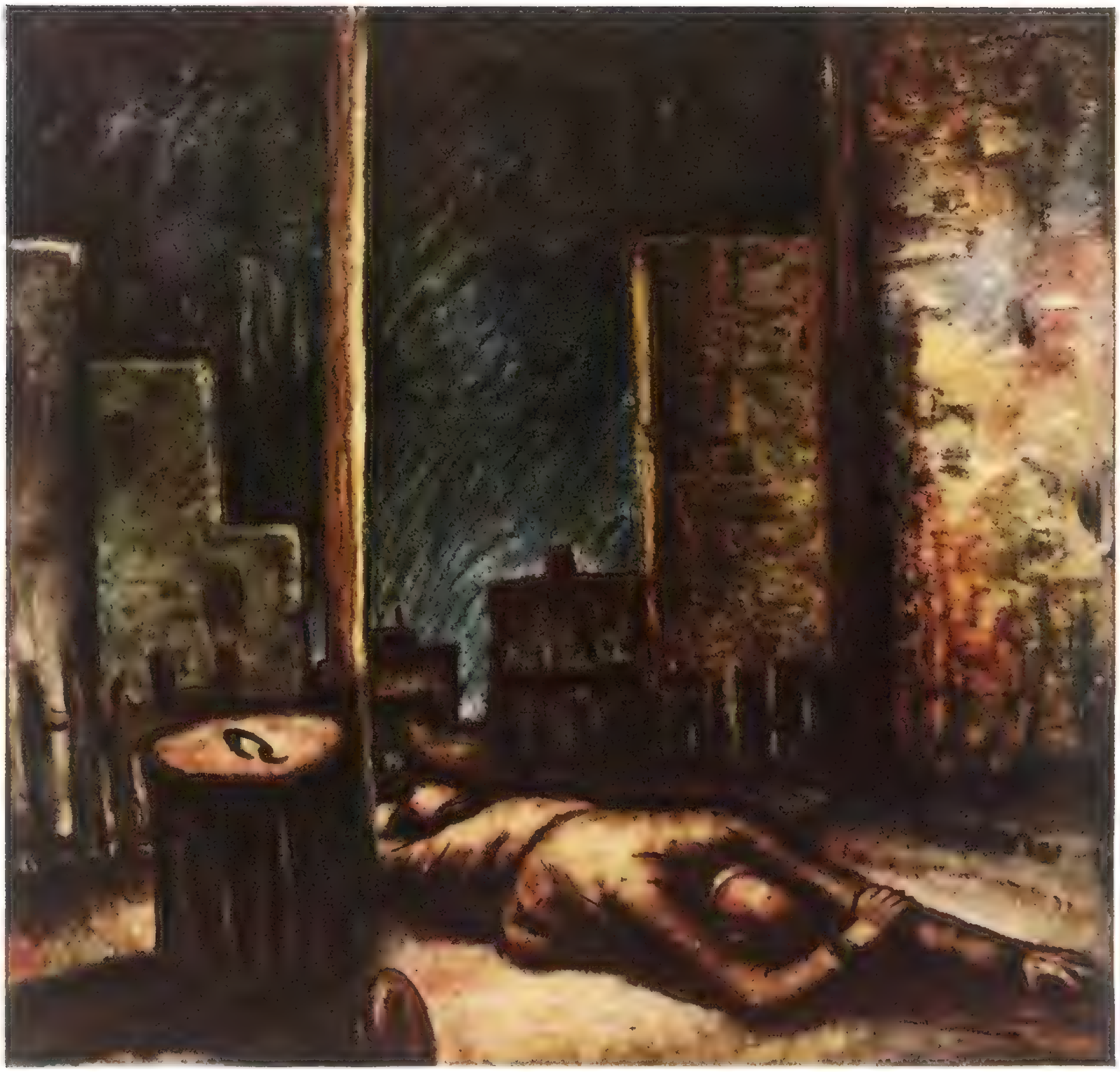


Requiem for a Twentieth-Century Outlaw

by JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

He learned the ways of life on some dull street,
Striving to get by rote the usual part;
But there was that in him which would defeat
This purpose; God or Nature gave his heart

A tiny grain of that brown crumbling earth
Where once the buffalo thundered and went by;
Or from those thickets gathered, when the north
Brings autumn and red blackjacks brush the sky:

Anyway, this was his. And it brought back
—Like gallop of wild horsemen through the night —
Within an age of motors and steel track,
The thought of bearded heroes and old fight:

Man against man, hand against hand, who knows
What echoes shook his heart like a quivering shell
When hunted, desperate, from his seat he rose
And with machine-gun pointed, aimed too well?

Who knows what dreams assailed the alley cat
Whose forbears had been lions? Does the hand
Of time too hurriedly altered, alter that
Which chimes like music through a bygone land?

Yet so it was that none might heed his dream;
Eating the gall of lead for all his pride,
Harried from town to town, past field and stream,
He turned and fled and turned and fled—then died.

The dark earth took him back to her wide breast,
Unreckoning of all things but the star-sown sky,
Having already rocked to perfect rest
Wilder and bolder sons, in years gone by.

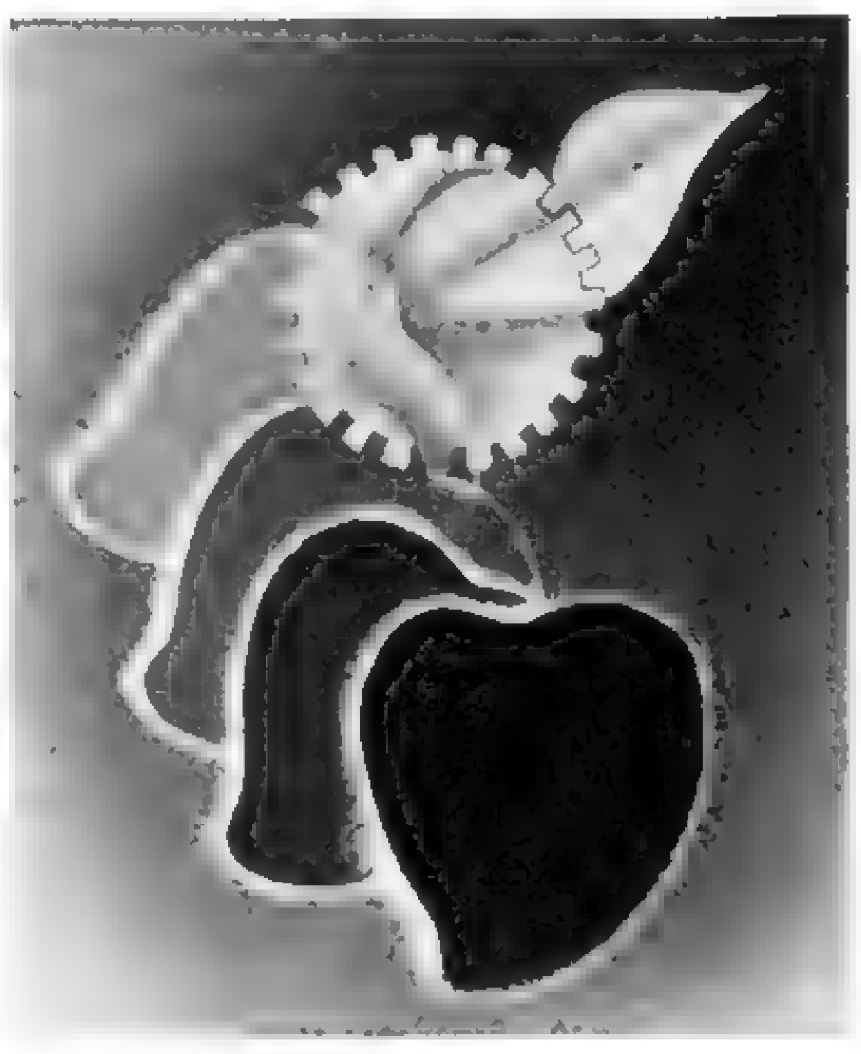
So You Won't Talk?

**Gruesome and fantastic tale
of the use of an amazing
new scientific discovery**

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

On the same day that Handsome Dan shot the sergeant of detectives, the newspapers announced that some Russian scientists had made a wonderful discovery. It was a small news item and related to an experiment on a dog which employed great skill in surgery. The object of the experiment was to show that the brain of the animal could be kept alive by an artificial heart constructed mechanically. At any rate, whatever the details were, it was all hailed as an important discovery in the scientific world; but what was a discovery in the scientific world compared to Handsome Dan with his criminal record a mile long. When he shot the sergeant of detectives he went right on the front page of every paper in the country.



All this everyone already knows and everyone also knows how Dan was trapped in the apartment of one of his lady friends. These details need not be repeated here. Handsome Dan was put through the works. But faithful to the code of his lawless world he would not speak.

Captain Quill walked up and down in front of the prisoner. The questioning had been long and strenuous. Finally he drew his chair up close to the criminal and said in quite a confidential tone, "I tell you, Danny, one thing is certain. You can't kill an officer of the law and get away with it. And one thing more is certain. The sergeant and I were very close friends. We had been to war together and we were in the trenches together. And so, Danny, handsome as you are, you've got to come clean. We've got to know who was with you. Will you talk, or won't you talk? Who was with you!"

"I don't know."

"If you know what is good for you, you will talk."

But it was all of no avail.

Captain Quill had saved the newspapers describing the shooting of the sergeant, and it was in these papers that he noticed the account of the important scientific discovery. He spoke to the ambulance doctor about it, and the ambulance doctor did not seem to know very much; however, he knew a man who was connected with the university, who could give the captain a good deal of information. But the information that Captain Quill received he did not disclose.

Three months later a little Russian doctor arrived in town. He had a Vandyke beard, gold-rimmed spectacles, and he was dressed in a very funny collar and necktie. He wore the old-fashioned detachable cuffs that were always loose and falling down over his hands. He had evidently been brought over for something very special, and his mission was kept a great secret. At the hotel the register was signed for him as Dr. Smith from Moscow. Of course this was an assumed name, but no doubt his name was hard to pronounce and impossible to spell. And so they let it go at that and called him Dr. Smith.

However during the first few days the Russian doctor was not at all satisfied with the object of his mission for the hotel clerk said that he was constantly packing his bag ready to leave, and that Captain Quill was trying his best to persuade him against it. One day they drove out in an automobile to the university and they saw Professor Fenmore of the Medical School and then they came back, and he seemed reconciled. At least the clerk of the hotel heard him say to Captain Quill in very good English, "You must understand, Captain, I am a scientific man and for science—I'll do everything. But if it is not for a scientific purpose, then—nothing. You understand. That is my life. That is what I live for."

Captain Quill nodded and said, "Certainly, I understand. You are quite right, doctor, and you will go ahead and demonstrate your experiment to the university."

The little Russian replied, "Yes. But it will be for demonstration only."

Now the doctor set to work. Two assistants from the hospital went all over town buying all kinds of things: everything from four or five small motors, the kind that are used to run sewing machines, to small cog-wheels and fine rubber tubing. The doctor worked in the corner of one of the laboratories of the city hospital.

His main assistant, oddly enough, was not a laboratory worker at all, but a Swedish handy man who was a combination orderly, machinist, carpenter and plumber. He had been some years in the city hospital, and whatever he did, especially his metal work, was beautifully executed and nicely finished. Several days before the date set for the execution of Handsome Dan, Captain Quill went into the death house and stood before the prisoner's cell.

"Danny," he said, "you can save yourself a lot of trouble, and this is the last chance I give you. You know very well that I'm not going to rest until I find that other fellow, and so you'd better talk now, for in a couple of days they're going to finish you off and I can tell you now, Danny, you're going to have the swellest finish that ever a man had. And maybe you're not going to like it so much. And so if you want an easy exit, take my advice and talk now."

Handsome Dan smiled. He knew very well that his end was close at hand. He smiled and said, "They can't do worse than kill me."

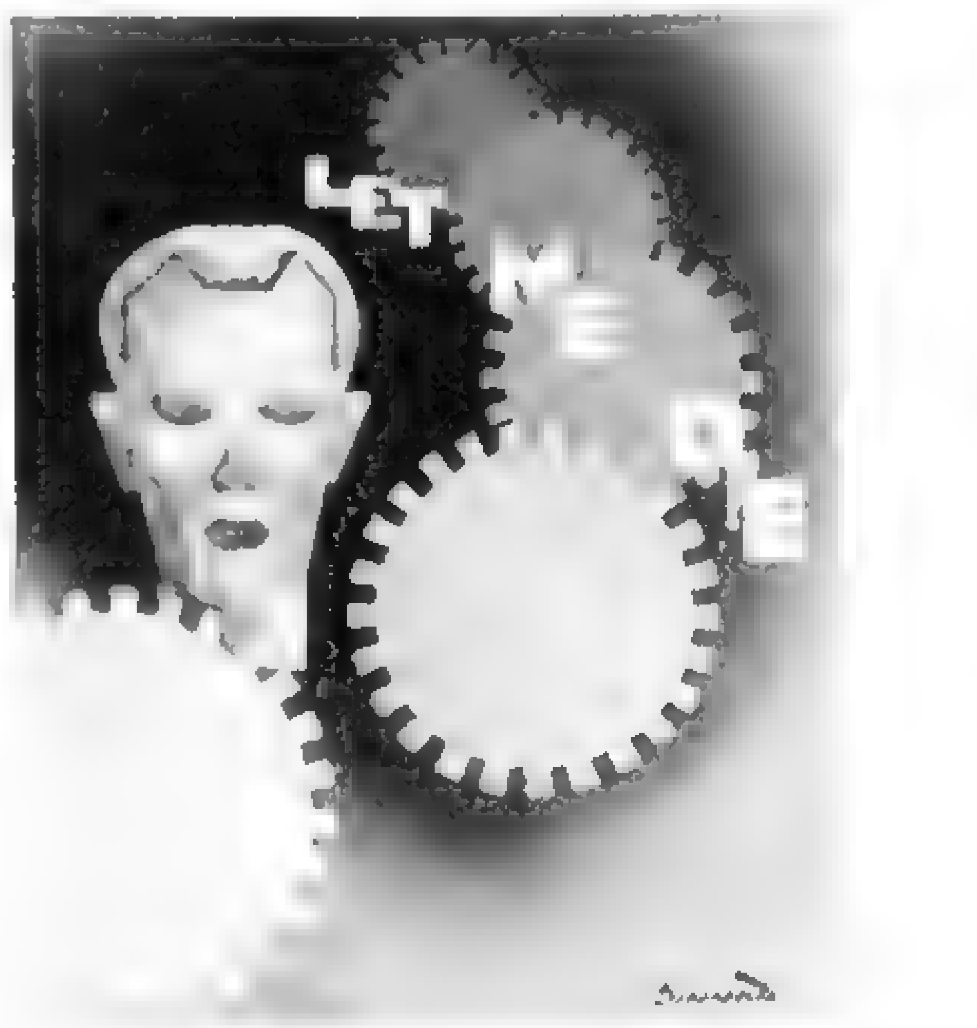
"I tell you, Danny, you're going to talk and that's all there is about it."

"O.K. Captain. You know."

"Yes," he said angrily, "I know." And with that he marched out of the death house.

The execution of Handsome Dan took place at six o'clock in the morning. Only a few newspaper men had been invited for this party and the account, simple and brief, was printed in all newspapers. The affair seemed kind of hurried, and the prison doctor had his stethoscope ready and pronounced him dead in very short order. The rope was quickly cut and his body removed at once to the hospital.

In the hospital nothing could be seen. Everything was going on behind closed doors, and these doors were locked with locks almost as large as a bank safe. The Swedish handy man and the Russian doctor were working behind these closed doors and with them was the corpse of Handsome Dan. They worked all that afternoon and far into the night, and at six o'clock in the morning, exactly twenty-four hours after the trap had been sprung underneath the scaffold, the Russian doctor called Captain Quill on the telephone and said everything was ready.



Quill got into his clothes and drove over to the university to get hold of Professor Fenmore, for that had been his arrangement with the Russian doctor. The work was being done for the scientific world as a demonstration, and therefore the professor from the university was to be the first. All this seemed quite unnecessary to Captain Quill, but a bargain was a bargain.

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Heart of a Hoofer

'Lord Jim' who couldn't take it and scrammed explains Walker's self-imposed exile abroad

by FRANK SCULLY

• ARTICLE •

Now and then there shoots skyward from the downtrodden races of the world, and this is notably true among the Shanty Irish, a son as handsome as a Greek god with talent and charm that top his good looks. He holds the spotlight for a while, and then something goes wrong, and down he skids. Discredited at home, he spends the rest of his life abroad among spavined aristocrats whose drawing rooms are chiefly the sidewalk cafés of the old world.

Old friends reminiscing about one of these tumbled-down heroes invariably end by saying, "I can't make him out any more. He gives you the runaround, and then when you meet him his excuses are as transparent as glass. And yet he can still be charming when he wants to be. But he's not all of one cloth any longer. Something's happened to him."

Men, as well as women, nod their heads in approval of this summary of him. He remains, in brief, every other inch a gentleman. Sometimes the seeds of his defeat are of his own sowing, sometimes he's a victim of circumstances, and now and then even love is a factor.

Whatever the cause, he is reluctant to return to the scene of his greatest triumph and most bitter defeat.

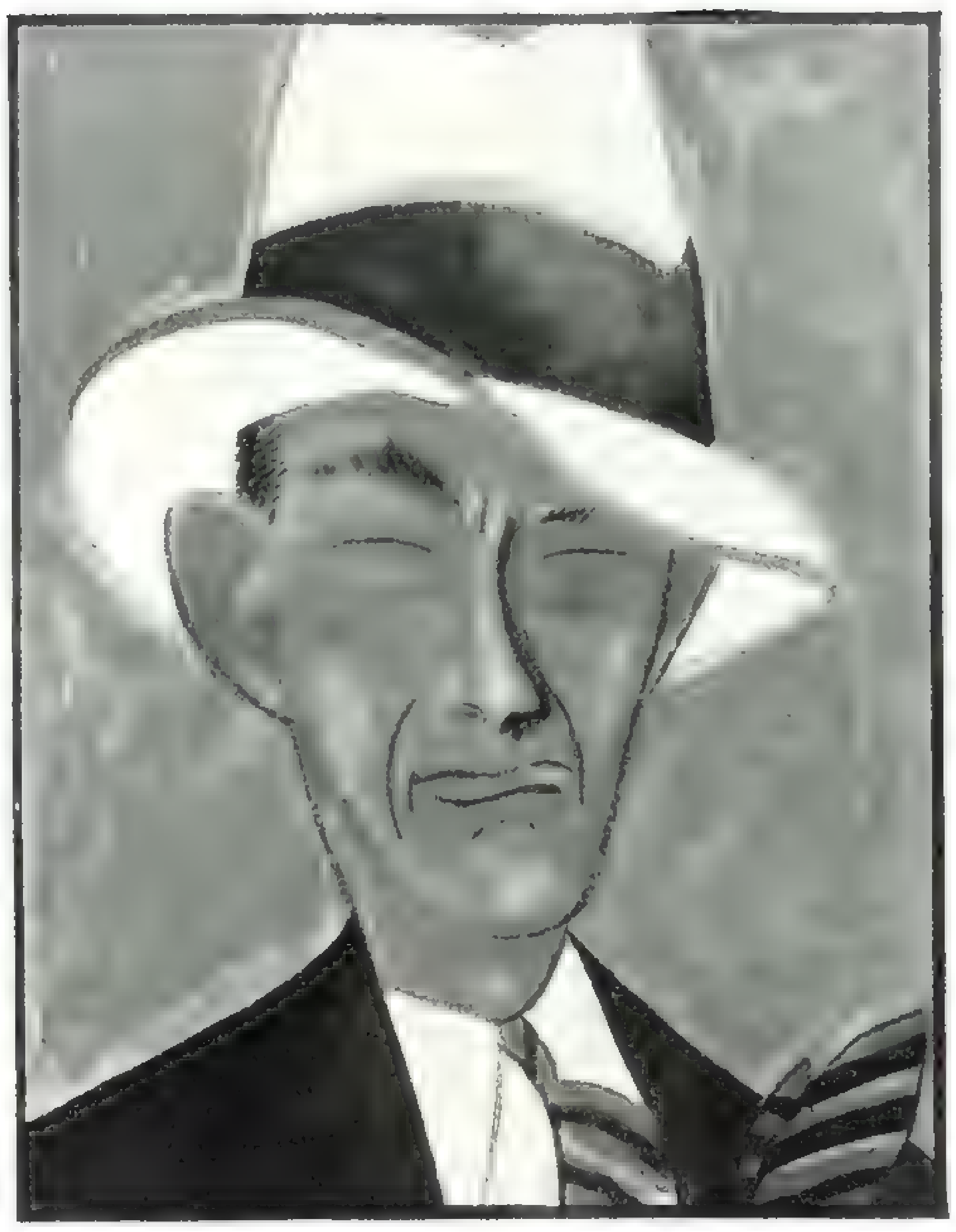
That's why whenever anybody asks me if I think Jimmy Walker will ever come back, I say I doubt it, that no man goes back, if he can help it, to a place where he has failed. Do you find Hoover hanging around Washington? Or Dempsey around Philadelphia? Or Shaw around Dublin? Or the Kaiser around Potsdam?

I myself, to scurry to the sub-cellar of letters for further proof, ducked New York for sixteen years. It broke me down in health and I was mortally afraid of it. I once went to Europe from Arizona by way of Galveston, Texas, rather than risk the port of New York.

Somerset Maugham told me this fear was not unusual. He once knew a man who had to go from the outskirts of Shanghai to a place on the other side of the city several times a month. Rather than cross the city he would take hours to go around it, he had such a deadly fear of the place.

If this is true of a place where you have many friends, imagine how much truer if your friends have turned their adulation to other heroes.

So I find it hard to credit the stories of a lone figure standing at Southampton, waving goodbye to a steamer putting out for home, and then turning away to wipe a tear from an elegant eye. It sounds very sad, but it just isn't true to character. You hate a town that has licked you and you hate it even more if it let you lick yourself.



You don't let sentimentalists sway you with their belief that if you return you'll be more popular than ever. Hearing it often enough you may weaken and try to stage a come-back, but you know if you do the result will simply be another failure.

In Walker's case there's a deadly parallel in literature to confirm this. That's *Lord Jim*, who began fumbling his career in an English port not far from the Surrey Downs where the present Jim affects the melancholy habits of a retired country gentleman.

Both Jims committed acts which they couldn't account for, but to which they could definitely trace all the humiliating events that followed. And both found escape in love, choosing in each instance a place remote from their follies to do their bitter lotus-eating.

In the case of Conrad's hero it was a momentary funking in a character otherwise full of courage. In fact, twice in his life he funked it, and after that he moved around the world to get away from gossipers who knew the facts. But the facts always caught up with him.

In the case of New York's Lord Jim, he, too, did foolish things, even stupid things. But topping all these was one unaccountable act, and ever since then he has been trying to get away from the memory of what he did. He's tried changes of scene, several in Europe, and has even talked of going to Russia, not realizing that what he was trying to get away from was a state of mind, and as long as he has to take his head with him he can't get away from that.

For what both Jims suffered was "an acute consciousness of lost honor." That may be an academic loss to Anglo-Saxon minds but it's a real loss to Irish and Latin temperaments.

To those who don't believe in lost honor, who argue that Walker probably will come back when his money runs out, I can only tell them that if such a thing happened he'd still be stymied. Yes, even if, as Winchell said the other night, the income tax item has been quashed that was being held over Jim's handsome head.

But you don't have to go in for economic determinism to get your answer to Walker's far-from-splendid isolation abroad. Stick to the bald record and you have an adequate explanation as to why mad Manhattan's Jim after a stretch of sunning on the romantic Riviera has retired to become a presumably contented country gentleman in Surrey. He doesn't want any more of the past. He has become a "slipper hero," as the Scandinavians call those haltered Vikings who have been fetched by marriage from the open range of life into one of its stables, and he's only too glad to remain one.

In Walker's case the open range was that congested stretch of Broadway-minded humanity that taxis between the City Hall and the Central Park Casino. There the Jim who has become the Pagliacci of politics was its greatest playboy.

He fitted New York of the boom days like one of his own Friedman-tailored dinner jackets. He had the heart of a hoofer and the manners of a Ruritarian prince. Indeed, I used to think his defeat was brought about because he didn't know how to change his act. While his tap dance in a top hat was a delight at dawn to workers bound for their labors in 1928, it was no delight to those laborers, no longer employed, in 1931. Had he gone pious, like the Prince of Wales, displaying a sober side to the peasantry that paid his keep and saving his lighter moods for Biarritz and Cannes, he might have lasted out a second term. He might, giddying thought, have even become President of the United States.

For his private life, which he was willing to match with anybody's (and no takers, remember?) was no better nor worse than those who ruled Washington from Wilson's day. And, publicly, he was one of the few persons in political life you wouldn't be ashamed to introduce to your friends—anywhere.

Roosevelt has that same quality—and Walker and Roosevelt were once great friends. This is easy to understand, for they were a lot alike, though they came to their ways of thinking from different ends of society. Walker was of Broadway, with the airs of an aristocrat; Roosevelt was of the aristocracy, with a hankering for the idiom of Broadway. (Witness his use of 'chiselers,' 'tough guy,' 'hard-boiled' and the like.)

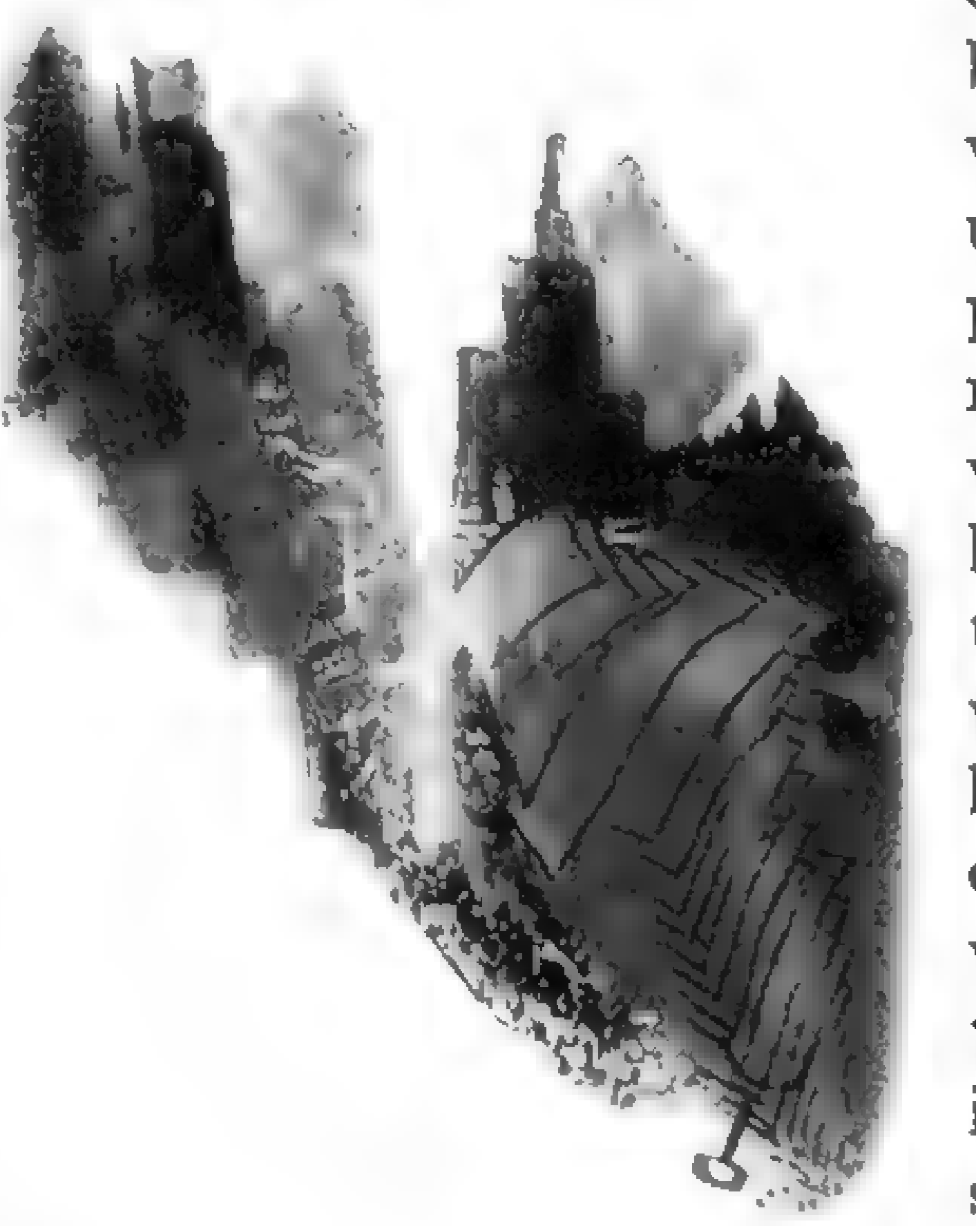
For a while in his exile Walker was bitter against Roosevelt. Ingratitude about summed up his grievance. "I made Roosevelt," he used to say. To your arched eyes he'd add, "Well, I made Farley, and Farley made Roosevelt. Ergo, I made Roosevelt." Plato couldn't have summed it up more briefly.

But Al Smith he never forgave, and probably vice versa. For Al, in Walker's opinion, was no better nor worse than himself, but joined the opposition in the show-down, and decided to make the world safe for hypocrisy.

They all knew that Walker's first marriage was a floperoo long before he ever ran for Mayor. From Roosevelt down they all knew about Betty Compton and that Jim was footloose long before he met her as a chorine in *Oh Kay*.

So their pious raising of outraged hands when Seabury found that Walker had a female banker, left Jim in a state of defeated fury. And when Roosevelt and Seabury ordered her to be billed as 'Madame X' their mistaken gallantry was considered the last betrayal.

For they failed to realize that the guy was in love and when a philanderer of fifty falls in love with a show girl in her twenties you're not doing either of them (in *their* opinion) a favor by billing the gal as an 'unknown woman!' In Betty's case this was particularly bad billing, for she's a girl of much stronger will than her Lord Jim. Everything they have done recently is of her doing, not his, and you can bet that if he ever returns to America it will not be until Betty makes up his mind.



Considering that she was born on the Isle of Wight and never did like the Isle of Manhattan, you have an added reason for betting against their return.

Walker's own version of just where in his career he bilked himself out of office bears out the contention of this brief. Others may not agree with this opinion, for a thousand different observers have a way of pointing to a thousand different things which cause the fall of an idol. And none of them may be wholly wrong. But, after all, the man's own opinion ought to be considered too. In Walker's case none of the things on the record caused his downfall. What caused it was a simple emotional gesture which happened only a year or two before his eclipse. But it illustrates, to me at least, how impossible it is to tear up the roots of a lifetime and explains, moreover, why he could find no unmitigated happiness in an escape-mechanism.

The average person in a predicament similar to Walker's might have come out all right by doing what he did. To have chucked a job which you are about to be kicked out of, to have divorced a wife whom you haven't loved in ten or twenty years, to have married instead a girl you did love, and to have gone off with her to another country to settle down—all these things to most persons would seem a sensible solution of a complicated problem.

But each of these steps in Walker's case couldn't have been a solution, because of those Shanty Irish roots of his. He never got away from the good old religion and as proof of this, his effort to do so trapped him in the end. He traced his own fall to one of those unaccountable acts I have been speaking of.

It was in the police parade of 1932, which had stopped on a hot May day for a moment's rest at 49th Street and Fifth Avenue. One block further on, on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral, stood the Cardinal and his entourage. Walker turned to Grover Whalen, who was then his Commissioner of Police, as well as his social arbiter, and asked if he should make any special recognition of the Cardinal as they passed the Cathedral.

Whalen didn't think he should beyond the ordinary courtesies, and Walker was fully prepared to pass the Cathedral, bow to the Cardinal, and continue leading the parade up Fifth Avenue.

But as the parade started anew, the Cardinal moved forward from the shadow of the Cathedral to the edge of the steps. The brilliant red of his robes caught Walker's eye, and before Jim knew what he was doing he was running up the steps to greet a prince of the church in a manner familiar to anybody who's been in Rome. He knelt on one knee, kissed the Episcopal ring, and when he realized that he'd let an old religious emotion overwhelm his latterly developed agnostic sense, he tried to retreat to his place in the parade. But on one side of him a score of cameras had photographed his obeisance to the faith of his fathers, and on the other side a score of cameras had photographed him as a hypocrite.

What went on in the mind of the Cardinal at this sudden gesture of humility and faith no one knows but the Cardinal, but those around him felt that the church was being used as a stooge by a back-slider. All of them resented an act of faith by somebody whose private life, they knew, was violating that faith at every turn. And in the bible-belt of America the photographs were used as proof that the Mayor of New York was a Papist of the blackest sort.

As for Walker he could never explain why he did it except on the grounds that now and then his mental processes have gone berserk and he has done something by pure emotional reflex. But this particular act, which probably not a thousand people remember, Walker never forgot.

The Princes of the Church hadn't forgotten either, for when Marty McCue, a Shanty Irish politician of no great ability, died, the priest who celebrated the solemn high mass took occasion to preach a sermon.

He told what a fine family man McCue had been, how faithful he had been in his duties to the church, and then went on to give Walker the works.

At that solemn high mass were Al Smith, John Currey, old John McCooey and about all the Democratic leaders of New York except Walker.

To them and to Walker that sermon was the end. Whatever transpired afterward, with all the ramifications of the Hofstadter investigation and Samuel Seabury's search for wrongdoing in Walker's administration, Walker himself could never get over the fact that he had stepped out of his way to affront those to whom he previously had turned for spiritual guidance.

As nothing plagues us through the years, and, in fact, never leaves us, like our own *faux pas* it may be true that this incident really was the thing that finished Walker, but the record does not bear this out. He kept making magnificent misses all along the line and my own opinion is that he chucked himself out about a month before the end.

When he went to the Albany hearing he still thought his debonair act and his Tammany palm-slammers could turn a flop into a hit. He was still wisecracking to the very doors of the hearing. When, however, he got into the witness stand and Roosevelt began making him play the role of stooge for a change, and he saw further that he was going to be thrown out, he held a hurried conference with his counsel and they decided to pull a fast one.

They had to all intents and purposes decided to throw up the sponge. Walker wrote an eighteen word resignation and issued a three thousand word statement damning the whole Roosevelt procedure. This made it look as if the whole thing were over, but as a matter of fact it was not as simple as that. What they were working toward was this: By resigning, Walker had taken the thing out of Roosevelt's hands. It was then the intention of his council of war to renominate him and have him run on a vindication platform. He would then be reelected and Tammany would have given Roosevelt the old runaround.

There was nothing the matter with the idea except that over in Europe lay the love-interest of the plot. And as it had cost Walker and Mlle. Compton $25,000 in telephones and cables for the year or so they were

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Possession

To have money to buy meals, to have a woman forever and ever, or the world within one's self

by MORLEY CALLAGHAN

• FICTION •

On the way along the street Dan looked up at the falling snow and the lights in the windows and it all began to shift away and then swing back before his eyes. He was scared of this sudden dizziness and he said, "It's nothing. That's just the way the snow slants across the lights. It makes my eyes tired, that's all."

As he went into his place he closed the door quietly and he went to go noiselessly up the stairs, but then he hesitated when he saw the little pile of letters on the table in the hall. He looked back at those letters and hope rose in him again. Three days ago he had written to an uncle he hardly knew in Detroit asking him for money, and now he tiptoed back to the table and flicked his thumb through the pile of letters while the wet snow melting on his hat trickled down and dropped on the floor, and he saw there wasn't a letter for him. And then, when he heard the click of a latch in the door at the end of the hall, he knew he had delayed too long. Mrs. Macillroy, who owned the building, hurried after him and caught him when he was only half way up the stairs. She was a plump, quiet woman with gray hair who was smiling very softly tonight. "And how are you tonight, Mr. Lowery?" she called anxiously. By the solicitude and softness of her voice he knew what she really wanted to say, but he said, "I'm fine thanks."

"Was there anything doing today?"

"No, nothing at all," he said, keeping the wide, false smile on his face.

"Is there anything in sight at all?"

"I thought there might have been a letter there for me," he said. "I wrote to Detroit for some money," he said.

It was a hopeless business trusting the tenants and letting the days go by but Mrs. Macillroy was a good natured woman and she said in spite of her natural shrewdness, "All right. I hope something turns up soon for you," and she walked away soberly.

While he watched her shoulders and the little roll of gray hair at the back of her neck he wondered if he would ever be able to come in and get by the hall again.

As he sat on his bed waiting for the excitement that had risen in him so sharply to subside, it seemed he could not help remembering every job he had ever had. He began to think of all the money he had once wasted on foolish and lovely little things. He sat there with an intense longing in him to live over again the joyous moments when he had spent money freely, and in a little while he was so enchanted he could hardly move and more beautiful thoughts came just as easily and their loveliness was always heightened by the depth of his longing.

But when he heard someone rapping on the door there was such a leaping shock of excitement in him he could hardly stand it. Every little shock was the same these days. He took one shock after another and thought he was rolling away from them, but they left him light headed and weaker and almost drunk. "Come in," he said.

Mrs. Macillroy's ten-year old son was grinning brightly at him. "Mother says she forgot to give you a message," he said. "A Miss Rowe phoned. She left her number and said you were to phone."

"Was that all?"

"That's all," the boy said.

An immense relief flooded through Dan and he wanted to hear Helen Rowe's voice, he wanted to hear her talking to him in her warm and friendly way so that bit by bit he might feel again that he had some dignity. He had met her just two months ago. She knew he was out of work but she saw him nearly every night. She worked in a broker's office. She was twenty-five. It was wonderful that she should spend so much time with him knowing he was without money and work and yet might want to marry her. And as one day followed another and all the days were the same for him she began to seem like something unbelievably bright and joyous in his life.

But when he went to the phone he began to worry and he thought, "Why is she calling me? She never called like this before," and then he waited and listened and heard her voice, and he closed his eyes and saw her face and she was saying, "Can you meet me early tonight, Dan, in about half an hour?"

"Sure I can," he said.

"Meet me at the corner, will you?"

"What's bothering you, Helen?"

"I've got to go home. My mother's very sick."

"Where have you got to go?"

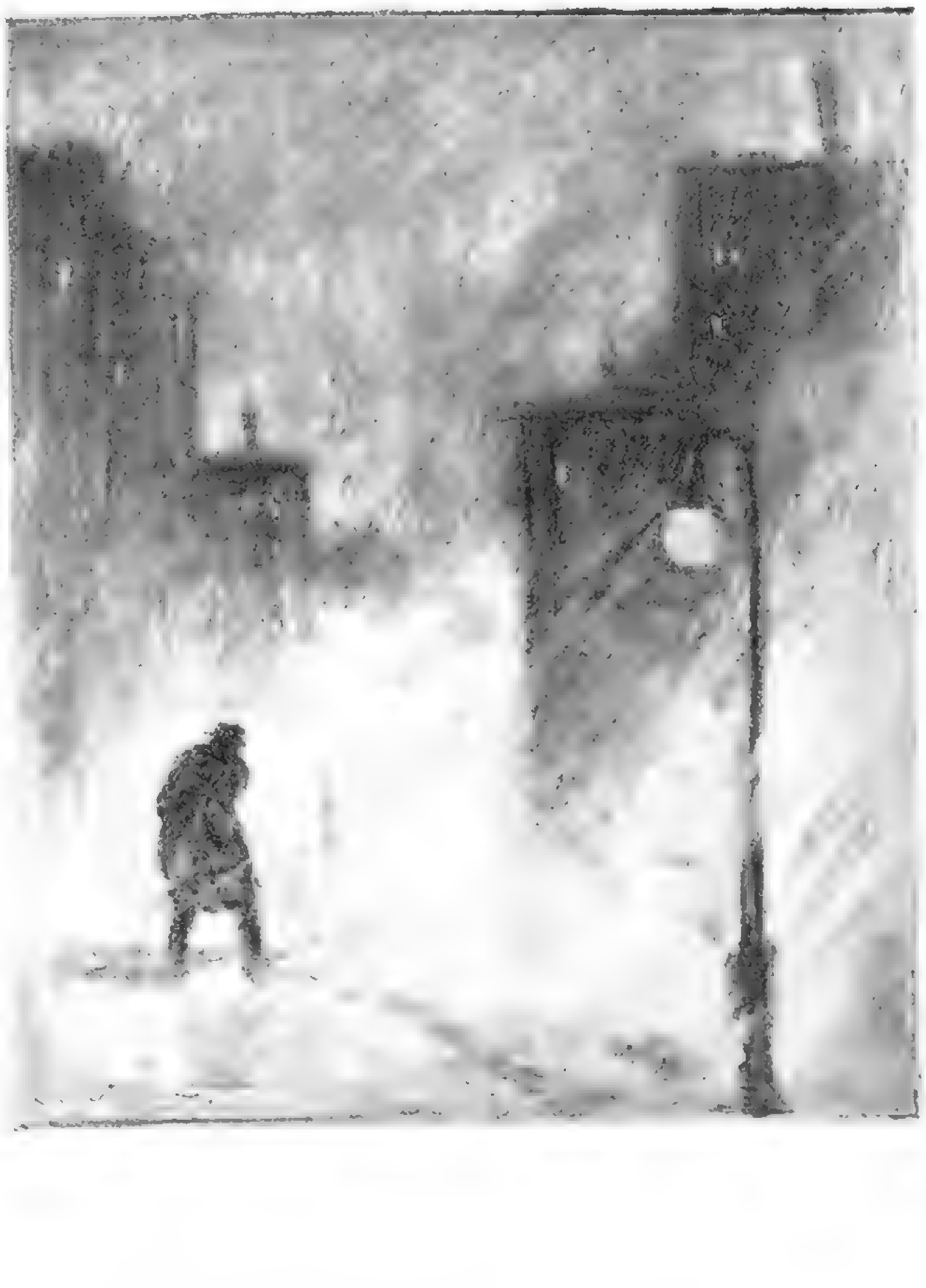
"To New Hampshire."

"For how long?"

"About three weeks," she said.

"I'll be there in half an hour," he said. And while he sat there looking at the phone he grew more and more frightened that she was going away, for now it seemed that without her company and hope for him he could not live. As he put on his coat again and got ready to go out he began to think desperately, "I never really had a chance to be in love with her. I never got close enough to her. Where will I be in three weeks? I'll have to get out of here. I may go to Detroit. Something's got to happen. Something's got to break and then it's all gone and I've lost her. I may be dead by the time she comes back here if it goes on like this."

And his desperate anxiety so overwhelmed him as he walked along the street in the snow with his coat collar turned high that he knew he must try and possess her forever that night, he knew he must not let her go that night without taking her love forever, he knew he couldn't stand it if she went away and he had never had a chance to make love to her. "This'll be the only chance I'll have," he thought as his shoes swished through the wet snow and the flakes fell softly upon his face.



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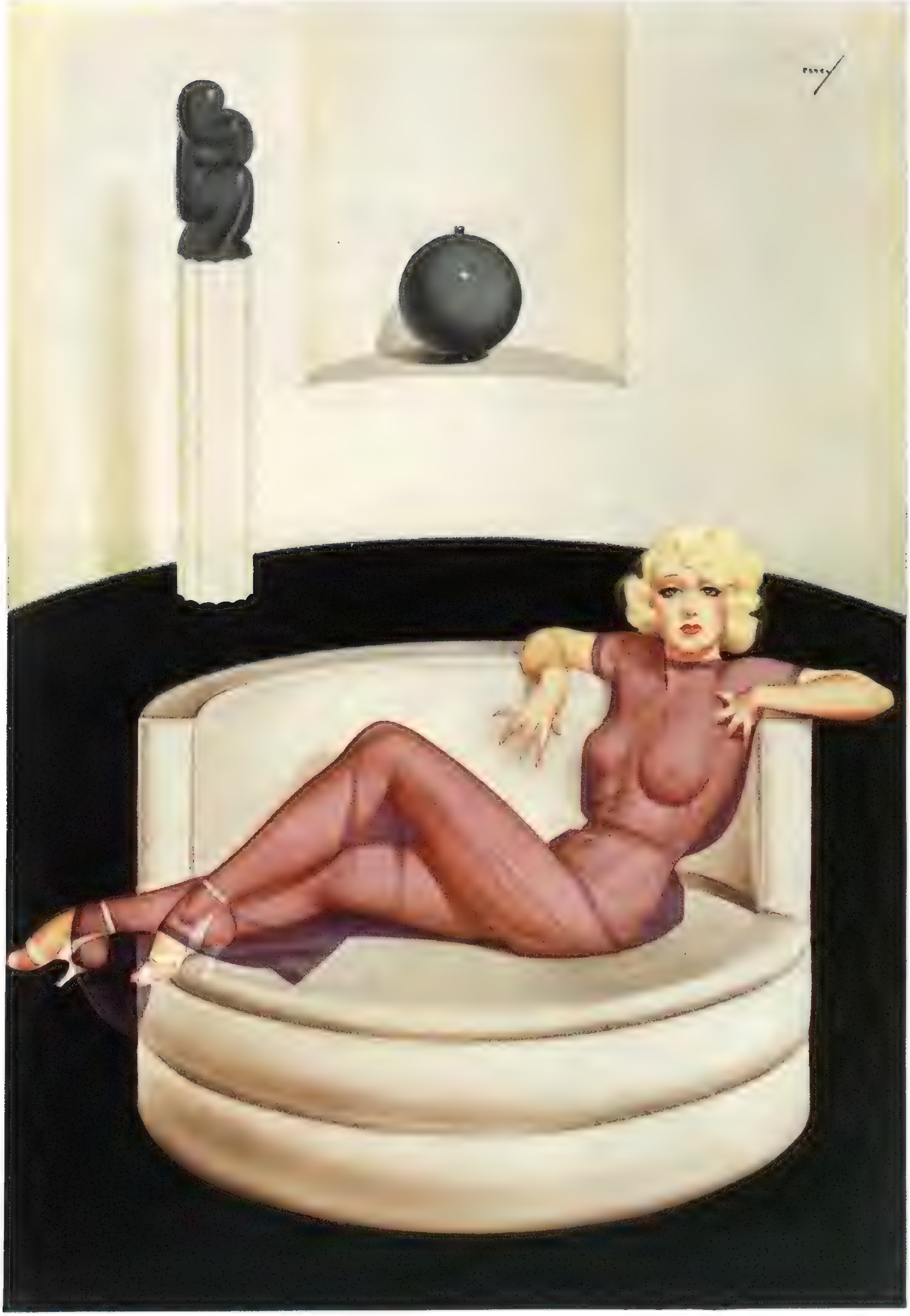
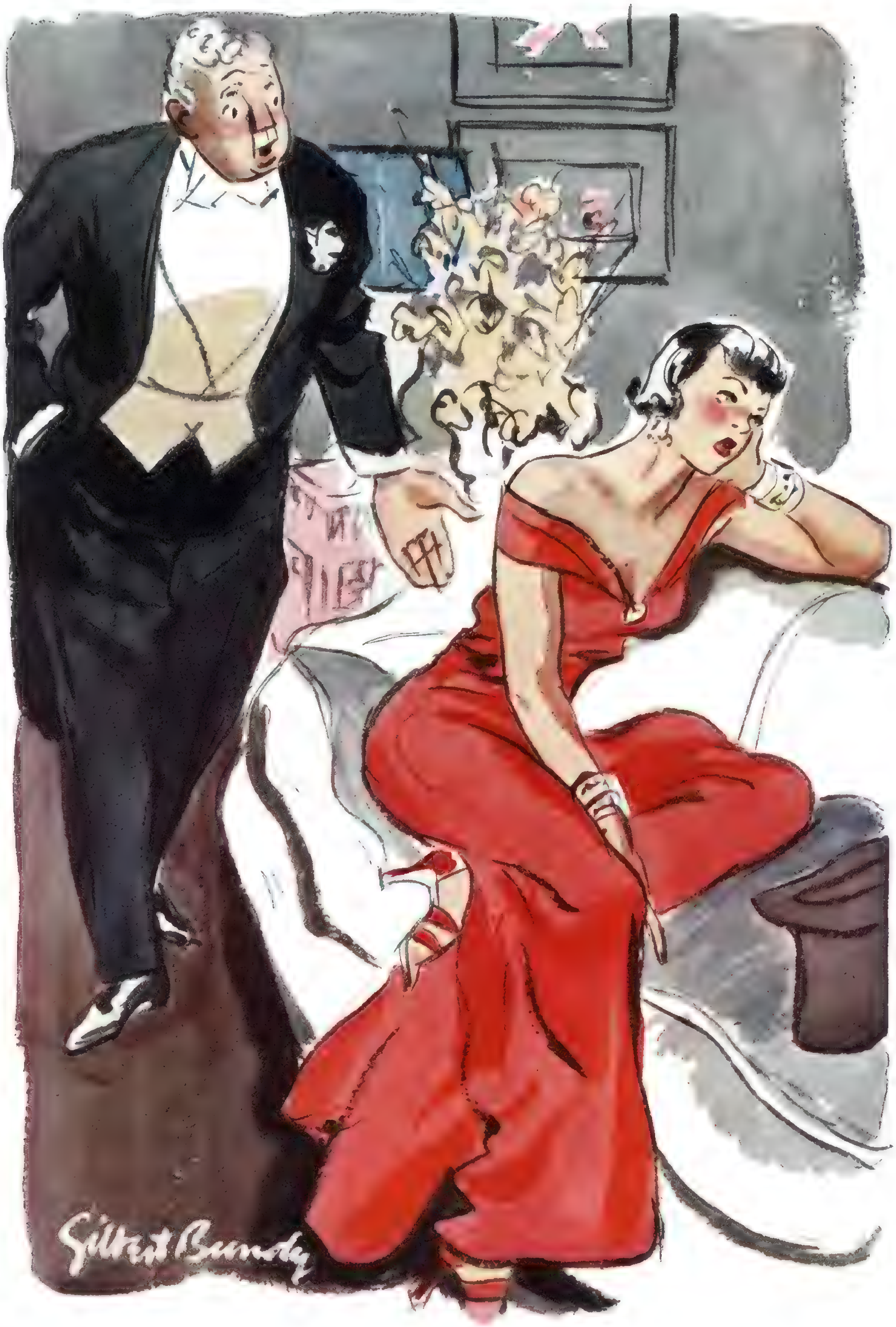


"Oh, you would—would you!"


Gilbert Bundy

"Can I help it, Gertrude, if I feel like a brother?"

The Elephant

A couple of sophisticated pencils come into contact with the big solid meaty facts of animal life

by JOHN COLLIER

• FICTION •

I AM easily described: I weigh twenty stone. You mustn't think of me as a fat fellow, though. I'm heavy, but not fat in the oily sense of the word. My big mirror, so old that it's like a well of ink, corroborates me; and so do two of the most charming girls in the world.

One of them leans over me as I write this, and in order that everyone may know what she is, I write firmly and unflinchingly that she has her teeth in my ear at this moment.

"Don't bite my ear," I say. "That's what dogs do to pigs. I may be fat, but . . ."

"No," says she, "you're not fat. You're a Jumbo, not a piggy porker."

"That's very nice of you," I reply. "All the same, I have to write down the truth. And no one can do that with his ear between a pretty girl's teeth."

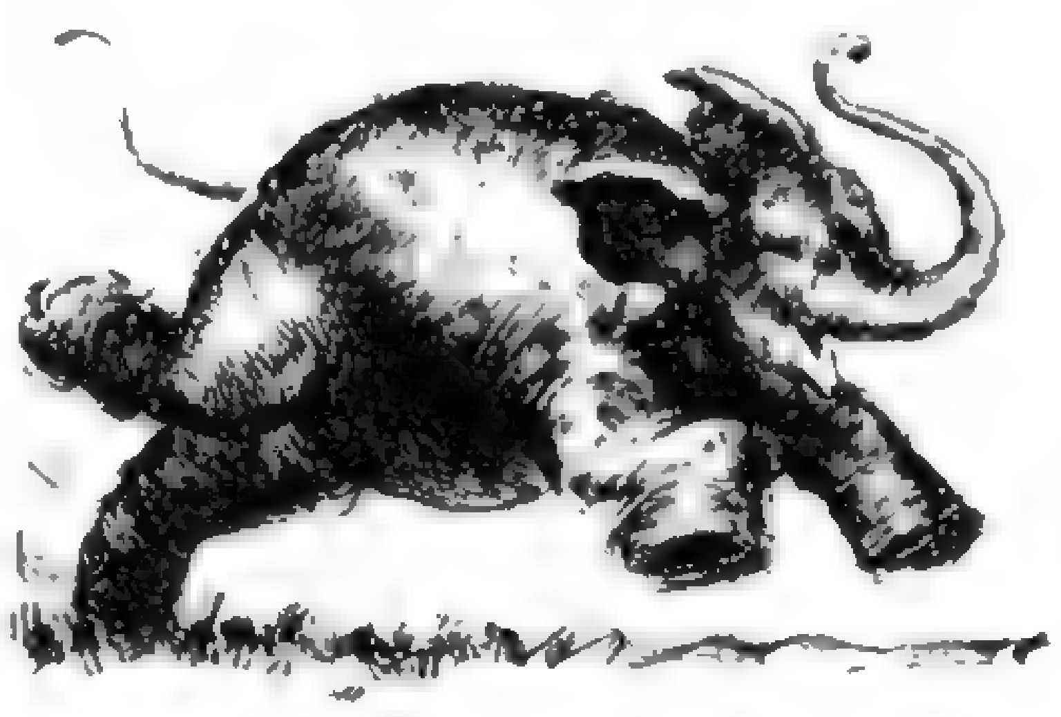
Accordingly I remove this beautiful, accomplished and up-to-date young woman. That is, I walk out on to the verandah, brush her off very gently, and return, latching the window behind me. Her friend joins her; they sit on the balustrade pointing at me. However, elephants are not disturbed by that sort of thing. Now I can tell you who I am, where I write, and how it came about that such a fellow should be worried out of his life by the problem of these two charming girls.

I was twenty-two when the war ended, therefore I must be about thirty-seven today. Six foot four, and, as I said, twenty stone. My history is: French mother, English father, a youth like everybody else's, one year at Oxford, three in the army, and then fifteen years at this place. This place is what would be called in England a substantial manor farm, but English friends who visit me here tend to refer to it as the chateau. The house is roomy, solid, and rather handsome; the drawing room windows look out on a terraced garden, the dining room windows overlook the yard. The farm itself and the vineyard are as good as any between Marseilles and Avignon.

After the war, I found the world and I had little use for one another, so instead of leaving this place to be run by an agent as hitherto, I decided to come here myself, learn the job, take over, and make a real life out of it instead of skimming off a tiny income. The life claimed me, my Provencal blood asserted itself, and except that men I'd known at Oxford or Mespot sometimes came out for a week or two, I became exactly like all that strange race of big, barrel-bodied, slow moving, narrow minded farmer-squires of the Midi.

However, I remained mostly English underneath, but English of 1914. If you like, I'm not an elephant but a Loch Ness Monster: a creature surviving in some shy corner from the clumsy age before the flood.

Very well, my mother's sister married a very rich cosmopolitan American—palace in Florence, hunting box in Hungary, second best collection of Post Impressionists in New York. That is how I came to have the brightest of the bright and the youngest of the young for my cousins. Heaven knows how they came to think of me; anyway, one day I got a cable: "Do be an angel and look expertly at Tour de Dame de Maritayne near Avignon for us stop we have seen photos but are there holes in the walls stop If not please take option for us stop or scorpions Angela your cousin by marriage to me says stop and her love she says stop better draft and everything gilt edged and legal follows by air mail stop Nice if we are to be neighbours stop your cousin Roddy Thirkell." When I'd read this two or three times, and, I must admit, worked out the cost of it, I went over and looked at le Tour de Dame, found it in reasonably good repair, had a chat with the negotiant, and secured, not an option, but a promise he'd let me know before granting an option to anyone else. There was no sense in paying good money to the brother-in-law of my wine shipper's agent's cousin.



Then I was bothered for a solid half year by lawyers, photographers, designers, cocktail bar architects, swimming pool architects, landscape gardeners, interior decorators, and what not. All, except the lawyers, were young men or women who put on striped fisherman's jerseys, bell-bottomed trousers and espadrilles as soon as they arrived. The place was photographed inside and out, from the air, from tops of trees, from across the valleys, from right under the wall—everywhere. One young man came and looked for a minute and a half at a jolly good wing built on for servants; and sighed.

"It's got to come down," he said.

"And where are the servants going to sleep?" said I.

"Better get Pytor Störnming or d'Urfey to build up those cottages by the road again," said he. "Nothing like having your servants off the place, anyway."

I couldn't help saying, "I suppose you realize this means a big expense for my cousin."

"You can't imagine Roddy in a house with *that* stuck on to it," said he, moving the back of his hand, but not his eyes, towards the offensive wing.

"I can't imagine him at all," said I. "However, you seem to know your stuff . . ."

I was forced to admit they all knew their stuff, in spite of them all being twenty-eight, and as thick as a lead pencil, and even in spite of the jerseys. I've never seen such photographs, or such curtains, or such transformation of a garden. In six months the place was unrecognizable, I was about three weeks behind on my farm: I'd received forty-two of the longest cables ever sent from Cairo, Colombo, Hollywood and Palm Beach, and replied in twenty of the shortest ever sent from anywhere.

Things quieted down for a few weeks, and then, in April, my cousin turned up to take possession. I thought I'd wait a little while before calling: however, in about a week a note arrived, very strong on my coming over for a few days. April's an easy month out here, so I packed one or two things, got into my old Ford, and soon covered the eighteen kilometres to Maritayne.

I found not two but ten people there, and to a quiet man ten seems like fifty, especially when they all come out to look at one's car.

"It *is* the one," cried Angela.

"No, it isn't," said another girl. "That one was higher yet."

"That one was green," said a male lead pencil with an air of finality.

"Well, this one looks green from here," said Angela.

"Were you on the Marseilles road last Monday, in the morning?" asked Roddy.

"No," said I.

"Then there must be two of them," said he. "Good Lord! What's its date?"

"I should love one," cried Angela, "And I could wear a *too* entrancing veil."

Continued on page 91

Numbering Hitler's Days

The Vehmegericht awaits Der Tag to restore to Papen the power he once relinquished to Hitler's mob

by BARON ROLF VON REITZENSTEIN

• ARTICLE •

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of this article, a former Major on the Imperial German General Staff, former ace in the famous Richthofen air "circus" at about the same time General Herman Goering was attached to that fighting squadron, and also for many years one of Germany's most important military spies, was a prominent figure in Germany after the War, leading the opposition to the French Forces of Occupation in the Rhineland. He is at present in this country, an exile from Germany, one of the monarchists the Hitlerites would like to exterminate.*

THOSE who actually know what is going on in Germany today, and there are not many even in Germany except the leaders and those who are plotting the intrigues, know that the days of Hitler are numbered.

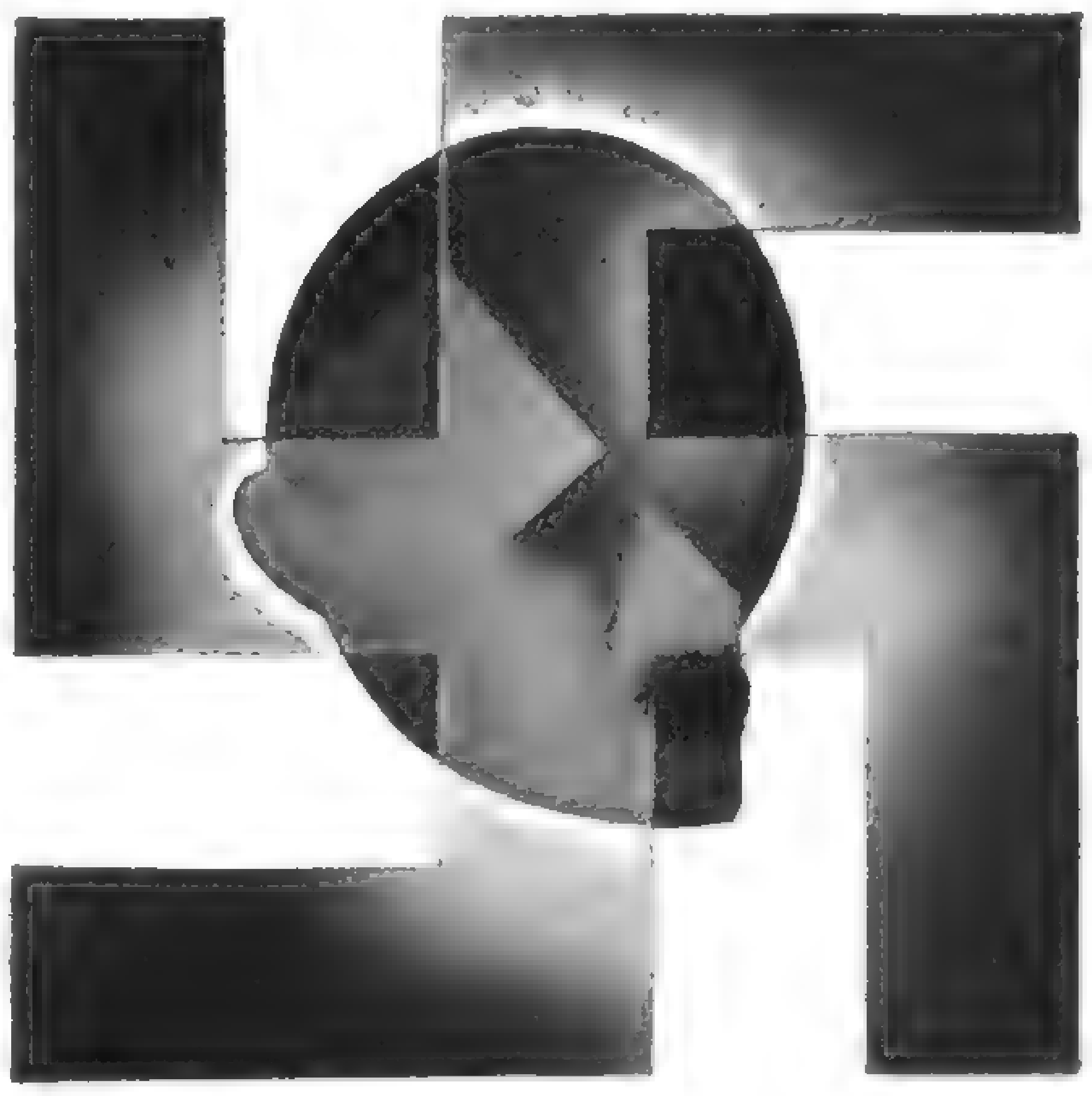
To understand the whole situation it is necessary to furnish a sketchy picture of that situation. Under the Versailles Treaty Germany is only allowed a standing army of about 100,000 men. That is all she has. They are the Reichswehr. But at a moment's notice she can muster twice that many fully trained men and perhaps three times that number or more. She gives them a comparatively short period of training, then musters them out and enlists a new army to be trained. These men are all against Hitler and the Nazis and have only contempt for the notorious Storm Troops of the Nazis. They support Franz von Papen.

Recently when Hitler resorted to bloody tactics to put down the so-called revolt he claimed existed within the ranks of his own party, and used the opportunity to also kill off numerous opponents who were not members of the Nazi group, the American newspapers furnished accounts of how at the late von Hindenburg's orders the Reichswehr saved von Papen. What the American newspapers did not know was that although the Nazis wanted von Papen killed they did not dare to because that would have been the signal for a ghastly civil war in which the Reichswehr would have finally taken the law into their own hands and turned on the Storm Troops and the Nazis.

They and many of their leaders want to right now but cooler heads are holding them back, awaiting "Der Tag"—the day when they feel the time is ripe and all the German people will be completely disillusioned by Hitler. In the meantime the philosophy of these cooler leaders is much like that which Americans maintained concerning gangdom; meaning that they say among themselves, "Why should we interfere and plunge the country into civil war now so long as these Nazis are killing each other off? Let them fight and murder each other as much as they wish."

When that time arrives, and it may very shortly, von Papen probably will be the man to take over the reins behind the military dictatorship and try to prevent the pendulum from swinging too far in the opposite direction, since if the communists ever get the slightest grip, the least chance, the streets of Germany will run red with Nazi blood.

Since military dictatorships rarely last long the speculation can only be as to whether in Germany the impending dictatorship of that nature will be followed by communism or by a restoration of the monarchy. One or the other is bound to come. The monarchy would have a good chance of winning but for one fact. The monarchists are divided into three camps. One of these want the Hohenzollerns back on the old imperial throne, but this group is in the minority. Another wants the Woelffen family, which formerly ruled Hanover, and the third supports the claims of the Wittelsbacher of Bavaria. Because of this split the communists may secure control.



It is a pretty situation, but it is not comic opera by any means. It is deadly serious. To understand it you have to know what the situation really is within the Nazi ranks. There are many, many communists in the Nazi party and among the Storm Troops, strange as that may seem. At the time Hitler was making his bid for power there were in Germany large groups of communists who were disgusted or impatient at the failure of the Communist Party and its supporters in Russia to conduct a more aggressive campaign to seize control of Germany.

Hitler and his satellites needed votes. They needed all the popular help they could secure. They made a play for the help of those dissatisfied communists. They adopted many of the principles of communism and espoused its most sacred tenets such as the crushing of independent capitalism and all that sort of thing. Once Hitler had won the help of these impatient German communists and obtained the power he sought, he promptly forgot all about his pledges to them, pledges which he knew at the time he made them could not be carried out.

During the past year or so these communists who had flocked to the Hitler banner, seeing that Germany did not develop into a communistic Utopia, began pressing, demanding, wanting a show-down. They spread dissension among the precious Storm Troops of which they mostly were members. Incidentally it might be well at this stage to reveal something else that is unknown in this country. At the time the Jew persecutions were at their height the Storm Troops were blamed indiscriminately for carrying out these persecutions, and there was no way for anyone except those who had access to what was happening to find the truth. The Storm Battalions in the cities actually refused point-blank to conduct these persecutions. In the ranks of the Storm Troops, however, were special battalions composed of criminals who had been released from the prisons for this purpose and recruited from the very worst elements of the slums. These were the picked, crack outfits kept in reserve in outlying districts for just such delightful purposes. They were used in the persecutions of the Jews when the others refused to do the job.

However, to return to the communists, they wanted action on some of the promises made by Hitler. At the time of the so-called blood purge they were on the verge of revolt, and many others of the Storm Troops who were not communists were with them. Then Hitler demanded that the rank and file of his famous Storm Troops, all except the "crack battalions," take a six weeks vacation and give up their weapons. Of course, the Storm Troops knew what that meant. It was a diplomatic way of disarming and disbanding them before they had their rebellion sufficiently organized.

Whether they will go quietly and obey orders and then seek to reorganize secretly to overthrow Hitler or whether they will revolt openly any day now remains to be seen. At least, the vast majority of the Storm Battalions are through with Hitler, while the Reichswehr and their officers merely bide their time and await the order they hope for to send them out with bayonets and machine guns to take over Germany. In the meantime the great mass of the German people stand bewildered, wondering what next and whether to believe the next self-appointed messiah who comes along promising them the peace and plenty they long for. This is a brief summing up of the situation that exists today.

It does not require a Bismarck to analyze the present national situation in Germany and to foresee the results that will follow the policies formulated by Hitler and those surrounding him. To one like myself who was in constant contact with him in the early days of his career and who watched his rise from comparative obscurity to his present shaky position at the head of the German Government, his plans and policies resemble the old crazy quilt of many patches so familiar in the homes of thrifty German peasant folk.

A political opportunist, he has gathered and formulated into his policy, if formulation it can be called, every opposing element and every prejudice that the Bierstube or corner saloon can produce. He has seized upon national feelings and prides to promote his ends wherever he could enlist them, regardless of their plausibility or the ultimate effect that they may have on the destiny of the country.

First of all, I do not hesitate to state that Hitler is a psychological specimen of a most acute kind. Instead of being allowed to preside over a nation as its dictator he ought to be the subject for serious observation in some psychological clinic like the one at Constance on Bodensea. If he is not killed I am certain that this is the sort of a place he will eventually be placed in, just as "General" Herman Goering, his associate, was at one time confined when he became a morphine addict. There was some excuse for Goering. He had suffered a fractured skull when he was shot down by a French airman during the war while he was fighting with the Richthofen Jagdstafel, of which I also was a member. After that his beautiful Swedish countess bride died a month following their marriage. The tip-off on Goering's mental condition may be found in the fact that for a long time after her death he kept her apartment locked, would not allow anyone to enter it, but dusted and kept it clean himself, and carried a bouquet of beautiful flowers to the lonely boudoir each morning. He was not normal. The two shocks almost finished him. Small wonder they had to place him in an institution for a time. Now he is co-dictator with Hitler over a great nation, or the wreck of a great nation, and it is a question which of the two men is the more dependable mentally.

Now let us try to analyze why or how it is possible that such a highly intelligent people as the Germans could accept and so readily follow policies such as Hitler's and blindly acknowledge his "leadership," while his dogma and actions arouse the entire world's opinion against him and also against the German nation.

As a matter of fact this is not so strange as it might appear to the observer who does not possess an intimate knowledge of German history and German characteristics. Considering that the Germans are accustomed to be ruled, led, or dictated to, if you prefer, they are probably more inclined to follow a leader blindly than any other people would. Furthermore, they are accustomed to being ruled strictly, to discipline. In some degree this is responsible for their being termed a militaristic nation. Hence their seeming acceptance to some degree at least of the dogma or platform of "Hitlerism" or "Purifying of the German race," which has stirred up the whole world since Hitler's rise to power. This absolutely is not Hitler's own idea, and the great mass of the German people are not really one bit more interested in it than are the French, the Italians or a lot of others.

Those of us who have attained a somewhat cosmopolitan viewpoint know that the people of each nation have a smug way of considering themselves superior to the people of any other nation. The Frenchman doesn't like to see his children intermarry with the English or the Germans or Americans and vice versa. We are all a bit provincial on that score whether we admit it or not, and the desire to keep the race "pure" has been exercised in Germany to some degree for hundreds of years the same as it has in other European countries to a degree that Americans do not understand.

However, for many, many decades there never has been any direct or indirect persecutions of any peoples or races in Germany until this present crew of vagabonds got control.

To draw a picture of the German which will give a clear understanding of his characteristics it is necessary to make some statements that I know will be doubted and may be scoffed at, but I must point out that as a member of one of the oldest "militaristic" feudal families of Germany and as an officer of the old General Staff and also as one of the so-called insiders of the fallen empire I know whereof I speak. The fact that Germany was a militaristic nation did not mean to the Germans that they had to build up a perfect war machine for destructive purposes. The building up of that war machine was natural for them with their capacity for infinite detail and thoroughness which characterizes the German mind in whatever it undertakes. A few of the leaders may have had this in mind but the rank and file of the German people and army never regarded their old army as an instrument of threat against any other nation. The German people cannot yet understand why the world doubts this fact. Their attitude is, "if we had to have an army why not make it as nearly perfect as possible?"

This is the people who still will argue about that question. These German people also have been going through most terrific times since the very beginning of the World War, which started them upon an era of starvation, slaughter, depression, inflation and revolution. They probably have endured more than any other nation. Great masses of them have not tasted a piece of meat in years and have worn the same garment or suit of clothes for years, often going naked in their homes to preserve that last vestige of raiment for when they must travel in the streets. Those are the things you do not see in the photographs that reach this country. The casual traveler or tourist is not aware of this condition. The general population starved, worn out, tired of the daily struggle for their very existence, suddenly gained new hope and begun to have fresh interest in life and such things as questions of national policy and politics as a result of the flaming speeches and promises Adolf Hitler handed them.

A fluent orator can work wonders with a national consciousness and Hitler is a spellbinder. And the general population in Germany, the same as everywhere else, is not sufficiently trained in matters of finance, statesmanship and economics to realize that Hitler's promises never could have been fulfilled.

At the time of Hitler's rise to power, the aristocracy and the capitalists simply could not and would not submit to communism and the capitalists were not in accord with the monarchists. The capitalists, meaning the great industrial barons, were held in check in their efforts to steal everything in sight by the late General von Schleicher, "The Iron Man of Germany." He was the ally of the monarchists and aristocracy, the idol of the army, and Hitler hated him because it was he who placed Hitler in prison and suppressed the Munich "Bierhalle Putsch" when Hitler tried to seize control in 1923.

Things were in a dangerous state when Hitler finally did make his bid for power, and at that critical moment Baron von Rothschild, head of the German branch of the famous international banking house, financed Hitler and his Storm Troops with fifty million Reichsmarks on the condition that General von Schleicher be ousted from the cabinet where he sat in control of the Reichswehr or regular army, and also that he must be banished from the German political stage. This would remove the main stumbling block from the path of the industrialists. Another promise exacted of Hitler by Rothschild was that no pressure would be exerted against the Jews in Germany when Hitler attained power. Baron Franz von Papen participated in that conference. Hitler readily agreed to all the conditions imposed.

Continued on page 166

The Breakdown at Bougival

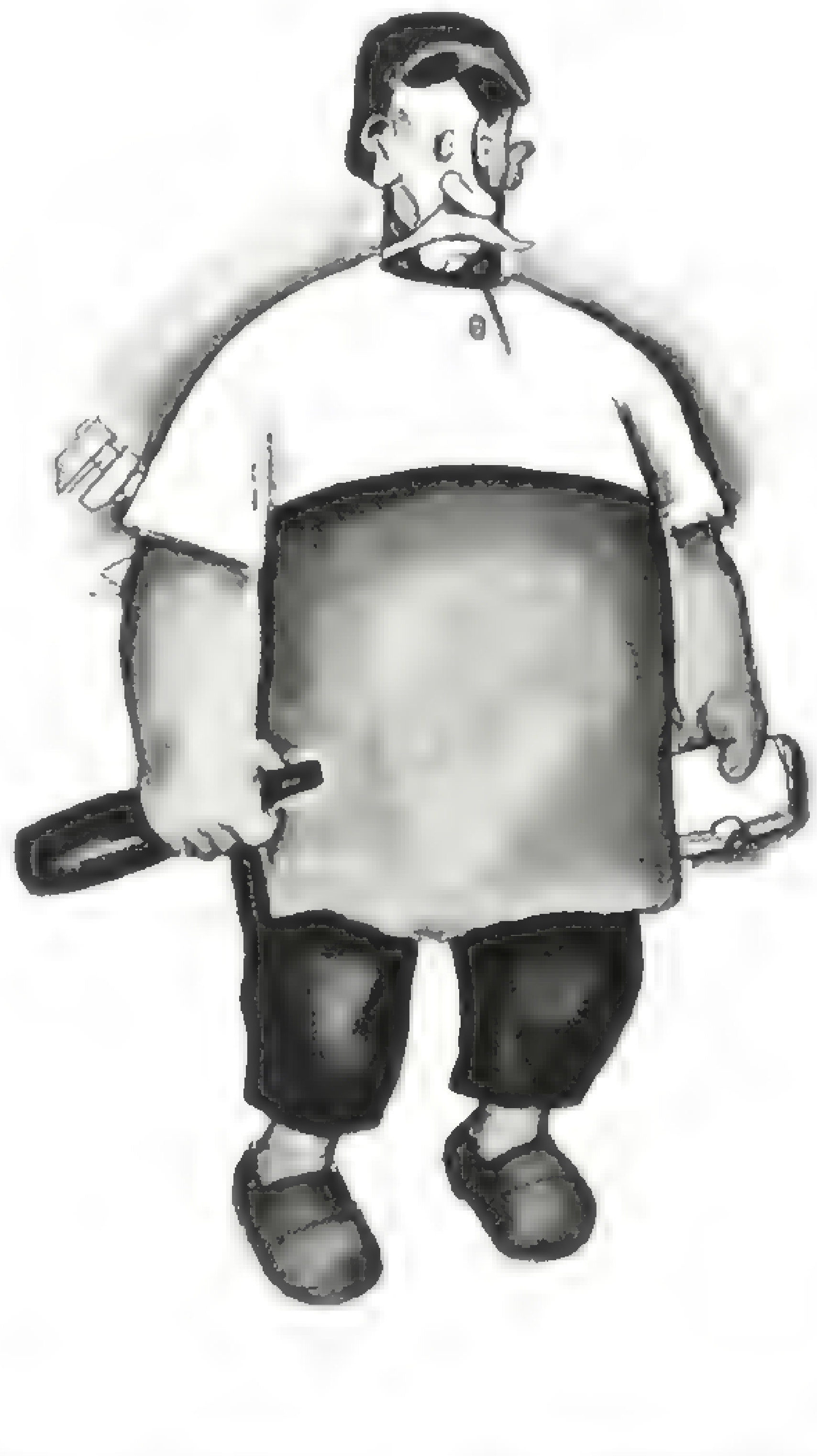
Triumph of a Paris mechanic while the Yankee victims ask the world who is crazy now

by MONTAGUE GLASS

• SATIRE •

You may or may not remember the automobile in that stage of its development when the driver spent half his time in the driver's seat and the other half on the flat of his back underneath the automobile, trying to find out what in the name of Time was the matter with the engine AGAIN. Well, in those unhappy days, the gentleman on the flat of his back, was invariably greeted by passers-by, with the phrase: "Get a horse!" Today anybody who drives an American automobile in France, has a similar experience. If the slightest thing happens to the distributor points, and it is necessary for the American driver to lift one side of the hood for a few minutes, at least ten passing motorists will shout: "Achetez un voiture Francaise!" This means of course: "Buy a French car!" And it is what Somerville and Ross, the Irish writers, would call the *clane part of their discoorse.*

My wife and I have owned both American and French cars in France, and in our experience, there is no French car which does not have ten thousand times more trouble than the cheapest American car on the market, and all this was the reason why we at last bought an American standard make, medium in price but excellent in performance. For two years we had not the slightest trouble with this car, and then we bought a later model which also gave us well nigh perfect service.



One day, however, when we were driving from Paris to Normandy, our faithful automobile sighed heavily and gave up the fight at the side of the road not a quarter of a mile from the late Queen Josephine's palace at La Malmaison, about seven miles from the Porte Maillot of Paris. We had previously driven all over France, Switzerland and parts of Italy in this same car, and not once had it failed us, so that we were beginning to think it had the same inevitable qualities of the rising and setting sun, United States income taxes and rain in England.

But sometimes—rarely of course - it does *not* rain in England, and just as the fixed climatic habits of an English winter may change without notice, our automobile balked, became sullen and at last grew unconscious and failed to recognize us. We wiped off the distributor points, and humored the car in other particulars, but with no effect, and therefore I set out to telephone the service station in Paris. There is only one place where you can telephone in the rural districts of France, and that is at the local post office. Perhaps you don't think that seven miles from Paris is a rural district. Just as in America, the poem *That's Where the West Begins* applies to any point beyond Van Cortlandt Park, New York City, so in France the rural districts impinge on the Paris fortifications, or what is left of them. Thus I went into the nearest post office at Bougival near La Malmaison, and of course, the telephone was out of order.

In France, there are just two kinds of public telephones: those which are out of order and those over which you can hear a combination of roar and rumble which is supposed to be the human voice.

"That looks like a garage over there," my wife said pointing to a building which at one time had been a barn and undoubtedly must have sheltered the dragoons of Napoleon's Old Guard. Sure enough, it *was* a garage, and by a piece of great good fortune—for the garage proprietor — its only mechanic had not gone home to luncheon but was eating a mortadella sandwich and drinking a bottle of *vin rouge ordinaire.* The garlic in the mortadella blotted out all other smells in that garage as effectually as formaldehyde, and it even gave the mechanic a certain aura, as though he had been recently anointed with garlic. He soon transferred this aura to our automobile, for he came out of the garage, with a confident air and a pipe wrench large enough to unscrew the joints of the celebrated sewers of Paris.

We explained to him in our best French, which is at least as good as the best twenty cent a dozen eggs, that we feared the ignition was out of order. He jeered at this in garlic interspersed with a few words of French, and these few words of French were spoken with a strong Italian accent. In view of his luncheon any dialect he would have spoken must have been strong, but this dialect was further strengthened by a long drooping moustache, colored by *vin rouge ordinaire* and other beverages. It was apparent that this mechanic would stop at nothing in the drinking line, and events proved that he didn't. He said, positively that our breakdown was caused by something which stopped the flow of gasoline into the carburetor, and by way of evidence, he tapped the vacuum tank which operates the windshield wiper. This tank is behind the instrument board and gave forth a hollow sound.

"Voila!" he said. "Pas d'essence!"

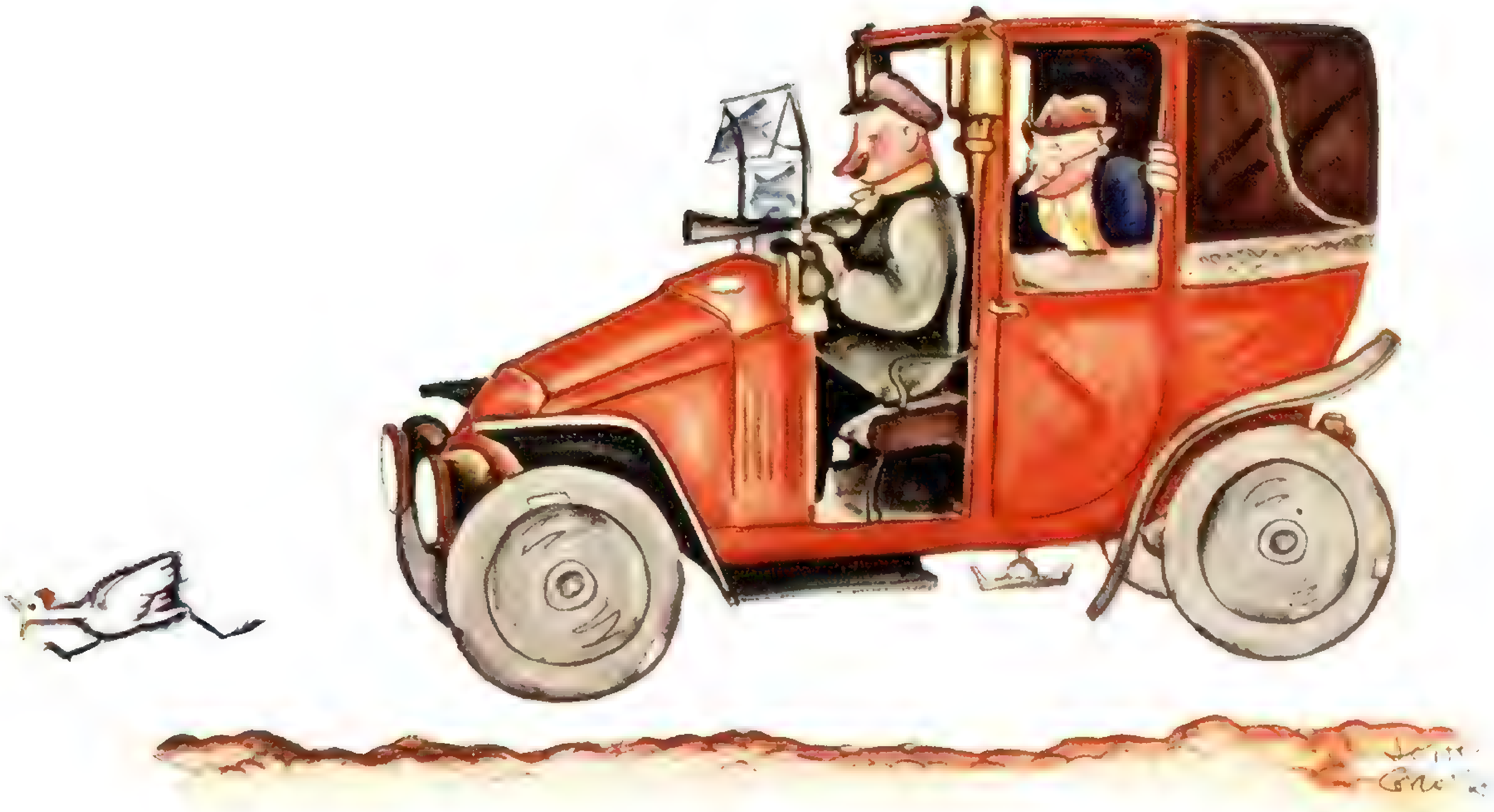
This means: "You see? There's no gasoline!" And to prove it, he immediately got busy with his pipe wrench. He unscrewed the gas line from the carburetor and showed us that no gasoline came from it. Boobs that we were, we did not then know that unless the gasoline pump were working, the gas line would be empty, but we were quickly to learn this feature of automobile operation. Our friend the mechanic then returned to the garage. He came back with a piece of garden hose some four feet in length, and one end of it he placed over the interrupted gas line. He held it firmly with his right hand and with his left, he applied the other end of the hose to his lips beneath his great moustaches. It was evidently his intention to remove the obstruction by sucking it out, but what happened was this: first he exhaled a deep breath to insure a correspondingly deep inhalation, and then he sucked at the garden hose.

A superficial judgment of the mechanic's chest measurement would probably place the amount of gasoline which he either inhaled or swallowed at about two gallons. It might even have been three or four from the language which he used. This was partly French, partly Italian and partly fragments of Nicois and Genoese. We understood little of it, but from the expression of his face, it must have required years of apprenticeship at it, to result in such a mastery of foul language. He then picked up his pipe wrench and retired to the garage without even asking for money (but he did leave the gas line twisted and bent), nor did he make any attempt to reconnect the gas line with the carburetor.

"This is a job for the manufacturer of this dirty *voiture,*" he said before he left.

"We told you it was the ignition," we reminded him.

"Ignition my eye!" he said, except that



we use the word *eye* as a euphemism. "The trouble is with the gasoline pump."

We both took his word for it, and I went back to the Bougival post office at which was situated a local taxicab stand. There were two taxicabs there. One of them looked as though it had been an original Panhard-Levassor, designed by Monsieur Levassor himself. He died in 1897. The other was of a slightly later model, and its driver seemed to be aware of it. At any rate, when I asked him how much he expected to gain, as the French put it, by a course to the automobile service station at Neuilly, and return, together with another course and return, with the mechanic which I expected to bring from the service station, an expression of cupidity spread itself over a face which was not pleasant to look at anyway. Now, it must be remembered that these four journeys of eight miles apiece represented thirty two miles—a distance equal to that of a journey from New York to Stamford, Connecticut.

"Here," said the taxi-driver to himself, "is where I get even with the whole American nation for the war debt, the repudiated bonds of Mississippi and the aid given by Lafayette to George Washington."

He looked at me sternly and announced his fare in a voice which indicated that it was the *dernier prix* or last price and that bargaining would be fruitless.

"Cent francs, M'sieu' " he said, meaning one hundred francs or four dollars for thirty two miles.

I agreed so quickly that he added, *et un bon pourboire*, which means a good tip.

In less than thirty seconds, we were off for Neuilly, and then I discovered that the appearance of this later model taxicab was deceitful. It had probably suffered when troops were dispatched from Paris in taxicabs to repel the Germans at Senlis in 1914, for it took us almost an hour to reach Neuilly, where I asked for the manager of the service station. Fortunately, he proved to be an old acquaintance from Nice, and he was not only glad to see me, but he assured me that he would send their best mechanic with me immediately.

"He will take a spare gasoline pump with him," he said, "although, I'll tell you the truth, Mr. Glass: I never heard of one of our gasoline pumps going out of business in a car as new as yours."

It took several minutes for the mechanic to discard his working clothes and to assume his Sabbath blacks, for no French workingman would show such disrespect to an American rich enough to pay four dollars for a thirty-two mile taxi ride, as to wear overalls on so expensive a journey. I invited the mechanic to sit in the taxicab with me, but he knew his place. He sat with the driver outside, and at last we reached La Malmaison, where the "rich American's" wife had grown so impatient that she was ruining a good amazon, as the French call a riding habit, by trying to repair the car with the tools underneath its front seat.

The mechanic from the service station looked grave.

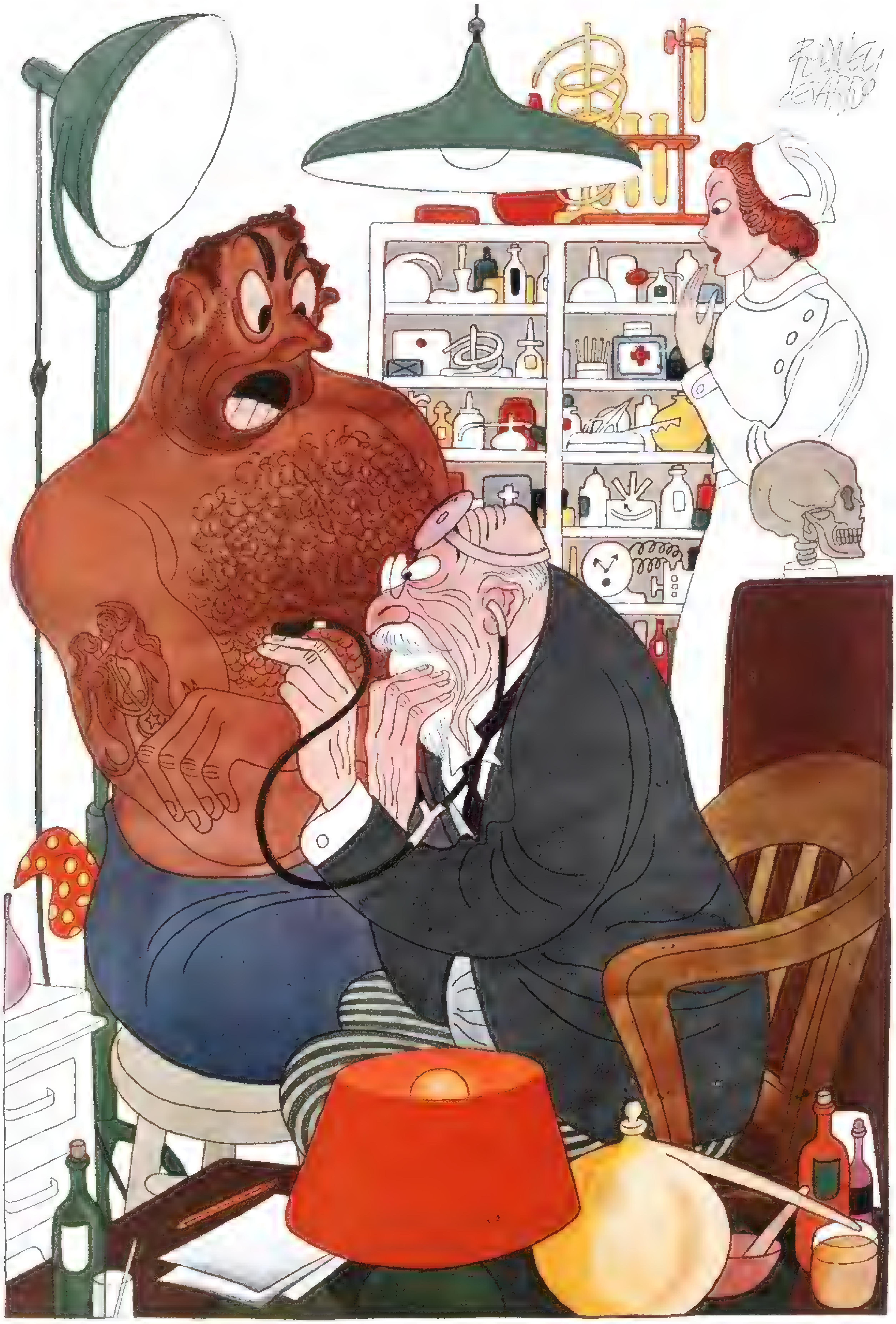
"It is the gas line which is out of order," we both told him for we still thought that no garage employee would be fool enough to inhale two gallons of gasoline unnecessarily. After all, a man whose moustache testified so eloquently to his customary beverages, is not going to drink gasoline out of sheer bravado and to vindicate his mechanical knowledge. Nevertheless, the mechanic from the service station started to open the side of the hood giving access to the ignition apparatus.

"But the gas line is all disconnected," my wife protested, and therefore, with our own tools, this expert from Neuilly, in about forty seconds flat, straightened out the gas line and connected it again with the carburetor. He immediately lowered and closed that side of the engine hood with an air of finality which indicated that he did not intend to open it again. He then went to the other side of the engine hood and examined the distributor. This consumed ten seconds more. With no change of expression on his face, he said: *Bon!* From his upper vest pocket, he drew a screw driver of the size which watchmakers use in adjusting the main springs of ladies' wrist watches. In probably five seconds, he tightened a miniature screw on one of the distributor points and then sat down at the wheel of our car.

He pressed his foot on the starter, and VOILA! The engine began to work with its usual fervor, and he climbed out of the seat. He too intended to charge all that the traffic would bear.

"The price," he said in the voice of somebody reciting *Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight*, "is thirty francs."

Thirty francs represents one dollar and twenty cents. It included the two hours he spent coming to and going from the scene of the breakdown, and the few seconds consumed in repairing the damage. We paid him the thirty francs, and the way he said *thank you*, made us believe that he thought himself cheated out of an argument. We also paid the taxi-driver his hundred francs, with a *bon pourboire* of five francs more, and the two of them disappeared in the direction of Paris. With commendable self-restraint, they didn't laugh until the taxicab had started, but when we last saw them, the mechanic was slapping his thigh and evidently laughing uproariously while the taxicab was swaying dangerously. Its driver was probably so consumed with mirth that he steered with difficulty, and in the principal café of Bougival, he no doubt still tells the whole story as an example of how childish the Americans are in money matters.



"Well, what did'ja expect to hear—Paul Whiteman?"

Maestro's Son-in-Law

Disclosing one musical genius who would fain get rid of his persistent youthful appearance

by CHARLES COOKE

• ARTICLE •

The piano playing of Vladimir Horowitz elevated him to such eminence in the realm of music that without arousing hoots of "Upstart!" he married the Emperor's youngest daughter. And the former Wanda Toscanini presented him with a baby girl, Sonia, at their new home in Milan last October.

His American début hardly prophesied such a story-book destiny. It took place in Carnegie Hall, New York City, on the evening of January 12th, 1928, and it was a goofy business. Practically every concert pianist in town was there, up to and including Rachmaninoff, word having got around among musicians of a twenty-four-year-old Russian who had been hailed in Europe as a second Liszt, a second Anton Rubinstein, a second Busoni, and even—by a confused but enthusiastic Austrian critic—a second Paganini. It was a double début that night and, as no publicity build-up had preceded Horowitz to this country, most of the others who packed the auditorium were there to witness the first appearance of Sir Thomas Beecham, son of the pill man, as guest conductor of the Philharmonic.

Horowitz was to play Tschaikowsky's B-flat minor concerto. When he appeared, the audience saw a slim, nervous, pale-faced young man, with slicked-back black hair—a head as patly symbolic of the sleek Age of Chromium as Paderewski's is of the rococo *fin de siècle*. Full-face, he was unimpressive; when he sat at the keyboard he presented a distinguished, though boyish, profile. When the two débutants took off, the audience was genuinely startled. Musical gossips still disagree as to the tug-of-war guilt. Some blame the pianist's unseemly burst of speed on a too-great desire to impress America. Others say the conductor's persistent lethargic tempo was owing, not to put too fine a point on it, to jealousy over having to share his début. At any rate, the concerto oscillated grievously between orchestra and piano from beginning to end.

The Russian and the Englishman managed to finish on the same beat, and graciously took their bows. It can't be said that Horowitz stole the concert, but he bowled over the audience, in spite of the untoward goings-on. He was applauded and cheered. People who had heard him in Europe cast "Didn't I tell you?" glances at their friends. The pianists in Carnegie assembled were impressed. So were the morning-paper critics, one of whom wrote that Horowitz was "the most successful artist to appear before the American public in the decade since the débuts of Heifetz and Galli-Curci." (The *Evening World*, however, sourly mentioned "an exhibition of piano playing in its most degraded estate.") The lean, intense youth, by his whirlwind performance of the concerto, proved himself possessed of an electric personal force, muscular and nervous strength out of all proportion to his slight physique, lightning octaves, purling runs, and, all in all, a virtuoso temperament remarkable enough to place him, technically, among the first-flight pianists. But he hit a lot of wrong notes in his ferocious dash through the showy piece; he played chandelier-shattering fortissimos and ghostly pianissimos, and nothing much in between. Many of the *cognoscenti* were of the opinion that the fire of his talent generated dazzling light but precious little heat.

New York eagerly awaited his first recital, scheduled for the following month in Carnegie. In it, he stampeded his listeners again, as for two years he had stampeded all Europe; his interpretation of the big B-minor sonata of Liszt was singled out for extra bravoes by the ecstatic audience. The critics were more detached in their reaction: they again salaamed to his phenomenal technique, but groused about his tendency to make too much of it, expressed pious hope that he would develop as a musician rather than as a digital acrobat.

All that was seven years ago. Since then, Vladimir Horowitz has played a yearly coast-to-coast American tour from January to April, following his September-to-December European tour. In 1936-37 he will go on a world tour. In all, he has played nearly three hundred and fifty times in this country: over two hundred appearances in recitals; the rest, concertos with the symphony orchestras of the various American cities. Wherever he plays, concert pianists buy tickets as briskly as the public does. His fee jumped from $500 per appearance (1928) to $1,000 (1929) to $1,500 (1930, and ever since). His earning power, per concert, tops that of all pianists but Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, Hofmann—and Ruth Slenczynski, who is receiving $2,500 for each of her thirty appearances in this country this season. From the first Horowitz has been a sensational popular success, repeating his conquest of Europe by thrilling the American masses with a heaven-storming technique underlined by a complete lack of keyboard affectation. Musically, his art has deepened with surprising rapidity. In May, 1932, Paderewski himself spoke of him as "the outstanding pianist in the younger ranks." That this was no casual statement on the part of the Nestor of pianists is evidenced by the fact that, at Riond Bosson only last summer, Paderewski said to Olin Downes: "Horowitz is the best of the younger men." One of the heartiest endorsers of Paderewski's opinion, by the way, is a celebrated gentleman who marches with Horowitz in the first squad of the "younger ranks": José Iturbi. In April, 1933, Toscanini personally chose Horowitz to play the "Emperor" concerto with the Philharmonic, and the *New York Times* sonorously intoned next day that "Horowitz proved he too could stride with Beethoven and Toscanini." Two weeks later the conservative *Manchester Guardian*, after hearing him in recital in London, called him, with flourishes and ruffles, the greatest pianist of all time.

It will be a new peak in his career when, this March 14th, 15th, and 17th, he plays the Brahms D minor concerto with the Philharmonic orchestra under Toscanini in New York. It was my privilege to be present in Carnegie Hall when Horowitz rehearsed the Brahms B-flat major concerto for his Philharmonic appearance of February 11th, 1933. Hans Lange was the conductor at both rehearsal and performance, but it is significant that the most intent listener, of the few who were scattered throughout the great auditorium during the rehearsal, was Arturo Toscanini. He sat hunched down in a seat, his distinguished head bent forward,

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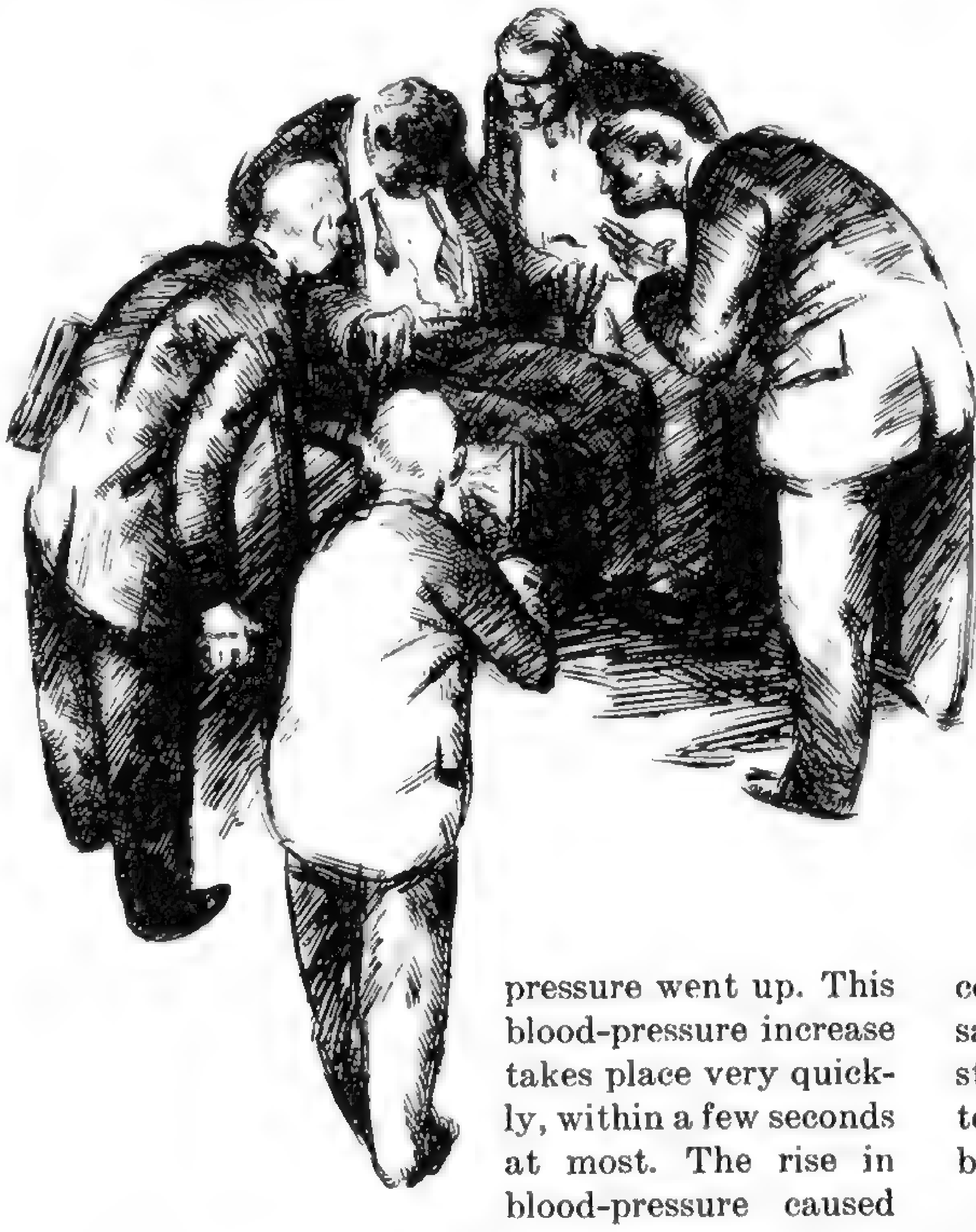
Can You Beat the Lie Detector?

A man can't even lie to himself, love can't lie, and a good liar is caught easier than a bad one

by WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

CATCHING liars is like no other game in the world. It has its own rules, its own peculiar hazards and handicaps. I have been playing this game, as amateur and professional, ever since high-school days. Some boys in the same fraternity whom I considered my most loyal friends, double-crossed me. Pledged to support a joint undertaking, all but one resigned and left me holding the bag. I was hurt—and amazed. They were all such good fellows, so apparently honest and sincere. I would have staked all I possessed—I *did* stake all I possessed and some more—that these schoolmates of mine were straight. Yet they were all liars. I perceived suddenly that deception was a game which the person deceived didn't begin to play until it was all over. But playing any game, including that of deception, I reasoned, must require added effort, increased energy. If the extra brain energy required for lying could be detected, the fact that a liar was playing the deception game would stand revealed.



When I began research on lie detection in 1913 under Prof. Hugo Munsterberg in the Harvard Psychological Laboratory, I found that psychologists who had hitherto attacked this problem had proceeded on the opposite principle. They had reasoned that because a liar's mind must be full of conflicts his efforts would be weakened and his performance slowed up. Investigating this idea, I found that it applied only to very poor liars, and that it applied to them only when you were able to put them in an exceedingly tight corner. Any deception test which is based upon breaking a liar down and compelling him to show weakness is very easy to beat. There are too many good liars in the world. In fact, I soon discovered a psychological type of liar who could lie consistently faster than he could tell the truth. Such a person—whom I called a *negative type* liar—could beat the Wertheimer-Jung word association test every time—his reactions speeded up significantly under the pressure of necessity. He put more mental effort into his lying, and did a faster, better job than when he merely related honestly remembered facts.

So I returned to my original idea. I sought some method of measuring the effort which a story-teller was putting into his story. When he began to lie his effort would necessarily increase. It is impossible to increase one's effort—mental or otherwise—without increasing the strength of the heart-beat. Pulse-rate may quicken also, or it may remain the same. But increased strength of heart-beat may be detected very conveniently by measuring the systolic blood-pressure—that is, the pressure of blood in the arteries when the heart muscles squeeze together, forcing the blood out of the heart into the arteries. Thus systolic blood pressure becomes a reliable indicator of strength of heart-beat which, in turn, varies with the amount of nervous effort being put forth by a subject. This reasoning proved sound. Every time a subject lied, his systolic blood-pressure went up. This blood-pressure increase takes place very quickly, within a few seconds at most. The rise in blood-pressure caused by an important lie is very great, showing that great mental effort is needed to lie successfully. This blood-pressure test—the basic principle of the Lie Detector—is hard to beat. No normal person can lie without effort, and therefore no normal person can lie without increasing his blood-pressure.

I published the systolic blood-pressure test for deception in the *Journal of Experimental Psychology* in 1917. Immediately the newspapers took it up. They dubbed it the "Lie Detector" and referred to it as an invention of some mysterious sort of apparatus which, when a witness was exposed to it, would render automatically a verdict of "lie" or "truth." This delusion about the Lie Detector still persists. The type of apparatus used, however, is of minor importance. Several different types of sphygmomanometer—that little gadget which doctors wrap around your arm just above the elbow to take your blood-pressure—may be used with equal success in detecting lies. I prefer the kind of instrument where the air pressure on your brachial artery is pumped up and released again by hand, because this causes no pain to the subject. But Dr. John Larson, Chicago criminologist who has used the Lie Detector in thousands of criminal cases, prefers the continuous-pressure sphygmomanometer which records on a smoked drum, described by Larson in the *Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology* under the title "Modification of the Marston Test for Deception." But the point is that both types of apparatus for taking blood-pressure had been in use for many years before Dr. Larson or I came on the scene. The Lie Detector is not the "invention of a machine"—it is the discovery of a physiological test which uses standard apparatus to reveal objectively the added mental effort used in lying.

Innumerable objections to the Lie Detector came in from all parts of the world. Most of them were silly, springing from ignorance. But one criticism impressed itself upon me as possibly important. A psychiatrist maintained that anybody could beat the blood-pressure test if he believed his own lie—believed it, that is, with his conscious mind. The good doctor cited many cases where people had repeated a lie so often that they had come to believe it. Especially criminals, he said, came after a while to believe their own stories manufactured in self-defense. I had to admit that perhaps such a person could beat the Lie Detector.

About this time I met Mr. L. in Washington, D. C. L. had suffered what he sincerely believed to be a grave injustice, at the hands of the law. Respected member of a well-known family in a southern state, L. had been convicted of second-degree murder and had been sent to the penitentiary where he had served his term suffering bitterly from social disgrace. Since his release from prison L. had devoted his life to helping ex-convicts, many of whom he believed to have been wronged by the courts as he had been. His one overwhelming hope was to prove to the world that the story he had told to the jury at his murder trial was true. He begged me to test his story with the Lie Detector and permit him to publish his confidently anticipated vindication far and wide.

Here was a man who certainly believed his own story. If he had lied in the first place before the jury which convicted him, he had since come to believe implicitly that his

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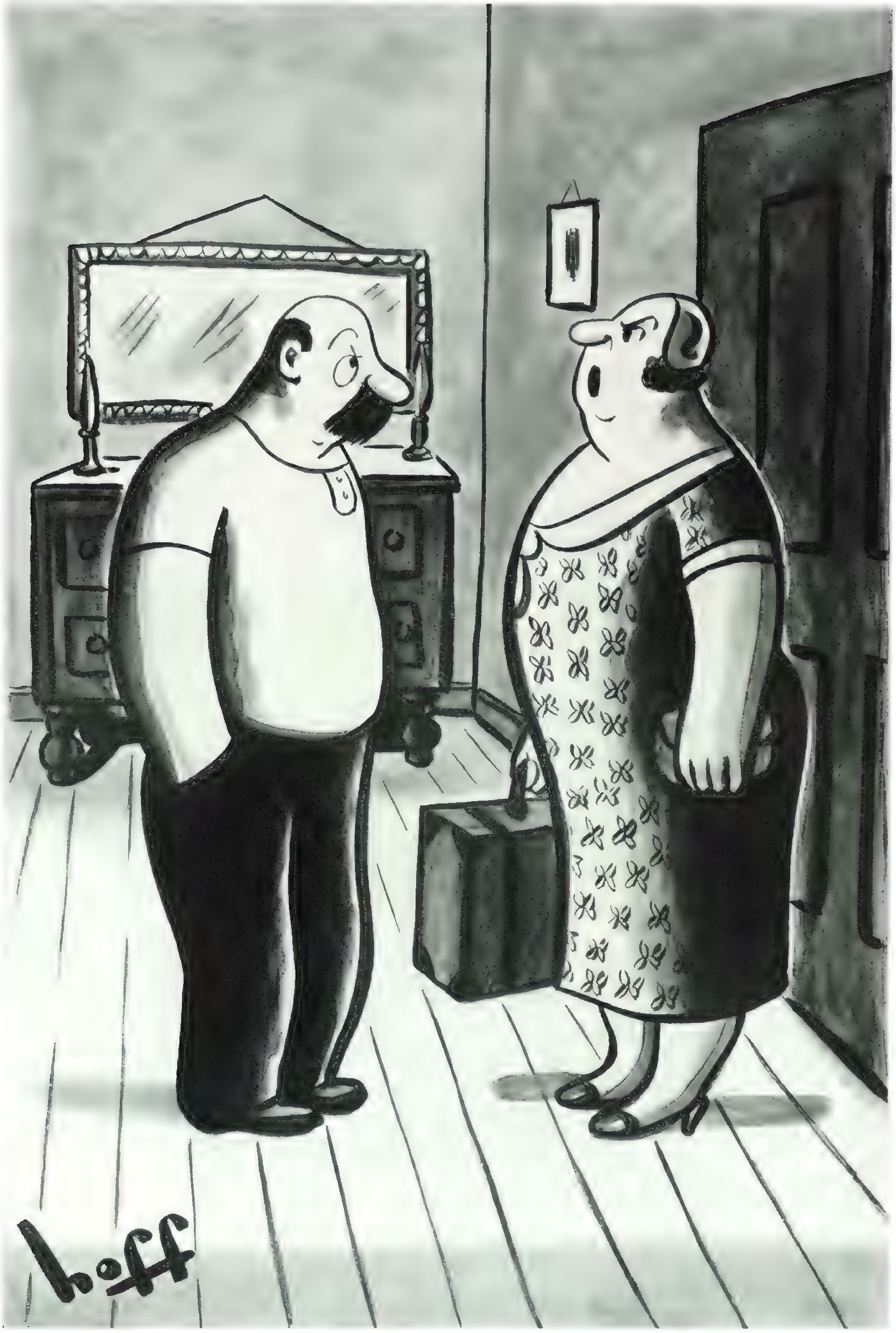

"Speak up! Have you been faithful?"

Breakfasts

We crunch a scraggly bit of toast and sigh for grandfather's beefsteak a la buckwheat cakes

by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

• ARTICLE •

I HAVE the right to speak with authority about breakfasts; for my forebears were among those great and heroic figures who made breakfast-history.

I am the grandson of a man of medium height, sturdy figure, and a manner of considerable severity. When his daughter, my mother, as a girl asked him: "But Father, *why* must I do such and such a thing?" his invariable and firm reply was: "Daughter, because I tell you to." He belonged to that titan generation when parents were really parents, and no ifs and ands about it. In those days children did not lack guidance, and there was none of that wishey-washiness and uncertainty which nowadays disgusts children with their elders and betters. Adults knew something in those days. If a child asked: "Father, is there really a God?" the parent did not reply, as the modern parent would do: "Well, my dear, that is a question that has occupied the best minds of the world for many centuries, and I would not like to express a personal opinion: I can merely refer you to the published works of Nietzsche, Bertrand Russell, Sir James Jeans, and others, and leave you to decide for yourself." Far from it! In the olden days the parent said: "Is there a God? There is! And never let me hear you ask such a question again!"

I think it was the breakfasts that produced parents of this stalwart integrity and force of character. My grandfather was one of them. You will get his picture perfectly when I tell you that his favorite exhortation was: "Sho, sho! Be a man, not a mouse!"

Promptly at seven o'clock every morning my grandfather arose from the spacious conjugal bed, put on his undershirt and trousers, and high boots, and proceeded with firm tread to the kitchen. There with the assistance of the pump and a tin water-basin, he scrubbed his hair, inserted his false teeth, and shaved. The presence of the bedraggled hired girl in no way embarrassed him as he performed these solemn rites. Doubtless she was so busy attending to the preparations for breakfast that she had no time to spare in watching him. His reproof to her would probably have been severe if she had shown any sign of being aware of his presence. After completing his toilet, he marched back to the bedroom—where by this time my grandmother would have finished her dressing—and donned a clean white shirt with starched bosom and cuffs, a tall stiff collar, a narrow black bow-tie with very long ends and a long black coat. And there stood Abner Davison, once more complete, and decidedly a man, not a mouse.

My grandfather then marched into the dining-room and sat down at the head of the large table, with his sleepy-eyed but correctly dressed family around him; he sat down at the hour of seven-thirty, and you do not know my grandfather if you think the hour was ever seven twenty-nine or seven thirty-one; it was not. And if you suppose that any of his sons or daughters arrived at the table in bathrobes or negligees, or with their hair in curl-papers—then all I have been trying to tell you about my grandfather has simply been wasted.

Then came the breakfast.

First there would be fruit—perhaps half an orange, or some grapes, or narrow slices of cantaloupe which my grandfather cut and distributed with his own hand. These portions would not be bountiful; for fruit was expensive in those days, and my grandfather was a prudent man and not really rich. To have any fruit at all for breakfast was remarkable at that time; I doubt whether one family out of a hundred in this middle-western town had ever heard of such a thing.

After the fruit there came plentiful bowls of perfectly prepared oatmeal, with as much cream as you cared to take. There was also sugar; but you were not encouraged to help yourself to it quite as lavishly as you would wish. A rather thin sprinkling was the proper form. Greediness in using the sugar bowl was likely to draw from my grandfather a remark to my grandmother—spoken not unkindly: "Mollie, give Arthur some oatmeal to go with his sugar."

Then came—every day of the year, winter or summer—a large thin beefsteak whose delicious odor, as the platter was put down before my grandfather, made perfume in the dining-room. This steak my grandfather proceeded to divide into rather narrow strips, justly apportioning the whole brown juicy slab into exactly the right number of pieces for all present, with one left over for the hired girl. Nowadays I would consider the steak much overcooked; but then it seemed to me perfect. Accompanying the steak there was always a dish of steaming creamed potatoes—one of the most delightful articles of food that I have ever eaten. I have no idea how my grandmother managed to instill the secret of this masterpiece into the skulls of a long succession of stupid hired girls; but she did it somehow. These creamed potatoes always had the flavor of real potato; they did not taste like stale bill-board paste; they were never too floury or too soft or too anything except heavenly. They were worthy of being served as a separate course in the greatest restaurants of Paris—"*Pommes a la Mme. Mary Davison.*" My grandfather would serve them with a spoon, putting a portion onto each plate beside the strip of steak. Often there would be a few drops of juice from the steak left on the meat platter; and a taste of this would be added by my grandfather to the potatoes. He did all the serving; when he had completed a plate, it was passed around the table—the first plate to my grandmother, the next to any guest, and after that just anyway. But woe to any child who, espying an especially nice portion, tried to select it for himself! "Arthur, since you apparently consider that a very nice portion, you will kindly rise and carry it around to your Aunt Ella, with your compliments."

With this course there was bread and very, very bad butter. My grandfather bought all his butter in the fall, when it was considerably cheaper than at other seasons, salted it heavily, and stored it away in large stone crocks to last the year round. My father, who had a German fastidiousness in the matter of butter, would never touch the butter in his father-in-law's house. He said to my mother that he would just as readily eat axle grease. But I, as a child, never saw anything wrong with the butter. I thought it tasted better than the almost flavorless unsalted butter we had at home, fresh twice a week.

After the steak and potatoes we would have a few large, thick, perfectly browned buckwheat cakes

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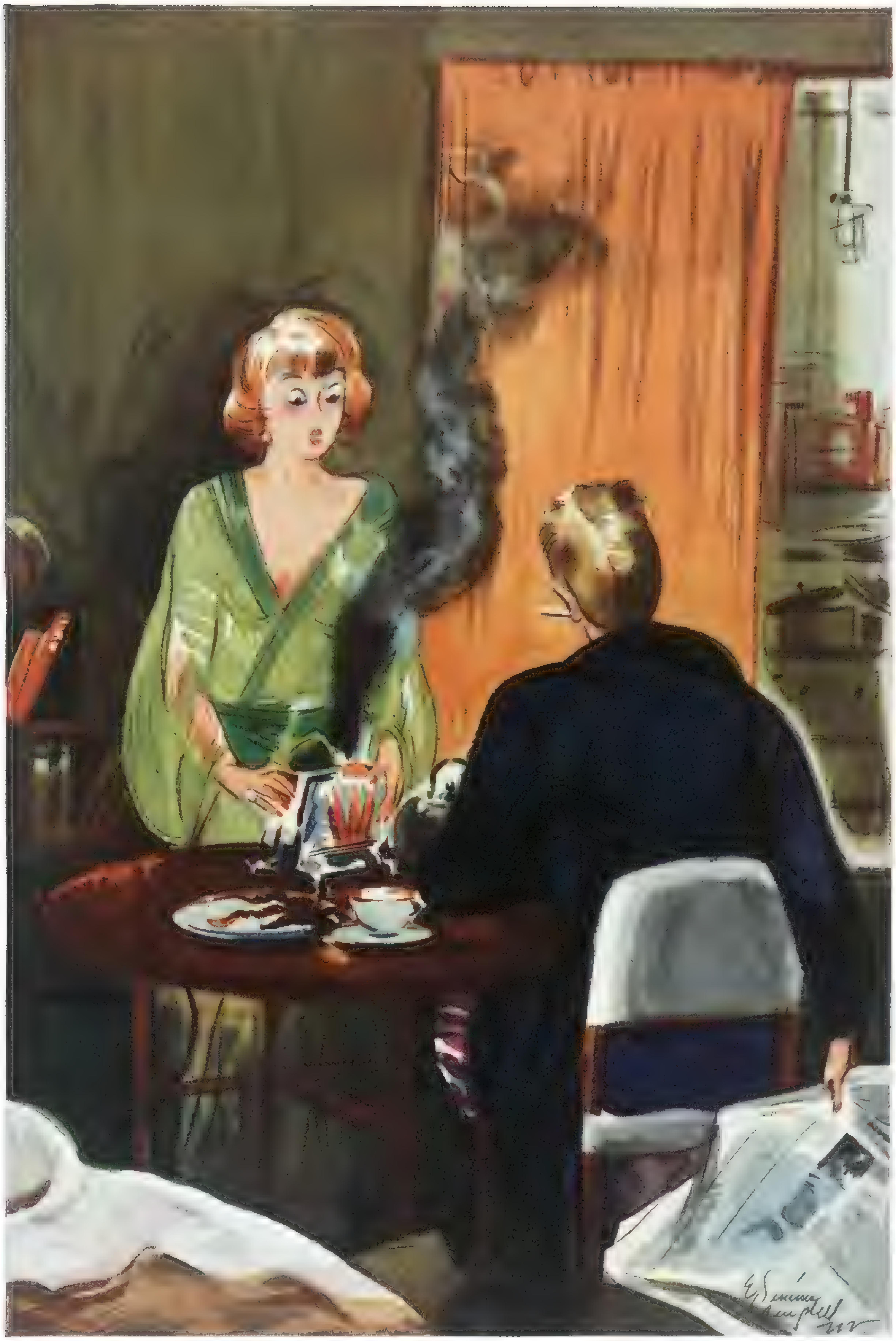
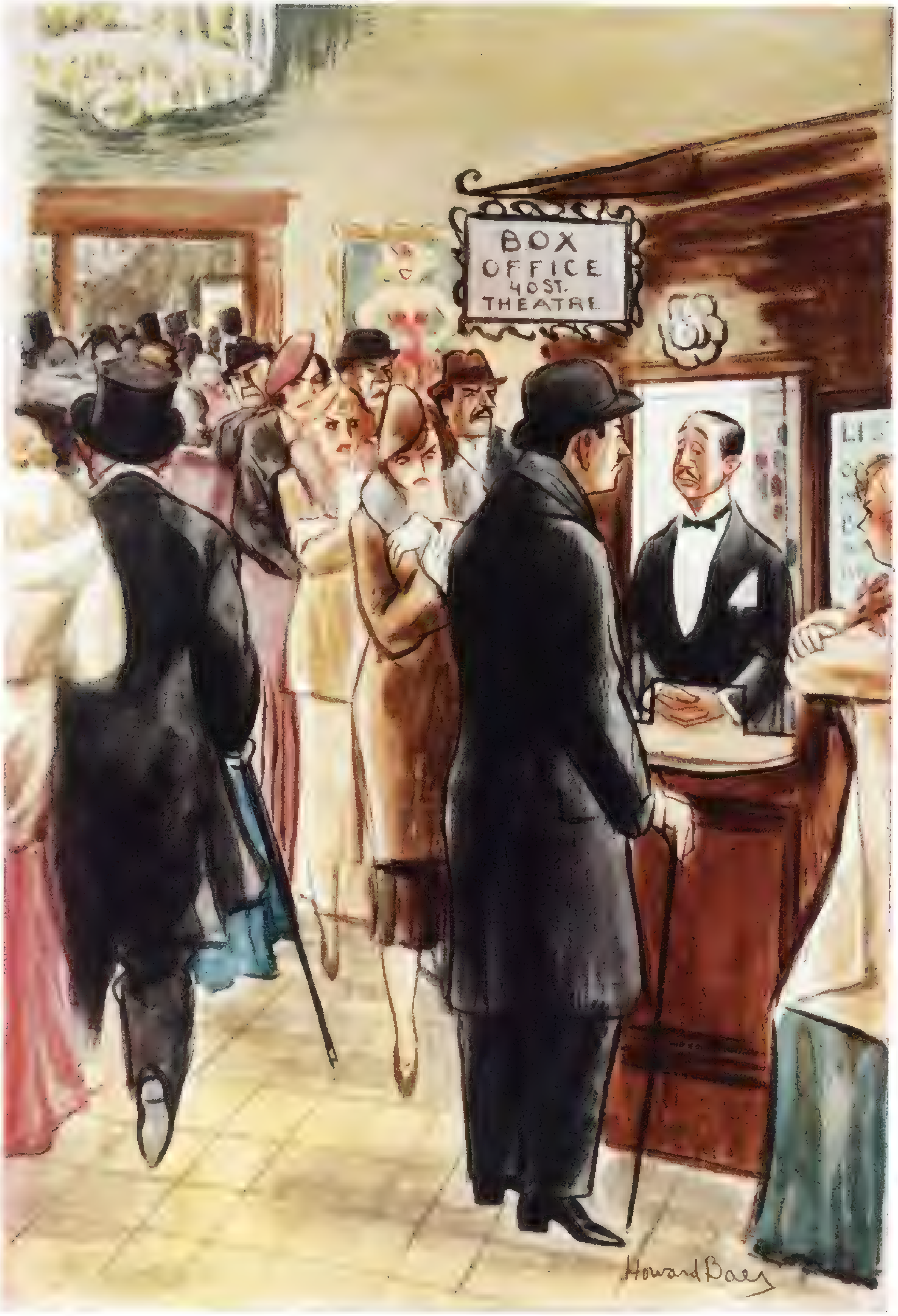


"Damn! Can't you even cook?"



ENEMIES OF MAN No. 12: TORMENTOR OF THE TICKET LINE

He doesn't come to the rear of the line, not he. Oh no, "I got reservations—" says he, edging in ahead at a moment when a woman heads the queue—"two on the aisle down center, name of Jarvis—huh? Nothin' for Jarvis? S'funny, look under MacDermott will ya? Might be there—nothing? Well look, try under the Ajax Cartage Company—huh? Well, just gimme any two, long as they're on the aisle down center—Oh is that so? Yeah, well, lissen you, I had reservation 'n' I'm gonna get tickets or else—yeah, 'n' I'm a friend of the management—" It is 8:40 and life has yet to begin again in the ticket line.

Gentlemen, The Brown!

A toast to that finicky fish who is sophisticated enough to be elusive but yet attainable

by HAROLD TITUS

• SPORTS •

Gentlemen, I give you the brown trout.

For that angling ennui which comes either with age, with a surfeit of killing or with a conviction—sired, perhaps, by an aversion to the commonplace—that nothing new remains to be done with a fly rod, I give you the latest exotic to become established in American trout waters.

I give you the brown, the *salmo fario*, misnamed in many a locality the German brown, and confused, perhaps even biologically by this time, with the Loch Leven.

I give you the brown, gentlemen, possibly in the face of your guide of many summers who scorns the species and declares that he cannot be taken. I give you the brown in the face of the elder angler who in high ire declares that not for symmetry nor coloration nor table value can he be compared with *fontinalis*, trout of our boyhood. I give you the brown despite the truth that he cannot stimulate human reflexes as does the leaping rainbow.

I give you the brown for two prime reasons. The first, frankly materialistic, is that he appears to be the best hope on the horizon for abundant population in our waters; and the second, and more heartfelt, is that he introduces a subtlety into the pastime of trouting, a necessity for fastidiousness in the selection and use of tackle, that has hitherto not been required in America.

The day, it would appear, of heavy creels taken from waters quickly accessible by land travel, has ceased to be common. The achievements of the highway and automotive engineers have attended to that. Changing stream and water-shed characteristics have aided, to be sure, but the likeliest guess is that the demand for fishing which has arisen in a play-conscious public is the determining influence that had whittled abundance down to scarcity.

Likewise, the era of frequent thrills without far journeyings seems to have been laid away.

But the urge to kill heavily is a juvenile whim and thrills lose edge with repetition. The first battle with a lunker speckled; the initial encounter with a rainbow who stands on his tail to joust, remain dates. But thrills are solely sensual; they inhere in reflexes and even the taste for a masterly vintage stirs less anticipation with practice, and the period approaches—again, either with years or close repetition—when feminine eye or voice stirs not what they once set fomenting.

One recalls, in such dissertations, adolescent periods when geographically close-at-hand fishing frontiers remained to be penetrated. One looks back at creeks and rivers teeming with gorgeous speckled trout, to be taken *ad lib.* with a dime's worth of tackle and by the veriest tyro.

But the gorgeous *fontinalis* is naïve and a glutton and could not stand the persistent pursuit of such numbers as those engineers brought into what was yesterday back country. He is a glutton, this lovely native; he is trusting; he has a paucity of wile and suspicion, and the same may be said of his cousinly chars our pioneers discovered in mountain streams.

"Speckled beauties," we say, as we might hope, by tonal modulation, to infer the qualities of a woods violet. "Speckled beauties," we say, attempting to inject into voice a suggestion of all the commonplace desirabilities of a pristine wilderness. But the contemporary speckled trout in the most of our states that boast of them are now hatchery coddled today and captured in angler-crowded water tomorrow. It is akin, one ventures, to shooting live pigeons at the trap.

And the other trout of our youth—the other American trout introduced into waters from which the speckled was vanishing—was the rainbow. Time was when this far-western native was looked upon as a saviour of depleted streams. Time was when he was propagated by astonishing millions and released in the hope that he would stay put and thrive and reduce those growing intervals between rises.

A noble creature, the rainbow. But a migrant. He needs large waters, in the main, to cruise except when the reproductive urge sends him to current-bathed gravel beds. Has he access to these large waters, such as the depths of our Great Lakes, he appears to be content and do well. But when thwarted in his impulse to take to the river or leave it at will, he appears to become less robust or fecund. Appears, I say, because close association with affairs piscatorial over a period of years trains one, of all things, to avoid flat statements on a matter of which so little is actually known. Of a matter of which such a plethora is said and written and so little actually *known*.

But the brown seems happy wherever either of these other trout have been happy. He can survive temperatures and chemical content which might even prove disastrous to his predecessors. He is prolific and not overly cannibalistic when provided with filling fare.

I referred, gentlemen, to the brown as the latest exotic to become established in our American confines. I do not infer undue recency. He was actually introduced generations ago. He was established in numerous streams decades since. But it has been within the last few years, as we anglers reckon the passage of time, that the brown has been recognized and accepted and voices have been lifted to our several replenishing agencies for an expansion in the facilities for his culture.

I suspect this ignoring of a truly magnificent species—the attitude persists still in many places and with countless otherwise estimable individuals—was due to the circumstance which relegates to the background unnumbered worthy men and creations and ideas. The brown was not understood; he is not widely understood today.

The brown is not easily taken as his associated fellows are taken. In the beginning he was suspected of growing with much more rapidity than either the speckled or rainbow and of feasting on the young of his own and the offspring of others, and of sulking and finding interesting nourishment only on the bottom. He was not welcomed.

And then, here and there, a veteran fly-caster commenced to find curiosity growing about this newcomer. He refused to be caught by the old, approved practices. He would not be taken in large numbers, even when present in numbers and feeding with enthusiasm. He, therefore, injected into the fishing experience of these anglers a new factor: a challenge to the ingenuity of the fisherman.

"O' course he grows fast," the native guide would tell you. "I recollect when they was first planted 'nd I watched 'em in th' pool back o' my place 'nd they was *that* long in jest four-five years. Course, he grows fast, but what of it? He won't be ketched!"

That happened to be the what-of-it. The brown wouldn't be caught. He grows no faster, under identical conditions, ichthyolo-

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The Future of Yon

A handy guide to the various available guides to the vexing problem of what ails the world

by LAWRENCE MARTIN

▪ SATIRE ▪

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article appeared in January in the Midwestern Observer (circulation 97 copies) over the signature of one George T. Marshall. The editor of* ESQUIRE, *ever on the alert for unknowns with talent, wrote Mr. Marshall, in care of the Midwestern Observer, as follows: "I don't know what the history of your manuscript may be. Possibly you never submitted it to a magazine. But if you had submitted it to* ESQUIRE *I would have bought it." George T. Marshall then turned out to be Lawrence Martin, of the faculty of Northwestern University and the author of many articles that have appeared in Vanity Fair and other leading magazines. Under his own name, he pointed out, he* HAD *submitted the piece to* ESQUIRE *and received one of those characteristic pencilled rejections: "Beautifully written, but what of it?" Such is the power of names in selling* ESQUIRE.

Editors, like umpires, are traditionally supposed to call them as they see them, and then stick to their decisions with red-necked stubbornness. But ESQUIRE *is trying, Gad how hard, to be different.*

THE universe is like a crossword puzzle which doesn't work out. We are stumped by Vertical 48, "a magical word for God in a lost alphabet," and Horizontal 52, "a synonym for man in a language yet to be invented." Little help has come from the scores of dictionaries and thesauri recently offered as aids by experts and guessers.

The world is bothered. It is badgered by problems — of disarmament, the younger generation, gin, the machine, Section 7A, communism, athlete's foot, modernistic art, the man with the hoe, how to mix a cocktail, and a thousand others. We find ourselves in this headachy world of worries, infected with chronic problemitis. As yet we are only in the descriptive stage of this moral pathology: we (Spengler and that crowd) are exploring a world-malady in all its richness of local color and its symptomatic complexity.

So virulent is this illness that it eats into even our leisure hours, and beguiles while it sickens us. The offering of the "serious" drama is stage sociology and dramatized mysticism: Shaw, Pirandello, and O'Neill, far cries from the simple sureties of Aeschylus and Tom Robertson.

Reading clubs, discussion clubs, Sunday Afternoon societies, lectures ("Einstein for the Layman"), debates ("Is Man a Machine?"), open forums ("Has Life a Purpose?"), advertise that we have lost something—liberal reward for return.

Problem books stand awkwardly in the best-seller lists cheek by jowl with the thrillers that always feel at home there. The conflict of hero and villain over the desirable female gives way to the clash of cosmic drifts over some vast, dimly-apprehended Good. The geometry of body, mind, and soul, of society, science, and spirit is the new eternal triangle.

II

This botheration has created a new problem—how to keep abreast of problems. This Handy Guide makes a start on the chaotic situation by offering a Baedeker to the field of social worry. It gathers the troubles of the world under eight heads.

1. The Contents-Untouched-by-Human-Hands Problem

Life is packaged, cartoned, and cellophaned The college, for example, is a piggly-wiggly store. Entering, the student takes a basket and shops with free choice among the science boxes, the language cans, the humanities bottles. By way of intellectual method he gets free with the goods on the way out a corkscrew and a can-opener with which to do his mental housekeeping. The newspapers, that used to be filled with the editor's personal clap-trap, are crammed with the clap-trap of the syndicates—nonsense on a continentally standardized scale; cartoons, comics, serial stories, wisecracking colyums, Eddie Guest, Brisbanalities, stove-length editorials, Winchellisms, the heart-to-heart talks on love, body odors, and how to invest. Impersonality reigns supreme. No human hand, but that of a ghost writes the I-stuff for the great athletes and the captains of industry.

Everywhere the goods of life are tucked away in air-tight containers, and a lot of nourishment besides bread comes "redi-sliced."

2. The Complexes Problem, or the Puzzle of the Three Itions

As life becomes more complicated, the soul develops those wrinkles we know as complexes. (Our Best Souls have even developed a complex about complexes.) Of these, three main Itions have been isolated: Inhibitions, Exhibitions and Prohibitions. Inhibitions are potential sins that want to realize themselves. They want to make good (or bad, as the case may be). But they can't get out because our puritan forbears made the hole so small that even Freud and Bertrand Russell can't push the Itions through. Exhibitions are frustrated inhibitions that have managed to crawl through the hole. In the process they have got warped, twisted, and mangled. It seems that when you can't be what you ought to be, you'll get revenge by being different from the other frustrates at any rate.

Prohibitions are the work of these other frustrates who can't stand your doing the things their own inhibitions prevent their doing. It's all so complex.

3. The Deep-Moans-Round-with-Many-Voices Problem

This is sometimes referred to as the Problem of the Thousand and One Isms. The background is this: the world was at one time all of a piece. Our grandparents unanimously believed something, and it happened to be pretty much the same thing. So that, although they were all wrong, it made no difference, because if everyone believes in the wrong thing, that makes it right. This law is one of the most important Isms of our time: Pragmatism. But now the universe is in fragments, and our tires get punctured and deflated when we try to back out of our blind alley. So everyone belongs to a little crowd that believes in something different, such as expressionism, dadaism, Bahaism, ragged individualism, Shavianism, humanism, and Tammany Hall. Life, once so Absolute, is busted. The fellow in the Ivory Tower carries Art on for Art's sake; the scientist worships pure science; the judge wallows

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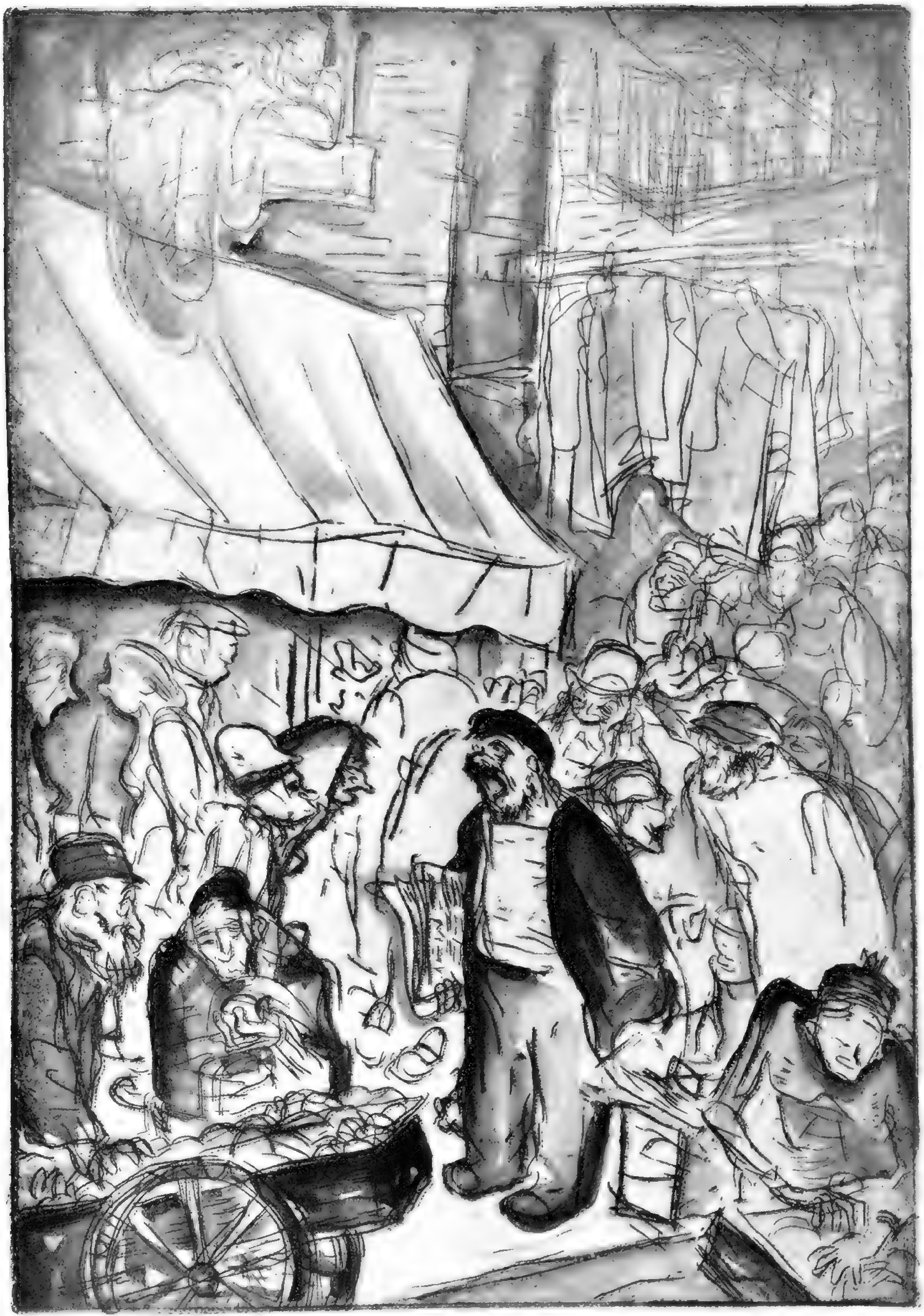


ETCHING (TOUCHED PROOF) BY JOHN GROTH

John Groth

"W-a-all Street Final!"

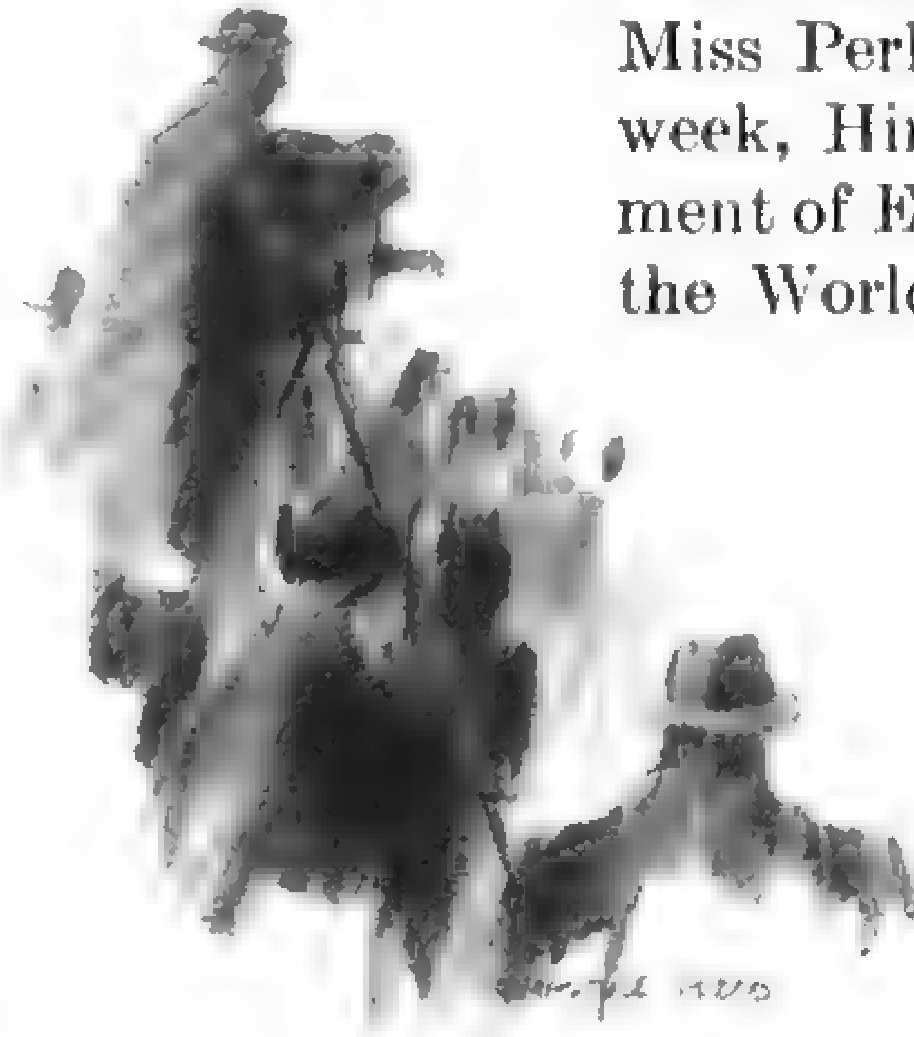
Eyes and Ears of the World

The lowdown on taboos that keep snakes, bloody riots and débutantes out of the reels

by JOHN BEECROFT

• ARTICLE •

HORSE races, bathing beauties, baby shows and battleships made the newsreel popular. But so much equine flesh, so many pneumatic figures, all those cute and squalling youngsters paraded by such self-conscious mothers and the same black smoke coming from what seemed the same four guns almost ruined the newsreel.



Not long ago newsreel editors realized that something was wrong. They went into a huddle and mulled around. Finally someone told them that the public had seen enough horse races, bathing beauties, baby shows and battleships for years to come. Movie magnates are all very sensitive. They don't like criticism especially when it affects the box office. Shocked, hurt and bewildered they set themselves to the mystifying task of giving the public what it would like.

Since the public asked for it, the public would get not entertainment but information. "Is it news?" began to be asked before the cameraman set up his camera. "Is it of national or world interest?" was asked when the film came back to the studio. News pictures became more frequent until in the last year or so the newsreel has given a complete picture record of current history as it is made.

Through the eyes of the newsreel camera, Americans have seen all the momentous events of the past year—the attempted assassination of Roosevelt, the arrival of the Balbo fleet, the launching of the N.R.A., the trials and convictions of kidnapers, the Cuban Revolution, the Senate Investigation of Banking, the completion of Post's flight around the world, Hitler's rise in Germany, the farmers' revolt in the Mid-West, the California earthquake, the Chicago World's Fair, the celebrations on the repeal of prohibition. Hauptmann was shown to newsreel audiences a few hours after his arrest, the Morro Castle was still burning off the Jersey Coast when a full newsreel story of the disaster was running on Broadway. Through the reels history has been seen in the making: the French riots, the Austrian revolution, the Nazi insurrection that began with the death of Dollfuss, the meeting of Mussolini and Hitler at Venice, the actual assassination of King Alexander and Barthou, the arrival of Scott and Black at Melbourne from England and Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith's arrival in California from Australia.

Newsreel audiences have heard the almost forgotten Herbert Hoover whistle for his dog, J. P. Morgan explaining his banking operations to the Senate Committee, Jimmy Walker commenting on the happiness of married life, Marian Talley endorsing roller skating for reducing, Oscar of the Waldorf expressing pleasure at having a cordial with his coffee, Al Smith approving of slum clearance, Mrs. Pinchot protesting child labor, Miss Perkins asking for a shorter working week, Hiram Johnson demanding the payment of European debts, Ed Wynn enjoying the World's Fair, Mooney fighting for his pardon or a death sentence, Tugwell warning the public on dangerous drugs and cosmetics. Gutzon Borglum hacking away on his mountain sculpture, Father Coughlin saying harsh things about the bankers, Will Rogers protesting the professional competition of Congressmen in the amateur comedian's field, and Helen Jacobs asking Helen Wills to try to finish the game instead of walking off the court.

Now movie audiences are sold on the newsreel. If a theatre tries to economize and omits the newsreel, there are complaints and the box office returns are smaller. Faulty though it still is, the reel is the one sure-fire hit of the movie house program. Even Walter Winchell says, "I still snap back into expectation when the newsreels come on." Broadway and Park Avenue respond alike. The movie audiences on Tenth Avenue want the newsreel with their Garbo; the smart denizens of Sutton Place and their friends have their own theatre devoted to the showing of newsreels. It was the patronage given the East Side house that encouraged the opening of the Broadway houses and the other newsreel theatres throughout the country.

225,000,000 people, it is estimated, see the newsreel every week. Thousands of workers are employed. Because the newsreel is so closely connected with the feature picture production it is difficult to know how much capital is invested in newsreel production but it is somewhere around $100,000,000. One company is said to have made over a million dollar profit in 1932.

The most important men in the industry are the cameramen. The minimum salary for a newsreel cameraman is $90 a week; some get as much as $150 a week. A $25 bonus is paid the cameraman every time he gets an assignment for air shots. Cameramen not on weekly pay get $35 a day. This may seem like a lot of money but the cameraman's job is not an easy one. When he is sent on an assignment, he must stick to it until he gets his picture. The cameraman not only works long hours, but frequently he works in hazardous surroundings where his life is momentarily in danger. He can't avoid danger; he must hunt out the place where things are happening and work there. If it is a big fire he can't shoot his story from the safety lines. The editor wants pictures of the floors falling in and the walls falling out. If it is a strike or riot, he must take his position where bricks are flying, gas bombs being discharged or where the shooting is the hottest. If it is a revolution, he must get scenes of the actual fighting. When the Olympic Games were held at Lake Placid, the cameraman assigned to shoot the bob run looked over the slide and picked out the curve where he thought there would be accidents. He set up his camera close to that curve and when the bob sled came rushing down at express train speed, it proved his judgment—just missing the head of the cameraman as it jumped the slide to dash onto the rocks 120 feet away. Last year in Cuba the cameramen set up their cameras between the firing lines and one cameraman is still in the hospital. At the Salisbury riots in Maryland, the mob threatened to lynch the cameramen. They escaped but they left behind $30,000 worth of equipment and the truck which the mob threw into the river.

Contrary to public opinion, the newsreels are free from official censorship in every state of the Union except Maryland, Virginia and the City of Chicago. The movie audiences themselves do the censoring through the theatre managers. If an objectionable picture is in the reel the theatre manager complains to the producer and says it is hurting his business and he won't buy the newsreel if such pictures continue. Through such complaints the producers know just how far they can go.

There are strange taboos in the newsreel. Snakes, rats and mice are objected to because they are liable to frighten pregnant women who complain to the theatre manager. Murders and scandals are taboo because pictures leave so little to the imagination that the event is recreated too vividly for public morals. Sex, as sex, is out; though bathing beauties still are shown with the camera

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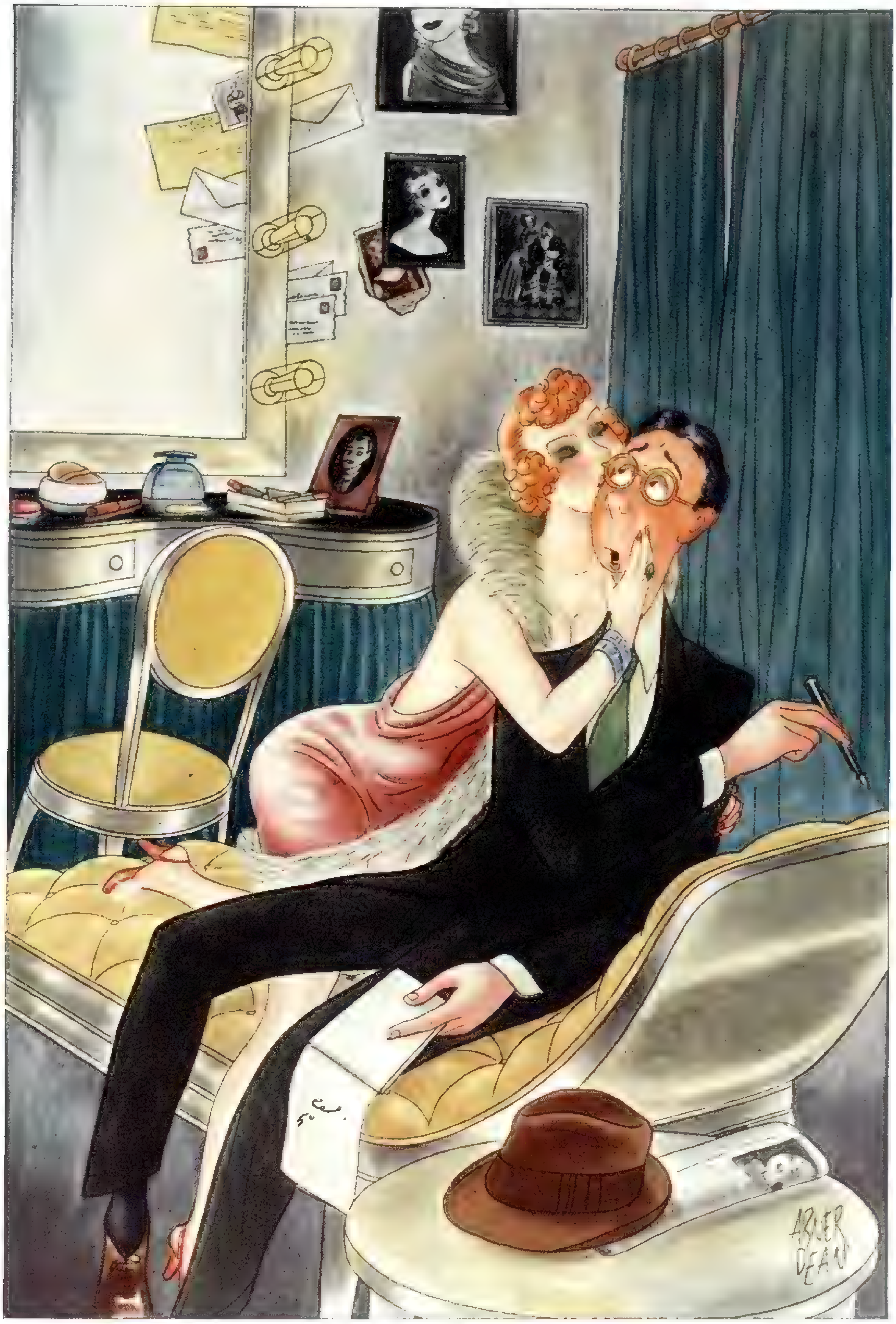
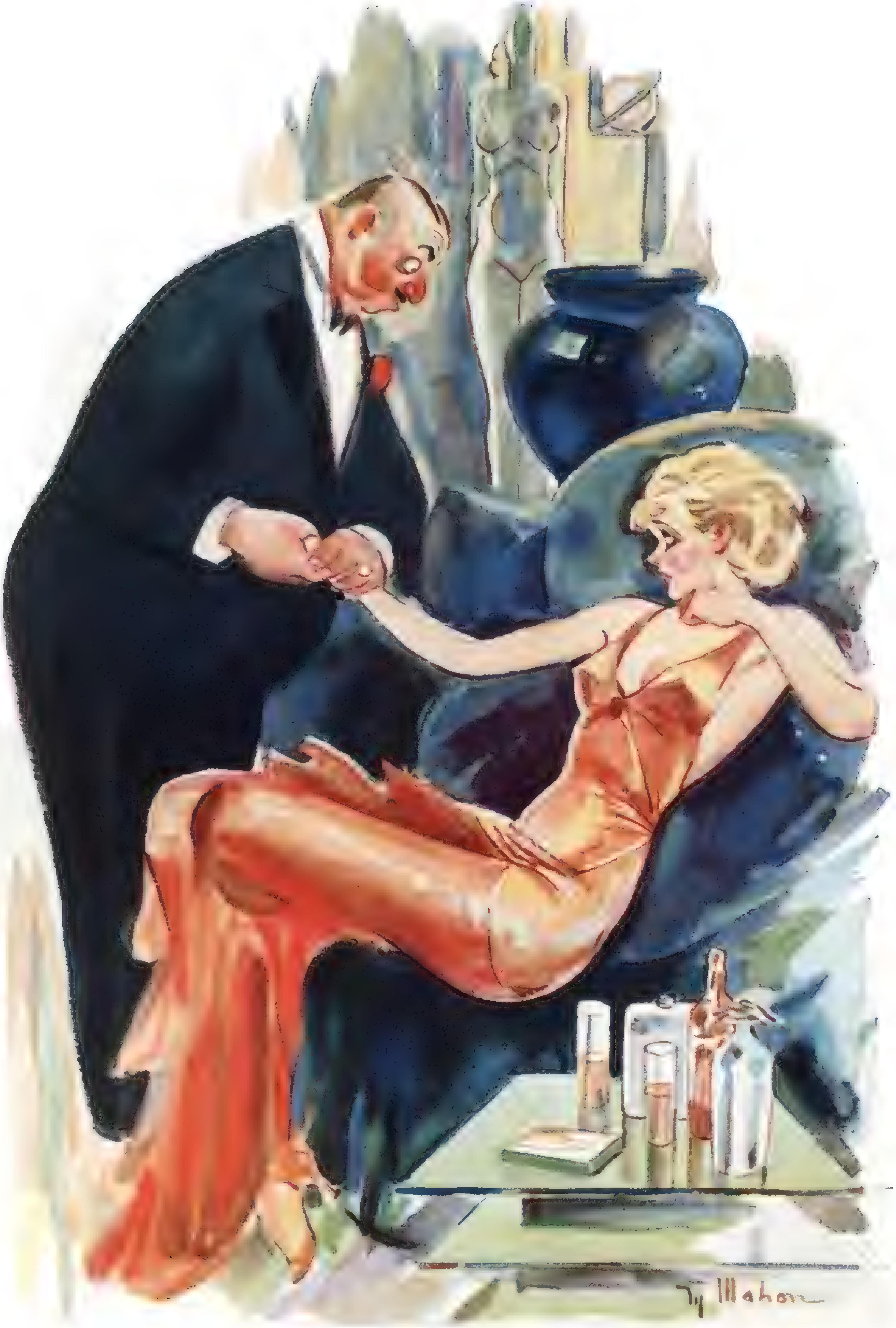


"But Miss Farwick, the Times never runs full page pictures of actresses"



"I suppose you're wondering how I happened to pick you for the lead in the show"

Week in Chelsea

An ace comic doesn't have to take a thing from a honkytonk boss except maybe his shirt

by WOLFE KAUFMAN

FICTION

WE HAD a good week in Chelsea. Business was very good. I think it was because I was with the company, although the boss, Earl Lee King, and his Mrs. claimed that business was always good for them in Chelsea. They had been in Chelsea the year before, Earl Lee King said, and they did just as good then. But I really think it was me.

Chelsea is a little coal town between Nelsonville and Athens. You can't find it on even the smallest Ohio maps, but it's there, and about five hundred people live there, or near there, anyway.

I know it's not on the map because when I got the job I was in Toledo and I had put an ad in the Billboard saying that I was a good all around comedian, who could do hebe, black, mick, chink, or any other kind of comedy. And I got this offer to join Earl Lee King's Little Elk Komedy Kompany. And I looked at the map to find out where Chelsea is, and I couldn't find it. So I know it's not on the map.

That was funny too, because when I went to the railroad station, they couldn't find it either, but they told me to take a ticket to Athens because it must be near there. And when I wired Earl Lee King to send me the railroad fare he wired back that he would pay it to me when he met me in Athens, so that proved that the railroad man was right, that I really had to go to Athens first. And that is where I did go.

I went to Athens and there was this guy Earl Lee to meet me. But he didn't give me back my fare.

I thought when I joined him that the Little Elk Komedy Kompany couldn't be such a much, but it turned out to be even less than that.

The way he got the name Little Elk, he explained to me, was from his initials, Earl Lee King. And he thought that was pretty clever of him. And I said "Yeah, that's pretty good."

There were just five of us in the company. There was Earl Lee King, who was a pretty good comedian if I do say so myself, and his Mrs., who was a blonde dame that got her hooks into him in a burlesque show once where she was doing a strip dance and he was a comedian. She did all the femme parts and she also danced a little bit, but it was dangerous to let her dance too much because if you didn't watch her she would start in shaking things, or carrying on dirty.

And you can't do that kind of stuff in little towns like Chelsea because if the show is dirty the women don't come, and if the women don't come you can't sell any soap, and if you can't sell any soap what the hell's the use of doing the show?

So, anyway, to go back to what I was saying, there was King in the company, and his Mrs., and me, and there was another guy, named Nichols, really a kid, but a nice kid, and he did magic tricks as his specialty, and he also did juveniles in the show. And there was one more kid, I forget his name, but it was Eddy something or other, and he wasn't much good for anything. He was a dumb cluck that they picked up somewhere around Middletown, and he used to collect the tickets at the door and walk around with the candy between acts, or the soap while King was making his lecture. But sometimes we also used him in the show for small parts.

That was the whole company.

It wasn't so very much of a company. But we did pretty well considering. The way the show generally ran was like this:

First we would start off with one act by the entire company. Generally that would be a comedy like "Over the River, Charlie," or something like that, that everybody recognized. Then I would do a specialty alone. Then Nichols would do a specialty. Then maybe King and I would do a specialty. Then maybe King himself would do a specialty. It all depended on the mob out front how many specialties we did, because in between each of the specialties King would sell his Little Elk soap, which he claimed was the greatest soap in the world. And it really wasn't such bad soap either. It was plain ordinary castile soap which he used to buy in big hunks in Chicago. But castile soap is pretty good soap, so you've got to give him credit for that. Anyway, if the soap was selling pretty good, we would pretty nearly all give specialties, but if not, why, we would not.

But we always ended the show with one more big act by the entire company. And sometimes we used to do some pretty good shows in this last act. We used to do "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" and real dramas like that. Of course, we would cut it down so just the five of us could play it, and also we would get it all into one act, but we would do it. I remember that first time, when we did "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," I played about three or four parts and I didn't know the play so good, either. But it was O. K. It went over big.

I was surprised, because I didn't know I was such a good actor. I knew I was a good comedian, but real acting I didn't know I could do.

So in a way, even if it turned out lousy, it was a good thing I joined Earl Lee King and his Little Elk Komedy Kompany, because it opened my eyes to my real future, and I realized that if I ever got stuck and couldn't find a job as a comedian, I could always go and get a job as a dramatic actor. We stayed in Chelsea one whole week but we changed our acts all the way through every night. You would think that staying in a town the size of Chelsea for one week would be too much but it really isn't, because unless you stay there a week or two it's pretty hard to work up a contest, and in Chelsea business was so good we worked up two contests.

We had one contest for the most popular girl in town, and another contest for the most beautiful baby in town. And we would give two votes away free with every piece of soap, and one vote with every box of candy. And we sold quite a lot of soap and candy.

Too much, as far as I was concerned, because I wasn't getting a cut on it. But we would all spend all afternoon wrapping soap with special wrappers Earl Lee King had with his picture on them. He would sit there cutting the long bars of soap into little thin pieces and we would all wrap them. And if business was very good, he would cut the slices very thin, but if it wasn't he would give them bigger hunks.

I didn't like that. I told him I didn't think that was very smart because you ain't gypping anybody but yourself when you do things like that. Besides, I didn't like the stink of soap and the less slices he made, the less time it took to wrap them up, and the more time I had to go out and give the girls a break. Not

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Amatory Athletes

Sad slaves of their unbalanced unconscious are those Casanovas who are perennially on the make

by W. BÉRAN WOLFE, M. D.

▪ ARTICLE ▪

In every country and in every age there appears, now and then, a man who simultaneously inspires the envy and wonder of men and the despair and delight of all women old enough to know the facts of life, or young enough to experience a temporary acceleration of the pulse at the thought of imminent seduction. This man is a hero because he is acclaimed a virtuoso in the art of love. The Amatory Athlete may be insulted and reviled in public by "he-men" who publicly avow that erotic acrobatics are beneath their dignity, but secretly these very same "he-men," who all too often are arrant bunglers in the strategy of besieging the stronghold of a woman's heart, study and emulate the hero's technique. Legends quickly grow up about these virtuosi of love. No matter what their social origins, their visible means of support, they are immediately taken up in the best society. Poems, operas and movies are written around their exploits. Their memoirs become best sellers, their funerals national events. At auctions where hysterical women and incredulous men frantically bid against each other for the possession of some tangible memento of the hero's private life, his personal effects, as though invested with a posthumous but still potent magical *mana*, fetch unbelievably steep prices. But when all the shouting is over, when the last newsreel of the hero has been flashed before the tear-stained eyes of his followers, when flowers from his funeral have been pressed in books of poems, and the last walking-stick and cocktail set have been auctioned off to anonymous admirers, the mystery and enigma of the hero's personality remain. Men still ask, "How did he do it?" and women still thrill at the memory of the hero.

Now the truth can be told! In the last fifty years we have learned more about the workings of the human mind than we had learned in the previous five hundred. Since Freud, Jung and Adler first began to dissect the human soul, a great many hitherto mysterious phenomena of human conduct have been carefully described and clarified. By dint of many hours of patient listening, psychiatrists have discovered many of the unconscious mechanisms that motivate human beings. Although there are still enough unsolved human problems to keep all the psychiatrists in the world busy for the next thousand years, the personality of the Don Juan is one of the mysteries that has been clarified by the psychiatric probe and scalpel. Like a great many other apparent mysteries, the virtuosity of love, once it is understood, turns out to be no mystery at all! To a psychiatrist the sexual success of an amatory athlete is no more enigmatic than a brake-rod is to a first-class mechanic. The Don Juans, Casanovas, Rasputins, and Valentinos, once they are psychologically unmasked, are apprently no more mysterious or complex in their personality organization than the average banker or tightrope performer.

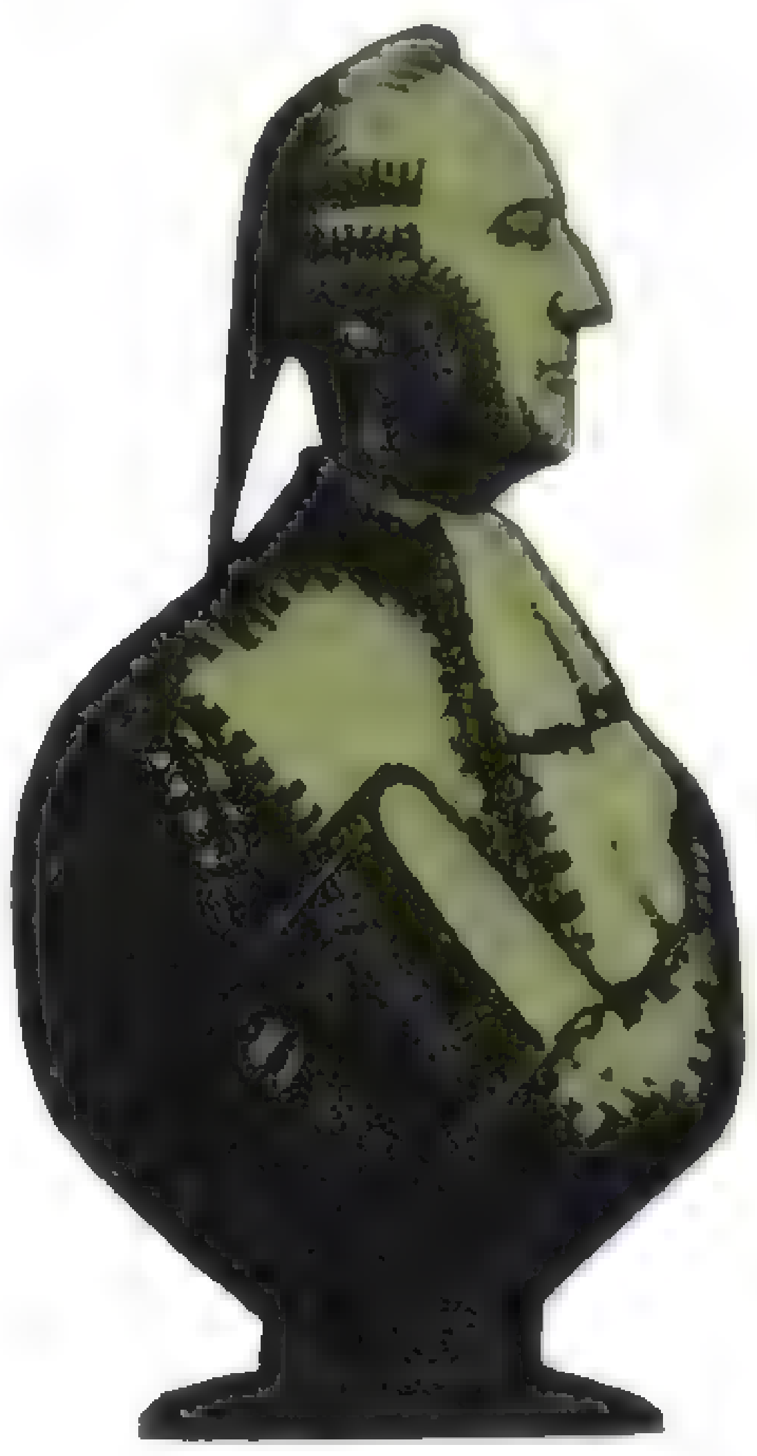
Let us turn psychological detectives and learn what makes the psychological wheels go round. We will gather our clues not from books, but from the nearest *corpus delicti.* You may choose the first lady-killer you meet, let us say, the commuting Casanova with whom you have played bridge countless times on the 8:24—and we shall attempt to reconstruct his personality pattern from his conduct until we acquire some understanding of the esoteric magic that makes all the feminine hearts in Scarsdale flutter. One word of warning! Not all Don Juans fall into the same pattern, and not every Casanova can be found in the identical category. In each case we must trace amatory virtuosity back to some significant situation in the hero's childhood (and these as we shall find are quite varied) in which a career of sexual athletics developed as a logical and soul-satisfying compensation for the young hero's experience of an intolerable sense of inferiority.

Here is a useful psychological clue that will help in your understanding of the commuting Casanova. Being a Don Juan is a form of virtuosity, no different, psychologically, from the virtuosity of the top flight tennis player or the headlining juggler. What makes a champion sprinter? Practice and training, you answer. But is that all? Of course it is not. You know that you could put your partner in training for ten years, give him the finest coaching in the world, and he never would be able to make the hundred in ten flat. Training alone will not do it, although with training you could make almost any man run better than he runs without training. To be a champion, to be a virtuoso of the cinder track, you need not only training and practice but an *inner, psychological necessity* that makes you *want* to run faster, no matter how rigorous the training.

What is this inner psychological necessity that is such an important factor in the determination of virtuosity in any field? In the case of the sprinter, as likely as not, you will find that he suffered from rickets, a disease of the muscles and bones, in early childhood. The sprinter, as a baby, could not keep up with his own *ideas* of motion. He felt constrained and hampered by his own inadequate equipment, his own corporal inferiority. Unconsciously he conceived complete freedom of movement, speed, muscular flexibility and coördination as the paramount goal of his life. All this happens in the dark realm of his unconscious, mind you, because when this sprinter discovered he could not walk as well as he wanted to, say, at the age of two, he was still quite incapable of formulating his vague feelings of ineptitude in words, far less capable of planning a *conscious* compensation for his weakness. Nevertheless, his goal of speed and freedom of motion became crystallized in his unconscious mind and he proceeded to train himself in running, whether the opportunity offered itself or whether he had artificially to create that opportunity.

Your Olympian sprinter will tell you he sprinted when walking would have been just as satisfactory. He will tell you that the greatest moment of his life occurred when he won the hundred for dear old Siwash. He may be coaching some high school team now, in preference to making a much better salary as a banker. Perhaps he is in the throes of a nervous breakdown at this very moment because he has been caught in the toils of a sedentary business which precludes all the emotional and the psychological satisfactions of the cinder track. If our sprinter has turned out to be a thoroughly successful human being he has probably succeeded in sublimating his need for motion, *symbolically,* and has become the president of some transcontinental air transport corporation. In this position, despite its sedentary nature, he achieves the same symbolic satisfactions he enjoyed in taking the 440 hurdles earlier in life.

I have adduced this digression on the psychology of sprinters as a model for our research because it comes within almost everyone's experience. Most men know less about love than they do about athletics (which accounts for the fact that there are more good tennis players and par golfers than there are top flight husbands and lovers!), and we must proceed from the known to the unknown if we are to understand the modern Don Juan. The case of our sprinter demonstrates an important psychological law which is essential to our investigation. And this is the law: Virtuosity—whatever its form—is usually the result of intensive training motivated by experiences of inferiority and ineptness occurring in early childhood. The adult virtuoso often develops his greatest strength in the very department in which he felt most inferior as a child. Virtuosity, in a word, usually is the result of the effectual compensation of an inferiority complex, experienced early in childhood.



The sprinter becomes a champion not because God gave him exceptionally strong legs but because, suffering from rickets in childhood, he experienced intolerable limitations of motion, and trained consciously and unconsciously to overcome them. The juggler who amazes you with his *dexterity* (right-handedness!) at a vaudeville show, was more likely than not a *left-handed* child whose mother scolded him for being so clumsy with his knife and fork! The painter does not paint because he is endowed with better eyes, but usually because he has learned to see better with weak eyes! The most astute business men are less likely to be the sons of successful merchants than the sons of poverty-stricken parents. The most passionate rancher, the most fanatical lover of the "wide open spaces" is usually the man who, as a child, suffered from adenoids, tonsillitis, bronchitis, and pneumonia—all diseases which kept him from getting enough air! When a man voluntarily becomes an undertaker it is more than likely that as a youngster he came to fearful grips with Death, and wants, in his adult life, to conquer Death by familiarity!

Ah, you have already guessed the first and most important clue to the personality of Don Juan! This virtuoso who knows the secret approaches to a woman's heart, has in all probability, experienced some intolerable frustrations at the hands of women when he was a boy! This man, who approaches "unapproachable" women with easy grace and the assurance born of a successful technique, learned his wiles, his tricks, his thrusts and parries in the nursery with an ogress of a French governess! This Casanova who dares to demand where other men falter in their supplication, trained in a bitter school: three sisters, an imperious mother, a doting grandmother, a maiden aunt, taught him his technique. Nor does one need to be an Adonis to be an amatory Olympian!

Take Jones for example. He is ugly, crude, domineering, a confirmed bachelor, and yet the women besiege him, pursue him, shower him with gifts and attentions, and the more he repulses them, the more they pursue him! Jones belongs to the Rasputin school of sexual virtuosity. Examine his life under the psychological microscope and you will find that he has suffered much from women in his childhood. Perhaps he was beaten by a short-tempered mother, probably he was often humiliated or ridiculed by women. His mother scolded him because he was clumsy, shy and weak. Girls ridiculed him because he was cursed with a pimply face during the difficult years of adolescence.

He was too weak to compete with the athletes, too ugly to compete with the handsome heroes of the screen or campus. In lonely bitterness Jones studied the psychology of women, their weaknesses and their vanities. He fed his ego on Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, while learning his technique from Havelock Ellis, Norman Haire and Sigmund Freud. Now Jones is forty and he knows women! He knows their unconscious desires, their hopes, their tricks of passive aggression, and is ready for them! But Jones has not conquered the bitterness in his soul.

He still suffers from the rebuffs of Mary Smith, who at eighteen, soured his attitude toward women. Mary Smith is fat and bourgeois now, and Jones has revenged himself a thousand times over for her refusal to dance with him at a high school prom.

Today many women speak of Jones' mysterious power, his hypnotic eyes, his uncouth magnetism. Men wonder, and are afraid. Jones is really very simple from the psychologist's point of view. Like all other Casanovas and Don Juans he is suffering from a psychological hangover. Like the terrible Flying Dutchman of Wagner's opera, he will be redeemed by a "pure woman." I'll wager my reputation as a psychiatrist that he will marry a salesgirl from Macy's who will disarm him because her sheer naïveté will blur his eye and confuse his better judgment!

If the Don Juan is a mystery to his fellow men, he is in most cases, far more of a mystery to himself. He is forever astonished at his own successes, and passionately clings to his amateur standing in amatory athletics where unschooled onlookers feel that he might with decency declare his professional status. For the Don Juan is the last to admit, and the last to recognize, his own virtuosity. His secret lies buried deep in his unconscious, securely hidden from his own objective view. To deceive others he must first deceive himself.

But let us get down to actual cases, now that we have cleared the ground theoretically, and study a few typical contemporary Casanovas to test our theoretical insight in practical instances.

If, in general, most forms of amatory virtuosity are compensations for an inferiority complex, we must distinguish several types and methods of compensation. The Don Juan, for example, who feels compelled to exploit every female whom he encounters, as a revenge for real or fancied wrongs suffered at the hands of some woman in his childhood, must be sharply differentiated from the Casanova who falls in love with every woman he meets because he is a knight errant searching the whole world for the ideal image of his mother or sister (now rooted in his unconscious) who spoiled and pampered him in childhood. Both these lovers may arrive at the same apogee of amatory virtuosity albeit they have approached their goal from widely disparate starting points.

Another type of "great lover" is he, who, because of organic deficiencies which may be general, or specifically sexual, experiences his masculinity and virility as a minus quantity. This type of lover most closely approaches the pure compensatory development which we found in our rachitic sprinter or our left-handed juggler. Every woman he meets is a challenge to his own self-esteem. "Will my virility be equal to the task of making her fall for me," or will I have to admit I am not man enough to conquer her?" he asks deep in his unconscious whenever he meets a woman. He is compelled to demonstrate his masculinity by the virtuosity of his technique because he fears he is lacking in actual organic sexual equipment. This type often mystifies the normal male who cannot see what women find so desirable in a man who is surely no Adonis.

A fourth type develops an amatory virtuosity as a sort of psychic camouflage. Men in this type discover that their real interests are homosexual, but, because of the ban which society places on homosexual love, they feel inferior, unworthy, or guilty of some secret sinfulness. Such men sometimes develop all the arts of charm and seduction and acquire an amazing erotic skill with women for the sole purpose of drawing a red herring across the trail of their own unconscious admission of sexual inversion. This discovery of inverted

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Food Along the Danube

Fourth station in our eating tour and here we find that all is not goulash in Hungary

by JOHN GUNTHER

• ARTICLE •

Budapest

When I think of Budapest, which is often, I don't remember the gypsy music so much, or the lighted castle on the hill, or even the stately sweep of the broad, gleaming Danube; I remember (fondly) goulash, fogas, and bread. Just as plain tap water is almost the best thing in Vienna, so is plain table bread almost the best thing in Hungary. It is tinged with rye, very soft and absorbent, crusty and delicious. But it is not the only thing.

Take goulash, for instance. It may be had in multifarious forms, always doused scarlet with paprika; my favorite is Székely gulyas, made of cabbage, pork, and cream; veal goulash is almost as good. Hungarians (like the Viennese) usually eat goulash for second breakfast, at about 11:30 a.m.; the dining car of the Vienna-Budapest train makes a regular meal of it at this time. But there is a regrettable tendency among the more austere of Budapest restaurants to omit goulash, as too plebeian, from their menus.

Fogas is a fish that exists nowhere else in the world except in Lake Balaton, in southern Hungary; it is a pike-perch and you may have it, according to the size of the fish, either grilled whole like a sole or cut in steaks like halibut. I have spent many thoughtful hours trying to analyze exactly the taste of fogas; it is a little like fresh rainbow trout but solider; a little like the English plaice but far more tangy.

Another handsome Hungarian specialty is fatány rost. This is a grill of beef, pork, veal, and sweetbreads, served on a wooden plank with cabbage and onions as foliage. Another is torosesusza, fascinating but I can't quite stomach it, a composition of noodles, sour cream, and cubes of white bacon fried very hard. There is also Krautstrudel (I can't spell the Hungarian version of the name and no American composing room can handle the diacritical marks necessary), which is cabbage cake, and a highly original delicacy known as tarhonya, pearls of dough made of wheat flour and eggs, served as a substitute for noodles. After a drunken party at 4 a.m. you have a soup called korhelyleves (literally "drunk's soup") made of sour cabbage juice, stock, chips of sausage, and tarhonya. A more conventional soup, halaszle, is the Hungarian version of bouillabaisse, and is made of carp, shrimps, fogas, and whatever you may have in the tank plus a dusting of paprika.

My favorite restaurant in Budapest when rich is, probably, the Dunapalota (Ritz) hotel, especially for lunch. The hors d'oeuvres are an imaginative triumph. When poor, I like almost as well a little dive called the Apostolok (Kigyo utca 4), which specializes in pig's knuckles and pork shanks. You sit six or eight at a table at the Apostolok, and a wheel with trays of savories rotates agreeably within arm's reach. Hungary, incidentally, is the only country in Europe where corn on the cob is a national dish; it is called Kukuruz and may be had everywhere in summer; a good place where it may be obtained is the Debrecin.

The Kis Royal, a restaurant on the Buda side of the Danube, in the heart of the old town (Marvany u. 19) is thoroughly worth visiting. No one not a Hungarian and a specialist would dare to say that its gypsy orchestra is the absolute best in town, but it is very, very good. So is the orchestra in a restaurant near by, Hoffmann's Diofa, where the paprika chicken is notable, but I find it rather touristy. I had a sublime if simple dinner at the Kis about a month ago with a friend, Dr. Mengele, chief of the press department of the Hungarian foreign office. We started with a pilaff of tiny shrimps and ended with strawberries as big as plums set in a turban-like mound of cracked ice. The concluding touch, as it should be to every good Hungarian dinner, was barack (pronounced baratch), the ethereal but potent native brandy distilled from apricots.

A good dinner at the Apostolok will cost about 40c; at the Kis or the Diofa about $1.00; at the Ritz about $2.00 or more, depending on what you drink. In the dollar class is the best downtown restaurant, Spolaritch. The great specialty is boiled beef. The Hungaria has an admirable but rather conventional kitchen, and a famous gypsy orchestra. There is a good bourgeois restaurant in the basement of the parliament house, and on the Buda hill is the Gellert Kiosk, a pert and modest establishment. Also good is the Debriciner, named for the national sausage.

If you know someone who knows Hungarian, go around the corner from the Ritz to the Erélyi Sörözö Étterem, a Transylvanian beer hall (Vigado u. 4). No one there speaks any language but Hungarian, not even German. It is one of those small, inconspicuous, and extremely cheap restaurants, absolutely unspoiled by tourists and genuinely representative of the native cookery that it is the special delight of this correspondent to discover. When the restaurant was opened only one thing was served: sweetbreads in various forms. Now the proprietress, a stout Transylvanian woman, has branched out and you can get beef and cabbage stews and a positively divine homemade sausage; write the name down so there will be no mistake ordering it; Rázi kolhász roston cikával. There is also a fascinating dessert, kürtös kalács, which looks like the bark of a tree with the tree left out; it is made by winding strips of coffee cake dough on a hot tubular iron; the bigger the portion you order, the taller the strips mount.

I don't like sweet wines, so I am no authority on Tokay, the great Hungarian dessert wine. It has, I learn, the "flavor of green tea, meadowsweet, acacia blossom, and the lime-tree in flower"; strengthened by it, King August the Strong of Saxony had 365 bastards and drank himself to death. Among table wines, try Debröi harslevelí, a light, dry imitation Burgundy, or Szekszardi, a quite fair red wine. But the best thing to drink in Hungary is the apricot brandy, barack.

Avoid Hungarian beer; it is undrinkable.

Prague

The Czech cuisine is heavy, and consists, one might almost say, of ham. Nowhere in Europe does the noble swine sacrifice his substance to better purpose; not only in ham, the incomparable Prager Schinken, but in such sub-varieties of ham as Selchearre (smoked pork cutlets), as Schinkenstelze (pig's ankles), and as ham sausages in various

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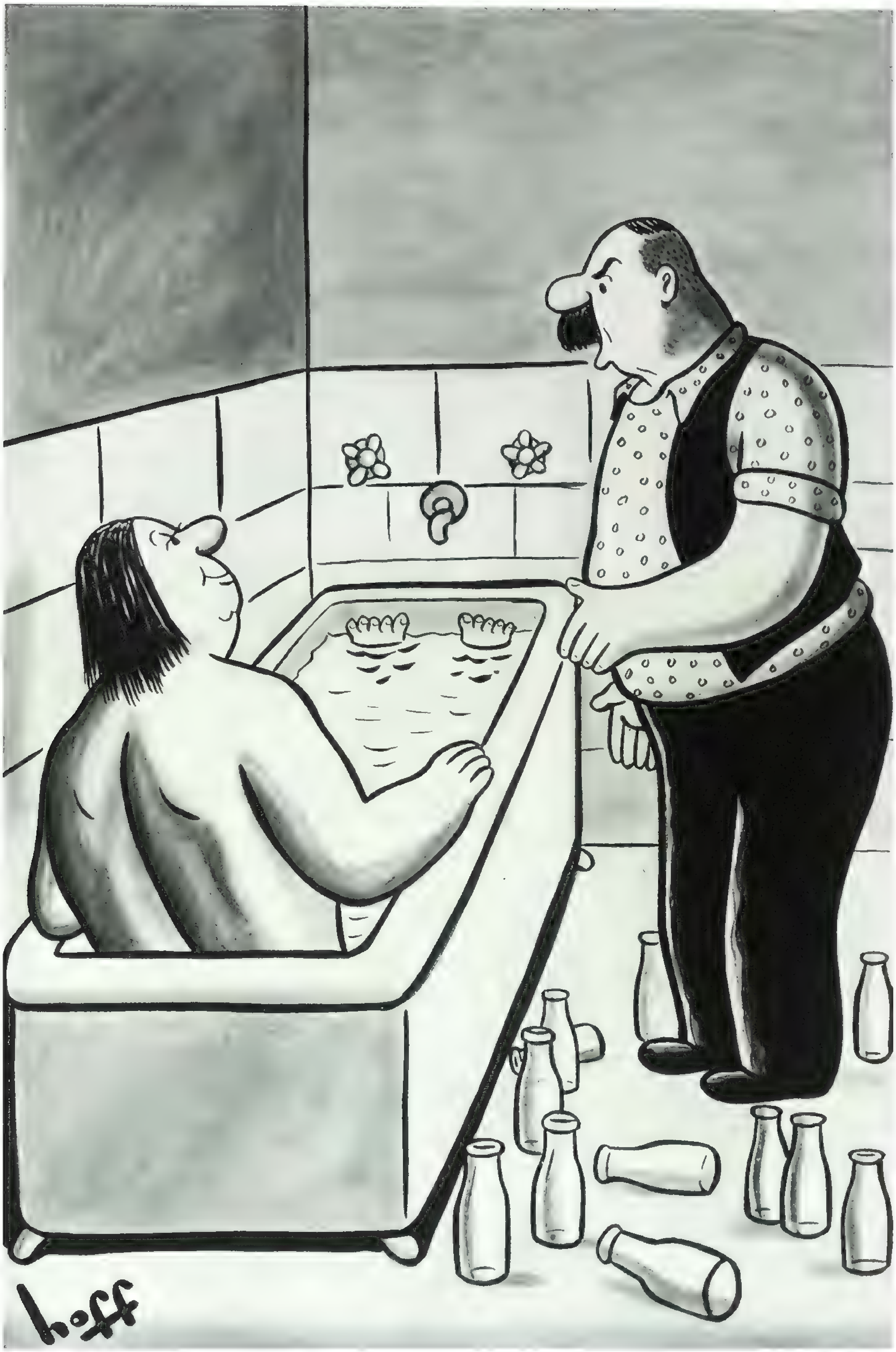
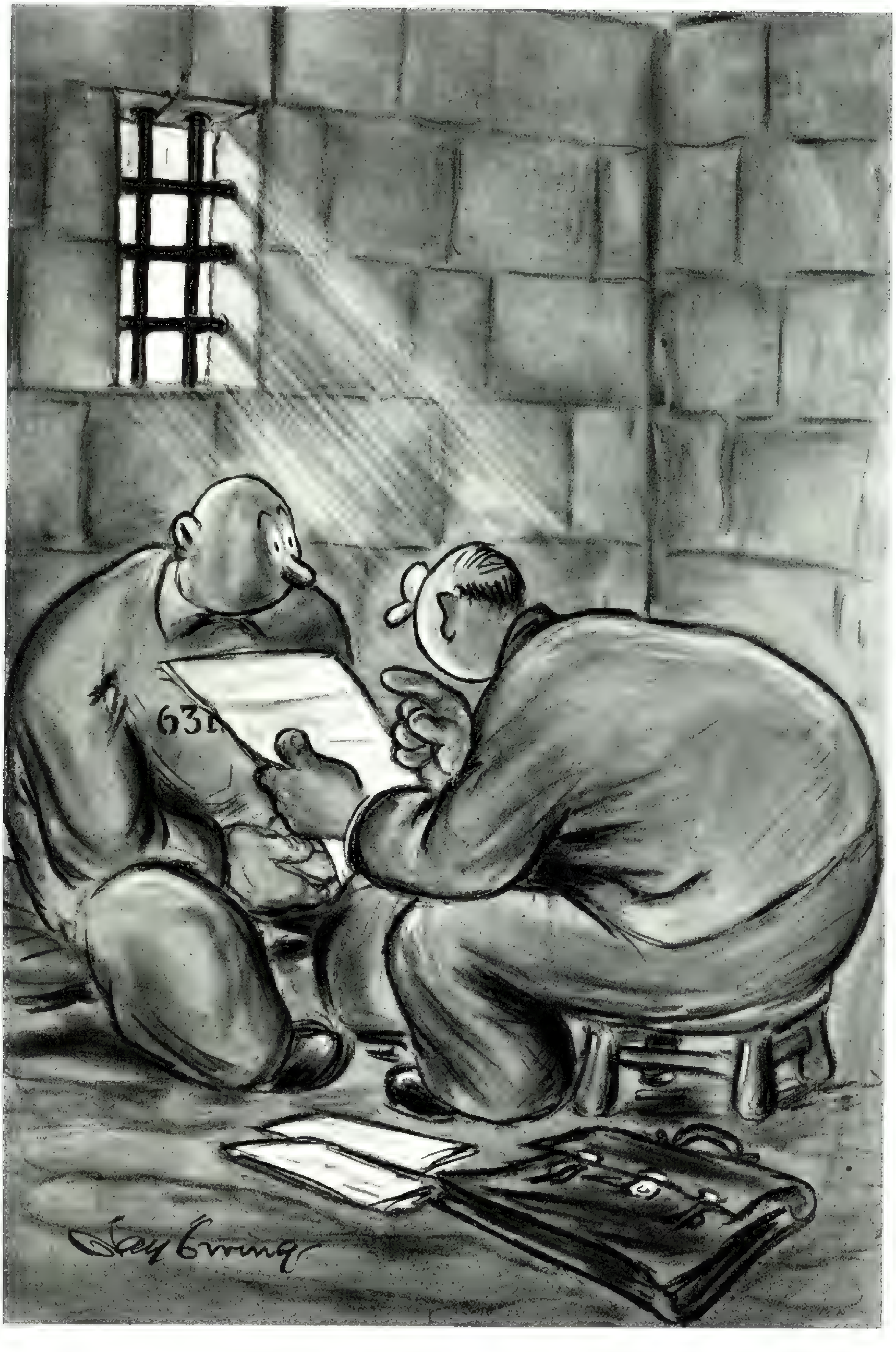


"A milk bath, eh? Who d'you think you are——Claudette Colbert?"



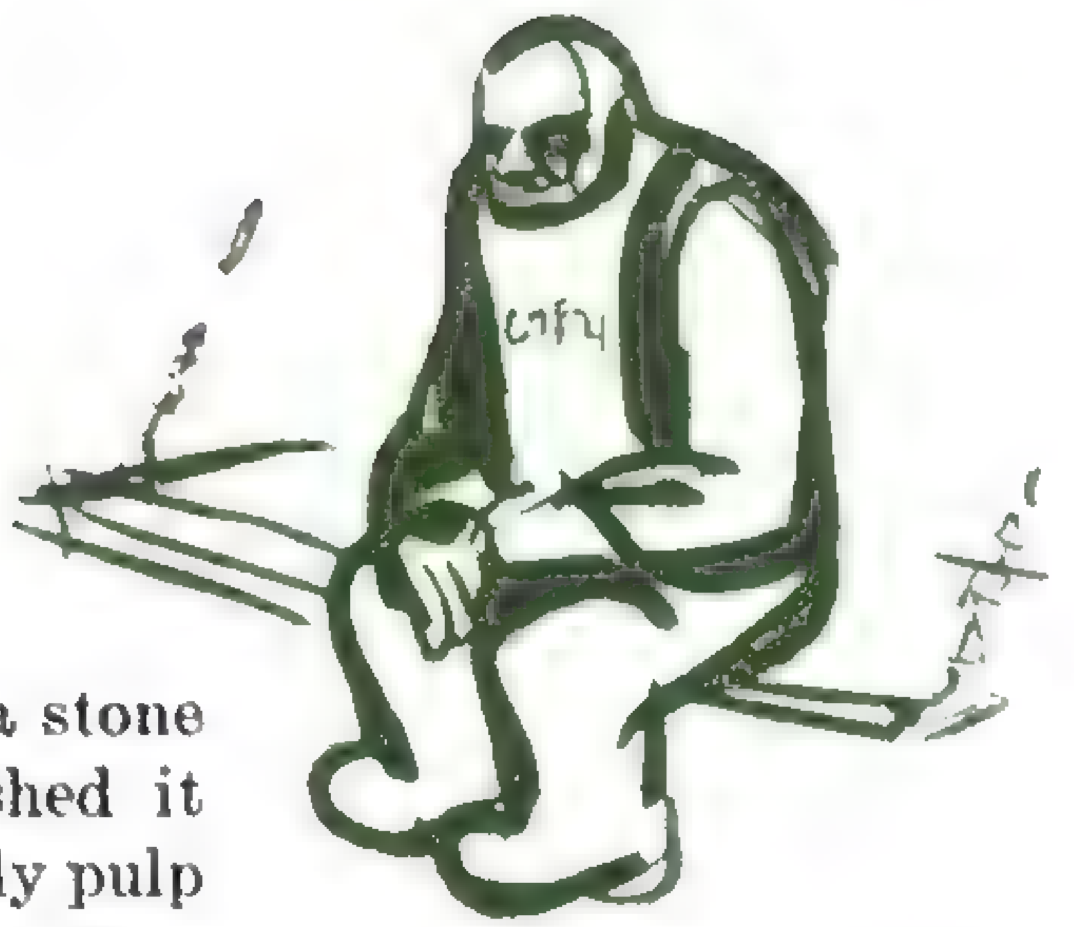
"Why, even with time off for good behavior, under this policy, your accumulated dividends . . ."

A Sentimental Story

One lives for one's dreams, even though they be of busting banks, or popping off the cops

by LOUIS PAUL

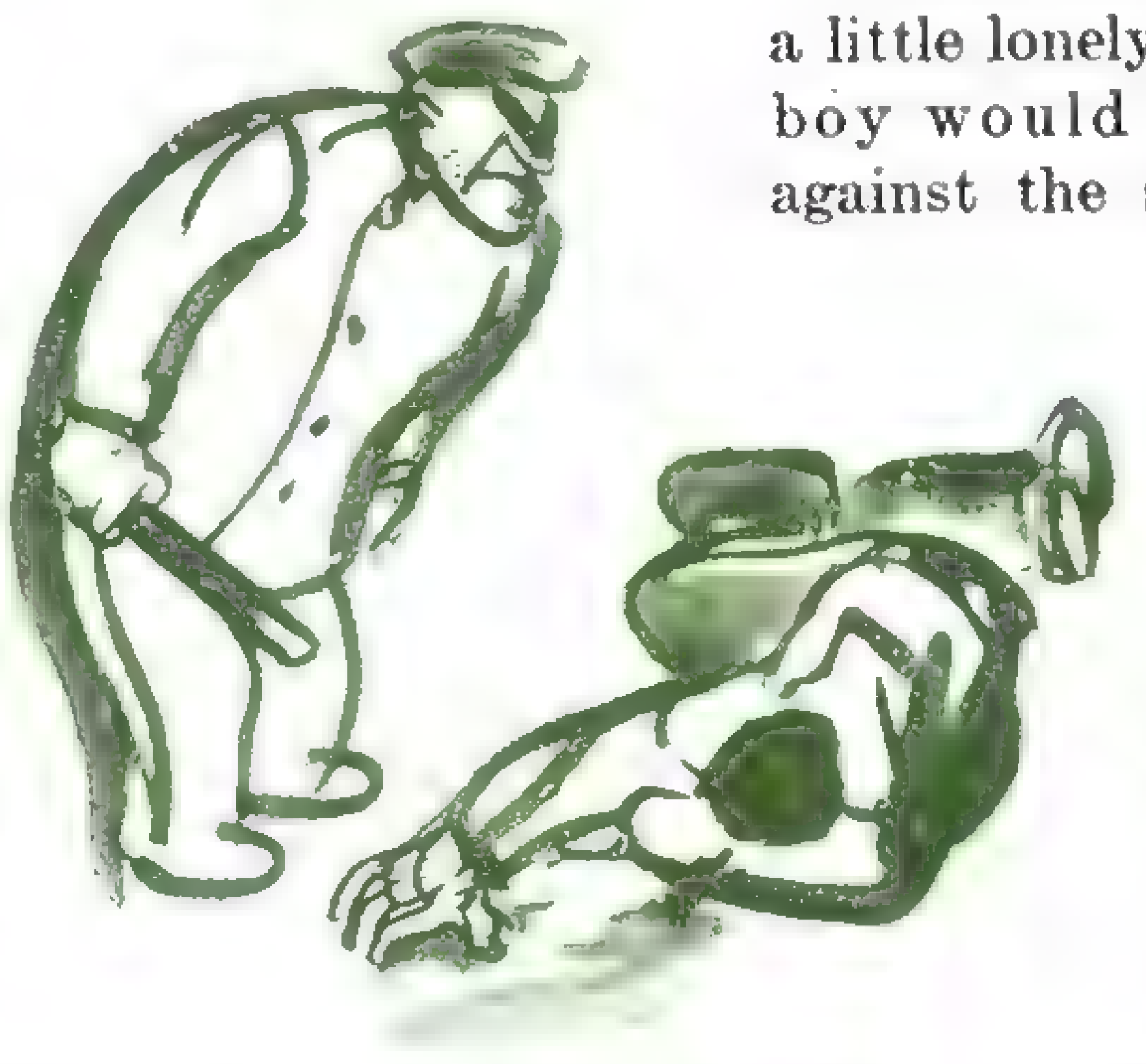
FICTION



THE man in the prison cell is terrified by a strange circumstance. A screw at the end of the tier pulls a lever and a long bar slides into place, securing the iron doors. But when the bar falls the following night he won't hear it. He'll be out of prison. And when he is free he must hurry to the city and find a certain policeman and murder him. And then he shall, likely enough, be hunted and apprehended and tried and convicted and electrocuted. No wonder the prisoner is terrified.

It's a nice cell. He's lived in it for seven years. He is used to it. Taken pride in keeping the whitewash spotless and the metal polished. Over the stringent regulations concerning its contents he has succeeded in giving it that subtle touch of individuality without which no dwelling place can achieve the cozy significance of a home. He always juxtaposes his brush and comb at a chic angle, and places his box of writing paper in a position where its pink-faced girl on the cover forms a decoration without technically violating the rule against hanging pictures.

Williams lies on his cot without comfort. In this ordered environment, where human beings learn before all else to erect defense mechanisms against everything that is unpleasantly inhuman, he is extremely disconcerted by the realization that tomorrow his will, free at last, must operate at its own bidding. For seven years he has been happy, secure in the knowledge that his beautiful murderous desire could not be fulfilled. Now—soon—tomorrow—he must kill a policeman. The sanctity of locked doors is lost forever. It will be a terrible thing to be free.



How nice it had been those seven years ago when he had first come. Odd how it had started in the sticky fumes of liquor and simple amusement. They danced. The music blared incessantly. Someone annoyed him. What was the matter? The man had insulted him because his voice was suggestive. Somehow—Williams hadn't ever got it straight—the man, a sailor, it turned out, was found dead on the dance-hall floor. The trial was vague in his memory. What they'd said was that Williams had no right to be carrying a knife anyway. Well, he hadn't tried to run away. His own knuckles had been slashed. A policeman came in and said, "You're under arrest." Williams nodded agreement. Then, without reason and without warning the policeman had smashed a hard club on his head. That was the policeman whom he was going to murder. The cop had no cause to smash him on the head. He didn't mean to kill the sailor, he hadn't tried to run away. Now it was as though Williams were the moral guardian of righteousness. That policeman had no right to live. He was a menace to society.

Williams went over these details, and his entrance into the penitentiary, with a certain nostalgia. Here life had managed to discover, as though accidentally, some magnificent simplicities. No one here pretended, or could. The man you meet a few times may be a liar, but when you see his soul and body stripped naked years on end, what of himself can he hide away? And so he drifted into friendships which were based on genuine knowledge. He began to love many of these criminals rather as Christ must have loved sinners. Mogul, the great fighter, who would weep at a rebuke; Johnson, a big amusing Negro who knew more and better stories than Kipling and O. Henry put together; Pinky, the sallow sad little boy in the next cell. The lad, behind a pair of guns, had robbed a bank successfully single-handed. His girl and a rat whom he called "The Mack" had squealed for the reward.

At night, tired from work and a little lonely, Williams and the boy would lean their faces against the steel partition and talk of lovely dreams. "And I'll get away with it next time," said the boy. "There won't be no double-crossin' mack." Williams spoke about killing the policeman. Each was horrified at the other's insanity, and they gave each other sound advice. Williams felt sorry for the boy, and for 983. Nine eighty-three was the sensitive lad who sat and incessantly wrote heartrending prison ballads like:

These walls has kept my soul in check,
A flag which has been furled;
But some fine day I'll run away
From this cruel prison world.
I'll find the girl whom waits for me,
No matter where I roam;
And for the rest we'll build a nest
And make a happy home.
So Time fly by and make me free,
My heart burns in my chest;
For I am wild to raise a child
In the home of my dreams in the West.

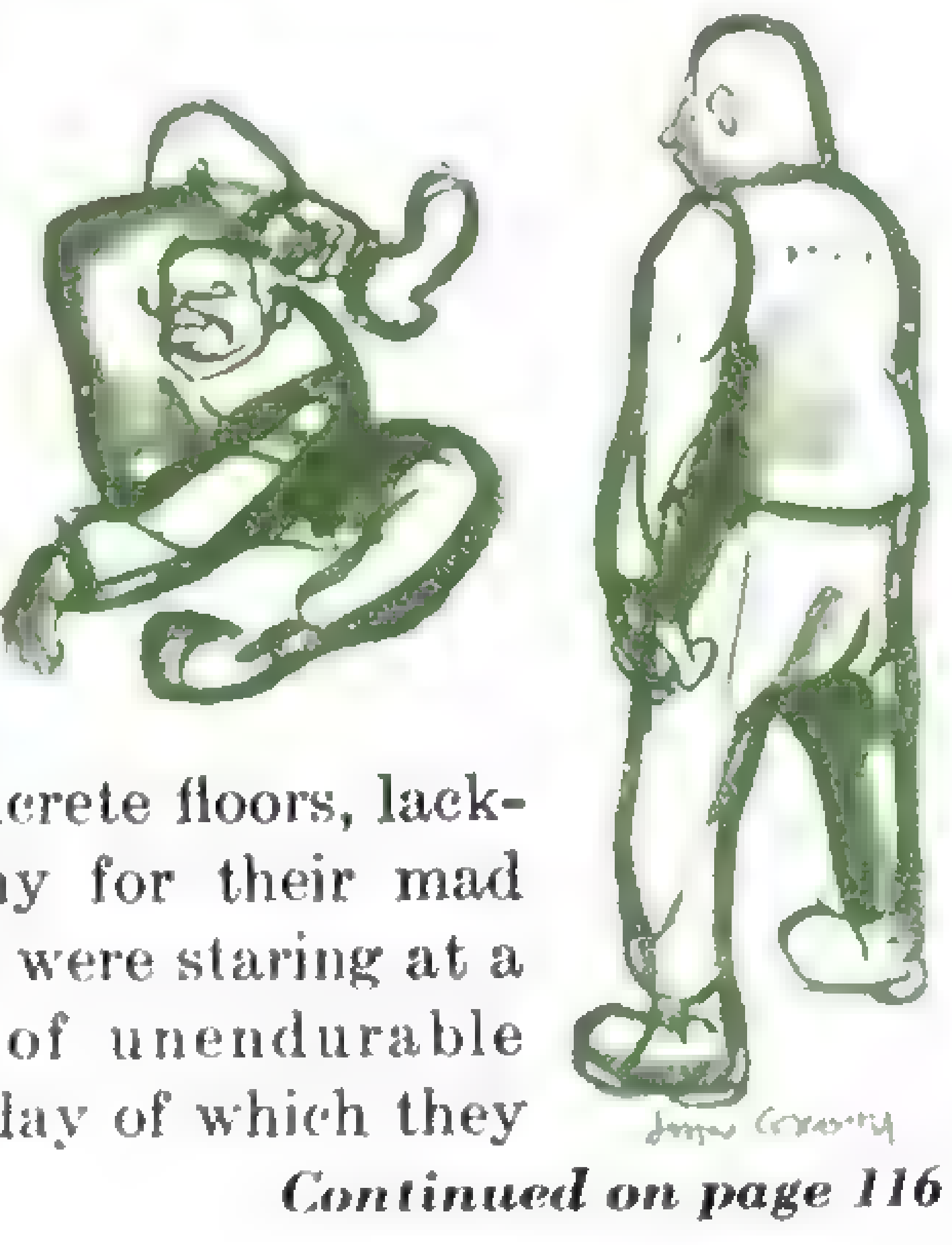
But backbreaking labor on the rock-crusher throttled his muse. One day he put his palm on a stone and smashed it to a bloody pulp with a sledgehammer. Williams was quite ill for two days.

He didn't care for that rock-crusher so much himself. Long timers got it mostly, for the depth and impregnability of the pit made escape impossible. Six months he tore his futile fingers at jagged stone. Sweat mingled with pain of muscles, and the awful hunger for food became a craving insanity, as with a man eaten by morphine. Yet the sheer brutality of the labor was merely a pinprick in the reality of an emotion—the constant Damoclean dread of being crushed by a boulder. Split bluestone, loosened by a previous powder blast, suddenly shredded from its base and tumbled down, a dozen tons of hammer-head. Ears were tuned to the first horrible rumble of falling rock, and a frenzied prisoner often ran obligingly into it to have his skull squashed. Williams thought of a beetle being stepped on.

Mookey was a first-rate interlude, for two years. Every Sunday, in the Yard, Mookey, a flabby skeleton with double-jointed bones, did contortions. Gorgeous sensation was derived from the picture of a human being deliberately achieving grotesquerie in this community of natural grotesques. Mookey made you imagine you were a perfectly normal human being. He insulted his body with a derision so vast that it imparted a sensual delight.

Then it came to an end, as all good things do. Mookey lost his power to contort. He slipped accidentally on a piece of soap in the shower room and broke his hip. Williams and his mates, perforce, must seek other amusements.

The fifth year began a triumph in compensation. It meant that five years had eventually achieved acceptance. The House had become a home, this routine a way of life. The cell in which he spent his dreaming hours at last did satisfactory duty as his castle, and he lived in it without bitterness or claustrophobia. He screamed, now, at novices who paced their adjacent concrete floors, lacking sympathy for their mad terror. They were staring at a procession of unendurable years, each day of which they



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A Man's Castle

With keeping up tradition and keeping down his beer the true Oxford man is fully occupied

by BERGEN EVANS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Almost alone in the western world Oxford holds out against the monstrous regiment of women! True, there are now women's colleges; the enemy is encamped about in perpetual siege and dangerous breeches have been made in the outer walls, but the men's colleges remain much as they have been these hundreds of years, strongholds of modified monasticism.

From the outside they seem to be penal institutions. Such windows in their bleak facades as look upon the streets are heavily barred, and the high walls are encrusted at the top with broken bottles set in mortar, vicious revolving spikes and trailing festoons of barbed wire. Their one entrance, a small wicket in the great iron-studded wooden doors, is guarded by a porter, eternally vigilant. Visiting hours are limited, and after nine at night, when Big Tom, the great bell of Christ Church, sullenly booms a hundred and one strokes, egress is forbidden and entrance punished by a fine.

Within, however, there is beauty and tranquillity. The green of the lawns and the bright red of the geraniums in the window boxes stand out pleasingly against the gray walls of the quadrangles. All is serene and spacious. There is no bustle, no crowding, for though the extent of the buildings far exceeds that of any American university, the student population is comparatively small—between three and four thousand.

So much space is occupied by each man's having two rooms, a "sitter" and a "bedder." The latter is unbelievably cramped and dismal but it is more than compensated for in the size and comfort of the former. The sitter is the center keep of the castle of masculinity, and ease is its keynote. There is no ostentation; the carpets are usually threadbare and the low, squashy armchairs dingy and battered. Some prints may adorn the walls and there are usually quite a number of well-worn books stacked carelessly on open shelves. Here the student lives, studies, entertains—and sometimes, when January winds drive sleet against the panes and the frail flesh dare not face the bedder, sleeps.

Here he eats three of his four daily meals. Lunch hardly deserves the name, consisting as it does of a hunk of crusty bread, a slab of cheese and a pint of bitter beer to wash it down, but breakfast is the very apotheosis of eating! Then, when the best energies of the day can be devoted to talk, is the time to entertain! The kettle whispers on the fire. The hearth is stacked with platters of food under pewter covers. The air is filled with the sharp aroma of coffee or the more subtle but no less pleasant aroma of tea, and the table is piled high with meat, fish, eggs and bacon, toast and Oxford's incomparable black, bittersweet marmalade.

At hand but unobtrusive, the scout slips deftly in and out. Ah, the delights of a manservant! He may smoke your cigarettes, it is true, and finish off your whiskey, and he will leave to his successor those cobwebs and unswept corners which he found on his arrival, but he understands and respects the manly virtues of independence and slovenliness! There is none of that eternal fuss about him whereby women call attention to the disgraceful fact that their work is never done!

After eating, the guests smoke and talk by the fire, sprawling in indolent lethargy upon their shoulder blades. Truly the company and conversation of women are sweet; they are indeed the great civilizers. But there is a period in life, an interim between the strings of his mother's apron and straps of his wife's brassiere, when a man does well to be without them!

If the talk is good the company may linger indefinitely. I remember one wet December day on which a breakfast party—the talk being excellent and the weather vile—stayed on to lunch. The afternoon hung murkily about us and the rain was blown in rattling gusts against the windows as the short winter day ended. Before we knew it tea was brought in. The curtains were drawn, the fire built up, and the talk drowned out the storm. The host found some sort of a cold supper for us. Beer and whiskey were produced and the conversation gathered new strength. It was four o'clock the next morning—the wind was driving the last remnants of the clouds from a moonlit, wintry sky—when we finally took our ways across the echoing quad to our own rooms!

Next in social importance to breakfast is tea, no namby-pamby affair but a substantial meal in which guts frozen and battered on the playing fields or river are thawed and soothed with great scalding cups of tea and filled with buttered crumpets, most delicious of indigestibles! There is no nonsense about training. Toast, plastered with unsalted butter and richly smeared with jam, is wolfed down until hunger changes to repletion. Then, crumpet-logged and blissfully weary, comes a long bask by the fire. It is the hour of relaxation when gentle melancholy reigns. Outside in the darkness somewhere a bell rings monotonously, and soon the clatter of dishes in the hallway announces that the scout has returned for his evening duties.

Women are sometimes entertained at tea, with formality as ambassadors from the great foe, but they must be out by seven. After the sound of the supper bell nought feminine can remain within the walls.

There was a joke played upon a timid don (a resident Fellow—all residents must be bachelors) in my time, which hinged upon this fact. The victim was warned by an anonymous "friend" to ignore all knockings on a certain night as a band of drunken hearties planned an assault. At five minutes to seven one of the boys, disguised as a woman, inquired at the porter's lodge the way to his rooms. This was a late hour for a visit and when, seven having come and gone, the supposed woman did not reappear, the porter was alarmed for the good name of the college. At eleven he notified the dean, who,

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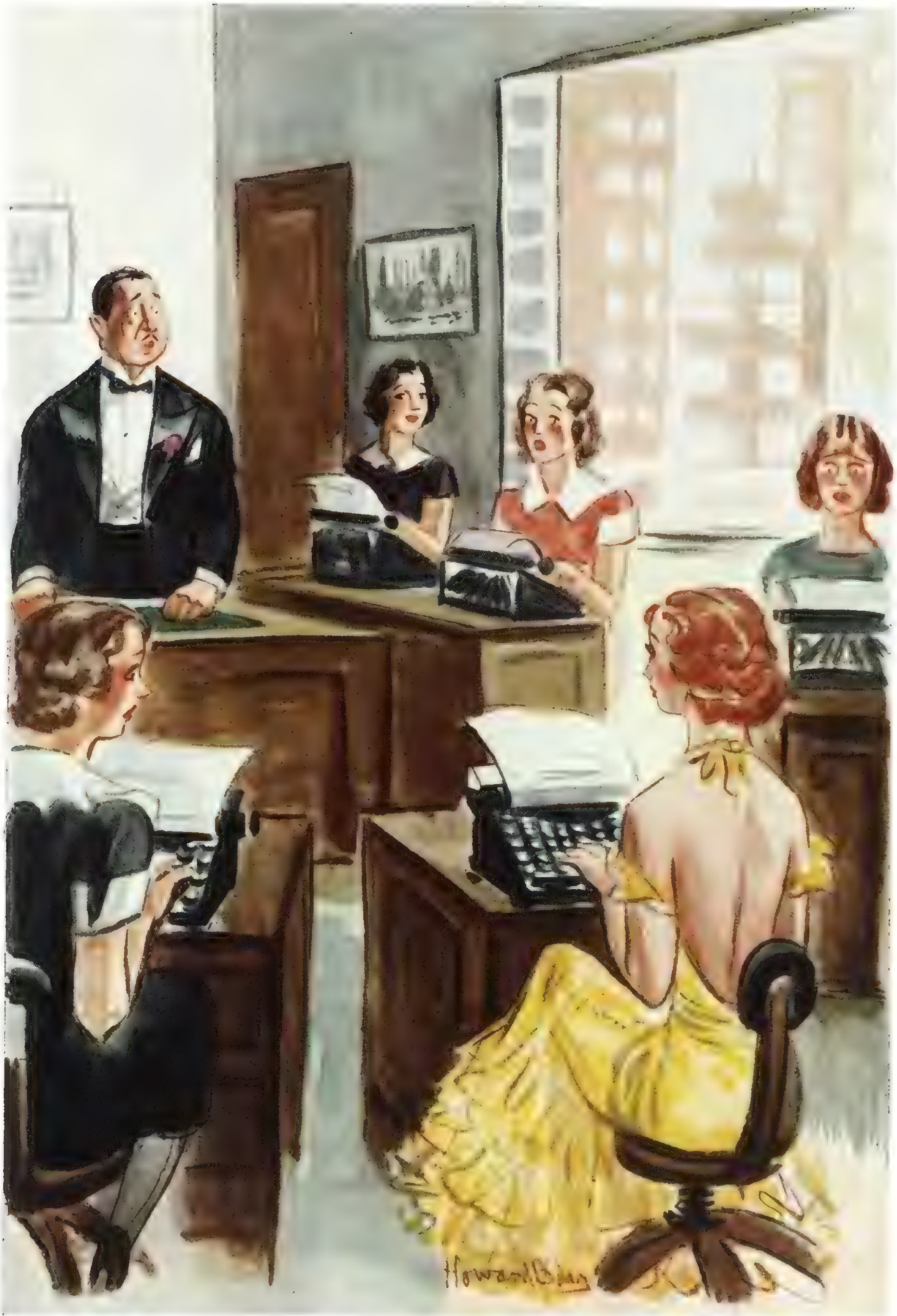
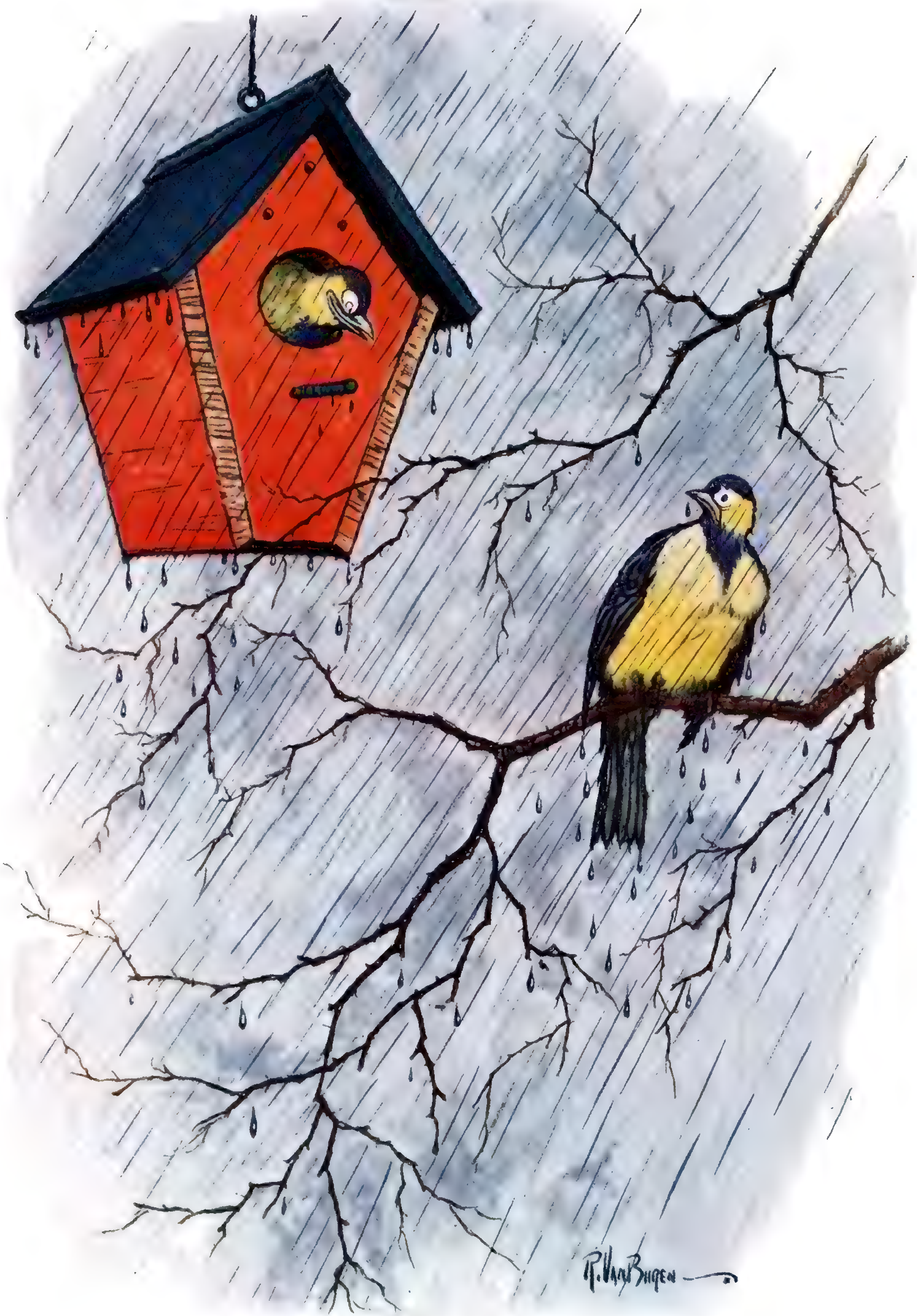

Howard Baer

"Er—good morning, Miss Harris"



"Aw, come on in, baby—the wife's still down south"

Helping Arthur

A couple of amateur actors come close to bungling their lines in one of life's standby farces

by ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

SATIRE

ARTHUR was an especially nervous and diffident young man.

"Oh, glory!" he said to Pauline. "Have I got to? Can't you tell him? I'll be scared stiff. I'll feel like a fool. I won't know what to say."

"Now, Arthur," said Pauline, "that's just silly. Father isn't anyone to be afraid of. Father likes you. He'll be as nice as can be. All you have to do is go in and say 'Mr. Derby, no doubt you have noticed that I love your daughter Pauline—'"

"'Mr. Derby, no doubt you have noticed I love your daughter Pauline—'" repeated Arthur, and then he said "Do I have to see him now?"

"Father's not home tonight," said Pauline. "And, of course, tomorrow night you can't come. Day after tomorrow night, Arthur."

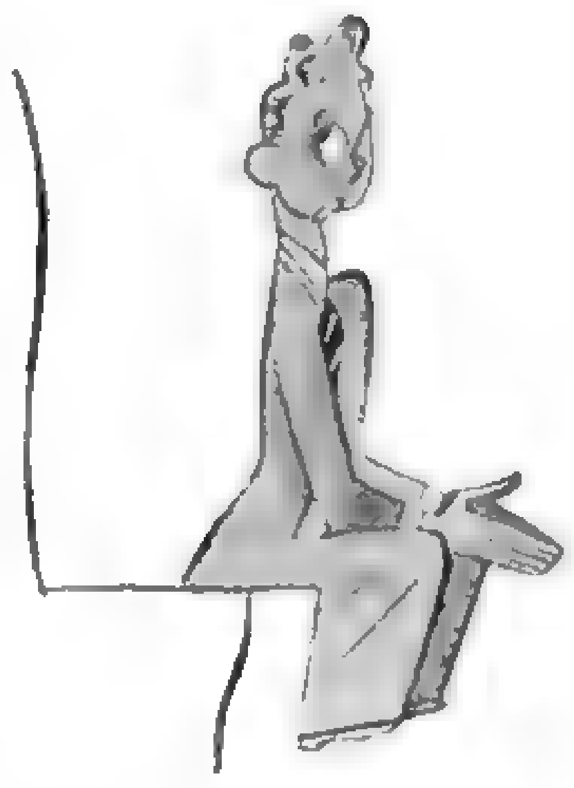
"'Mr. Derby, no doubt you have noticed—' 'No doubt you have noticed—' What do I say then? 'I love your daughter Pauline—' Then what?"

"Listen, Arthur," said Pauline. "I'll write it out for you and you can learn it. Then you'll be all right. I know just what you ought to say to father."

"Angel!" exclaimed Arthur. "Darling!"

Pauline was still holding her job as secretary to Mr. Plessing and the next day she typed the words Arthur was to say, and she made a carbon copy, for she was an efficient young woman. She gave one copy to Arthur the next night.

"Swell!" said Arthur. "'Mr. Derby, no doubt you have noticed that I love—' That's great, Polly. You know what you are? You're a darling."



"And, look, Arthur—" said Pauline; "where I put a row of dots you wait for father to speak. Like here where it says 'And we hope we have your consent.' You wait for father to say something. Then you say the next: 'I believe, sir, I can make her happy. We love each other, and I have a good position and can amply support her.' And so on."

"O.K., honey," said Arthur, and he put the paper in his pocket.

The next evening when Mr. Derby sat down to dinner he looked glum. Pauline, of course, had told her mother that Arthur had asked and had been accepted, and Mrs. Derby had told Mr. Derby and had warned him that Arthur would ask his consent.

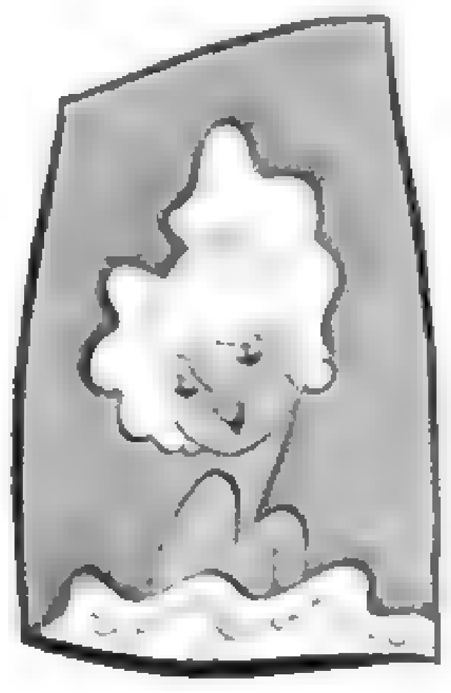
"Arthur is going to ask you for Pauline tonight, George," Mrs. Derby said, "so I wish you wouldn't take off your shoes and your collar until afterward."

"I'm going to feel like a fool," said Mr. Derby nervously. "What does he have to ask me for? He knows it's all right. I won't know what to say to him."

"Yes, you will, father," said Pauline brightly. "Here's what Arthur is going to say, on this paper, and I've typed in what you can say. Now, that's easy, isn't it, dad?"

Mr. Derby took the paper.

"'My boy,'" he read, "'I will not say I am entirely surprised. I have noticed that you and Paulline are fond of each other. My wife and myself have a great liking for you, and I believe you will make Pauline happy. You have my consent.'"



"I think that is very dignified and nice," said Mrs. Derby. "And you ought to shake hands with him, George."

"Certainly I'll shake hands with him," said Mr. Derby.

Arthur, when he came, was still a little nervous, and Mr. Derby was not entirely free from nervousness himself, but he had kept on his collar and his shoes, and he was prepared to be surprised by the appearance of Arthur.

He had a magazine in his lap, and he had Pauline's typewritten sheet between its pages for easy reference, so that he could cast down his eyes and see it. Pauline came to the door with Arthur.

"Father," said Pauline, "Arthur has something he wants to say to you," and Mr. Derby said "Come in, Arthur, come in. Sit down," and Pauline closed the door, leaving the two men alone. Arthur seated himself. He was extremely pale and his hands trembled, but he was hardly paler than Mr. Derby.

For a moment or two there was an awkward silence while Arthur swallowed once or twice and Mr. Derby looked to see that the magazine pages had not flopped over.

"Mr. Derby," said Arthur in a voice so husky that Mr. Derby could hardly hear him, "no doubt I have noticed that you love my daughter Pauline. Er, Pauline. Ah, Pauline."

"My boy," said Mr. Derby, his eye on the typewritten sheet. "I will not say I am entirely—I beg your pardon; go on."

"Er, Pauline," said Arthur. "Uh—We ask your—er—"

"'While—'" prompted Mr. Derby.

"Er—while—" repeated Arthur, getting very red in the face.

"'While I do not—'" suggested Mr. Derby.

"Oh!" said Arthur. "While I do not feel that I or anyone is completely worthy of her love, I believe that she—I believe—"

"'Sir,'" prompted Mr. Derby.

"Sir?" said Arthur.

"'You believe, sir, you can—'" prompted Mr. Derby.

"You believe, sir, that you can—" said Arthur but without assurance.

He stopped and looked at Mr. Derby blankly. He did not know how to go on from there.

"No," said Mr. Derby. "'I believe, sir, that I can—'"

"Oh," said Arthur. "I believe, sir, that I can make her happy. We love each other, and I have a good position and can amply support her."

"My boy," said Mr. Derby, glancing at his paper, "I will not say I am greatly surprised. I have noticed—Wait a minute. That don't come in here. You said you believed you could make her happy. You didn't say 'We want to get married.'"

"But we do," said Arthur, mopping his forehead.

"But you didn't say it," said Mr. Derby. "You said 'We love each other.' You skipped to the next paragraph. You want to say 'We want to get married and we hope for your consent.' Look here, young man, haven't you got a copy of this thing?"

"Er, yes," said Arthur, feeling in his pockets. "Er, no; I must have left it in my overcoat."

"Nervous, that's what you are," said Mr. Derby. "All fussed up. Never mind—you can use this one. Get it right this time.

"Begin at the beginning. 'Mr. Derby, no doubt you have noticed—'"

Arthur took the sheet of paper. His hand trembled so that the paper shook like an aspen leaf in a gale. He cleared his voice twice.

"'Mr. Derby,'" he began, "'no doubt you have noticed—'"

"Oh, rats!" exclaimed Mr. Derby, slapping his magazine on the table. "What the dickens! Of course, I've noticed. A blind man couldn't help seeing. And it's all right. Go ahead and get married, and God bless you, and cut out this nonsense. Have a cigar?"

Arthur looked at the typewritten sheet. There was nothing there that took cognizance of this question. For a moment he hesitated, and then he grinned.

"Yes, sir; thank you," he said.

Toiler of the Deep

If you can find a needle in a haystack try fishing for a broken wire in the ocean

by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

• ARTICLE •

The profound and rayless calm that inhabits the bottom of the ocean was shattered on November 18, 1929 by a submarine earthquake that shivered the foundations of the North Atlantic and opened a huge fissure in the ocean floor. A great chunk of the Continental Shelf was shorn off by a sub-sea avalanche and fell into the deepest pit of the ocean. Tidal waves, lashing hurricanes and a heavy toll of shipwreck were the visible accompaniments of this seismic catastrophe; the *invisible* damage occurred when ten trans-Atlantic cables, sunk deep in marine ooze, were snapped like violin strings. Intercontinental communication was practically paralyzed; revenue for the cable company was cut off completely, and to make immediate remedy almost hopeless, a 70-mile gale was howling up and down the Atlantic. It was a combination of a million dollar emergency repair job, and (figuratively) a five-alarm fire—set to kettledrum music by raging elements that cared not at all whether London brokers got minute-by-minute reports from the Chicago wheat-pits, or whether New York newspapers went to press without the latest flashes from European capitals.

Said Newcomb Carlton, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company: "Get Captain Bloomer on the wire. He'll tidy up this mess for us, and he probably is the only man in the world who can."

Six hours later Captain Melvin Bloomer, skipper of the *Lord Kelvin*, Western Union cable repair ship, was steaming out of Halifax, N. S. into a fully orchestrated gale. The barometer was falling through the bottom of the glass and the sky was bellowing like a black bull. But mere weather does not frighten a cable repairman—especially if he is at the same time a veteran mine-sweeper. During the World War Captain Bloomer, then an officer in the British Naval Reserve, fished floating mines loaded with trinitrotoluol (T.N.T.) out of the English Channel, extracted their deadly glass fangs, and thus cleared the seaways for Allied traffic and warships. Mine-trawling is admittedly the most hazardous of marine occupations, and a man with such death-seeking experience behind him is not likely to be dismayed by the song of a mere hurricane.

For 1500 miles the *Lord Kelvin* outbullies the storm; it is now in mid-ocean, in the approximate vicinity of the crippled cable. Delicate instruments have told Western Union engineers where the cable is broken; all Capt. Bloomer has to do is *find* the breaks, fish up the damaged cable ends, and splice them together. A man looking for the thread of white cotton amid polar wastes would have an easier task. It took Capt. Bloomer seven months to complete that job, and it would have taken me longer than that to coax the whole story from him if I had waited for this extraordinarily shy man to recount it. But by backing him into a corner of his hotel room on one of his infrequent trips ashore, and by breaking down his reticence with a special device known as an interviewer's hammer, I managed to get him to tell me exactly how a broken Atlantic cable is located and repaired.

Capt. Bloomer began by pulling seven great draughts through the enormous pipe that matches his own stature. "It's pretty technical," he warned me, as the room began to take on a purplish smoky haze. "You understand of course, that we don't just go out there and *fish* for a cable-end. Oh, by the way, have you ever seen a piece of cable?"

He handed me something that looked like a length of twisted black tobacco, about an inch thick. Examining it closely I discovered that it was composed of several elements: at the center was the copper core. that actually carried the messages. This was insulated with heavy gutta percha, and around the insulation was wrapped a sheath of jute.

Next came the "armor-plate" of thick iron-wire, and another wrapping of tar-impregnated jute. It was as strong and as compact as a healthy spinal cord, which in fact it anatomically resembles.

"Now that you've got the picture, let's go to work on it," began Captain Bloomer "When a cable snaps, the approximate location of the break is determined by special electrical apparatus called a galvanometer. It is known that electrical resistance is in direct proportion to the length of the conductor—in this case, the copper core of the cable. The amount of electricity each mile of cable will hold is determined before the cable is laid, making possible the location of a break within a couple of miles." He grinned. "Within a *couple of miles!* Do you realize what that means? A man looking for a specific leaf in two square miles of jungle would have only a slightly more difficult task. Well, anyway, after arriving at the approximate location of the break we 'shoot' our position with a sextant, and confirm our findings by taking two kinds of depth measurements—soundings, we call them. The first sounding is taken with the old-fashioned lead-line with a bit of wax stuck onto it; we lower the lead to the bed of the ocean to determine what kind of a bottom we're working on. Sand, seaweed, pebbles may stick to the waxed lead, which gives us valuable information as to how we shall proceed. We also take another sounding with a sonic instrument which sends electrical impulses down to the bottom and catches them on the rebound. The speed of sound-waves through water is well known and we calculate the depth of the ocean by determining how long it takes a sound-wave to reach the bottom and echo back.

"We now stand by to drop our grapnel, a special gear employed in picking up objects on the bottom of the ocean. This instrument is a cross between an anchor and a fine-tooth comb; there are several kinds of grapnels, each having flukes specially adapted for use on various bottoms. On a muddy or sandy bottom, we use a long-bladed grappler; on clay bottoms, a medium-length blade; on rocky bottoms, a short, stubby one. Sometimes we have to pay out three miles of grapnel line before the instrument rests on the bed of the ocean. The actual search for the cable now begins. Taking a course at right angles to the line of the cable (its course is elaborately graphed and charted all the way across the ocean) the *Lord Kelvin* begins to steam forward at the rate of one mile an hour. This is about as slow as anything can go—a baby walks faster—but slowness is an essential part of our grappling technique; if we went

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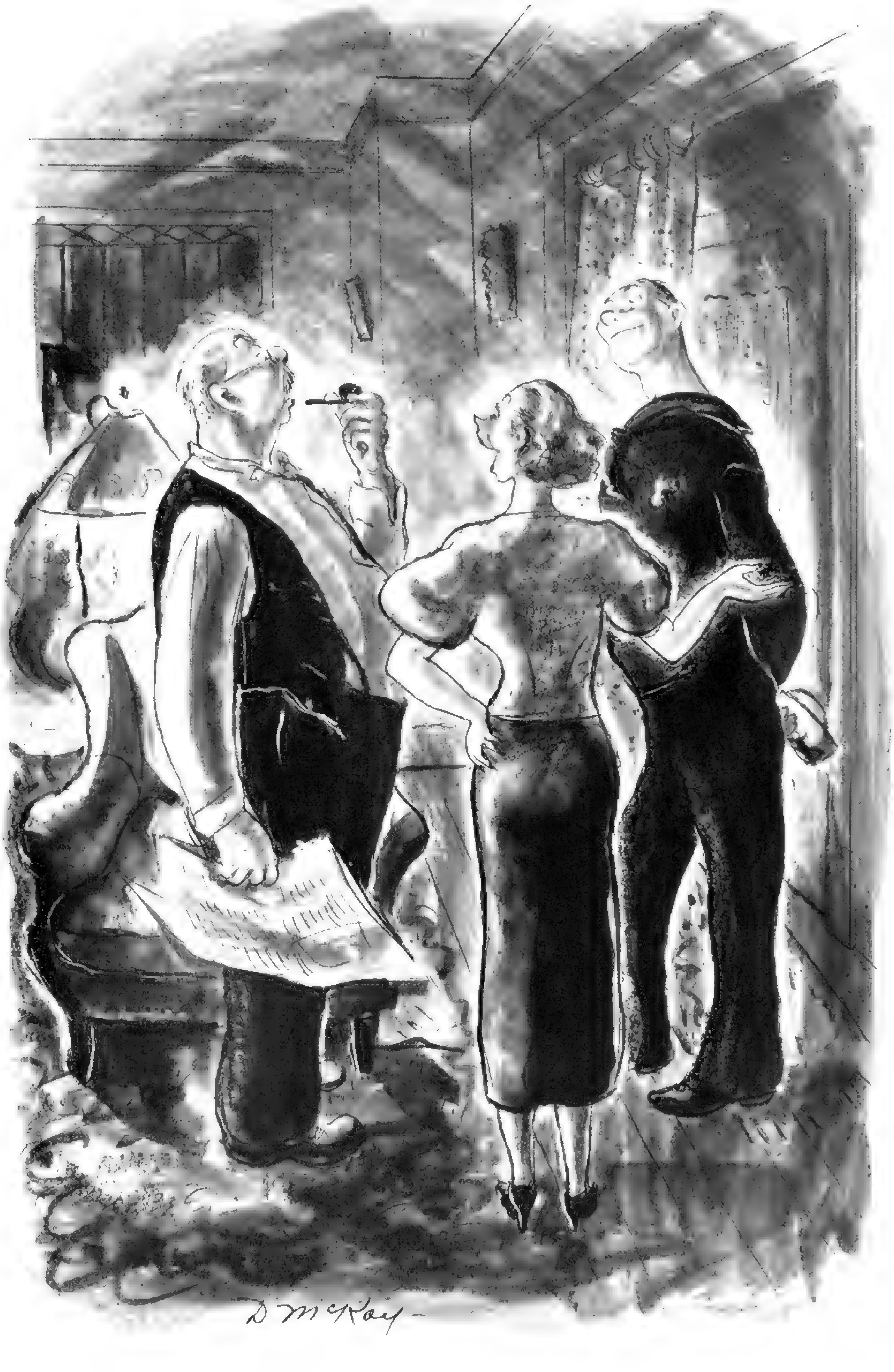


"His name's Sam, and he hasn't an inch of tattooing on him"

Echoes of the Marsh

The authentic voice of the bayou people is caught in a group of sketches, pathetic and sinister

by HEWITT LEONARD BALLOWE

• FICTION •

Trappers of Louisiana have installed motors in their boats, discarded their moccasins for hip boots, and many carry thermos bottles. They have abandoned their huts on the bayou for homes on the highway. A simple folk has passed and a glamour has gone from the marsh with their passing.

It was the privilege of the writer to sit in palmetto camps and hear tales of the trapping grounds, hardships in the struggle with a capricious Nature who gave freely one moment and struck with pitiless hand the next.

Down the Mississippi below New Orleans is the Jump, miniature of the great river, flowing through the coastal marsh with a delta of its own where it pours its silt-laden water into the Gulf.

Behind the levee lived the land owners, each with his arpent or more of orange grove; in the rear, in latanier camps on pass and bayou, lived trappers who wallowed through the marsh and dreamed of the day when they might move to the river and live in wooden houses with screens in the windows, linoleum on the floor, and a kerosene stove in the kitchen.

The day came. The price of fur rose bringing wealth such as their simple minds had never imagined. Owners of the trapping land appeared and demanded a share of the catch. There were clashes. Men died, went to jail; then submission, readjustment.

Men trap the marsh today, each his allotted portion. The old freedom is gone. The families remain on the river. The highway has come to the settlement. The hard days in the marsh are forgotten.

Envie

Jean Marie begat Jean Baptiste, Jean Clement, Jean Paul, Jean Louis, Jean Pierre, Christophe, Hyacinthe, Ulysse, and so many girls that he could not remember their names in order. When the latanier camp on the bayou overflowed he built a garçonnière behind the skinning shed, and a room for the girls close to the window by his bed. It is not good to let girls stray too far from under one's eyes.

And now his wife was enceinte again. One night when those of the children who had not married and gone away were in bed, and he was smoking his pipe, she sighed.

"What you got, la vieille?" he asked.

"Une envie."

"Say what it is. Tomorrow I will send one of the boy to git it for you."

"I want to taste lobstaire, just a little piece."

"Bon. Lobstaire is a big crawfish. I will send Christophe with his dip net to catch you some."

"It will not be the same, vieux. I want lobstaire what come in a can."

Jean Marie scratched his head and a worried look came over his face. The longing of a pregnant woman must be gratified, otherwise the child might come into the world with some defect. All of his children were without blemish; he didn't want this one to be deformed. But lobster was expensive. He dealt with the storekeeper on credit, and his bill was already high.

"La vieille, you got only one envie?"

"I want to taste saumon."

"Bien. Drum is like saumon. I will catch a nice one. You will make a courtbouillon. We will give the sauce to the children on their rice. The meat with vinaigre will be just like saumon."

"No, vieux. I want saumon what come in a can."

Jean Marie was in despair. Salmon was almost as expensive as lobster.

"La vieille, nothing else will do? Think good."

"I want pickle."

The relieved husband uttered a cry of joy. He would rush to the river. Many of the good housewives there had pickles. His wife could eat her fill and forget the wretched can goods.

But she shook her head. She wanted mixed pickles that came in a bottle, little cucumbers, bits of cauliflower, tiny white onions. Dieu du ciel, where did she get such ideas, even hear of such things?

He did not sleep well that night. His wife assured him that an envie was merely a whim, not to be taken seriously, but he knew better. Heavy-hearted next morning he set out to visit his traps. His heart leaped at the first one that he looked at. It had a beautiful otter. He returned home and sent the children to look at the other traps. He cased and fleshed the skin with care. At night he placed the precious pelt close to his bed so that he could hear marauding mice or rats. Before it was fully cured he took it to the river.

"How much you will give?" he asked the storekeeper.

"How much I will 'low you on you 'count, yes? Five dollaire."

Another trapper who had noted the texture of the fur, the rare combination of colors, said, "Me, I will give you ten dollaire, cash."

Jean Marie passed the skin to him and received the money in trembling hands. He turned to face the withering look of the storekeeper.

"I got big trouble, Prosper, and I got to have monnai. My wife have one envie, and he is about to put his child in the world, and I don' want him mark. I want a can of lobstaire, a can of saumon, and a bottle of mix pickle. I will pay cash and the rest can go on my 'count. If you don' have them I will keep to go up the river to the other store."

Prosper had a single can of lobster of doubtful age, no salmon, and a bottle of pickles. Jean Marie received his package and set out at top speed for his camp. Everything was strangely quiet when he landed. There were no children in sight. A woman met him at the door.

"You' wife have his bébé, a fine boy."

"He is not cripple?"

"No, he don' have even a mark."

"Merci le bon Dieu!"

His wife held out the child to him.

"I have put another one in the world for you, vieux."

"What we will name this one?"

"That is you' job. I name the girl and you name the boy."

At the moment Jean Marie could not think of a name. He removed the paper from the things that he had brought too late.

"Look, la vieille. You can taste them now."

His wife shook her head.

"No. We will keep them for the next one."

Jean Marie took the can in his hand. He looked at the gaudy label with a picture of a crustacean with undercurved tail and claws rampant.

"La vieille, I name the boy Lobstaire!"

"C'est bien. But I am glad, yes, you don' put you' hand on the bottle first. I will not like the name Mix Pickle."

Memere

Memere lived on Red Pass with Pierre, her son-in-law, and her daughter. Although she was old she was very active and more than earned her keep. She minded the baby, cooked, and even helped with the washing.

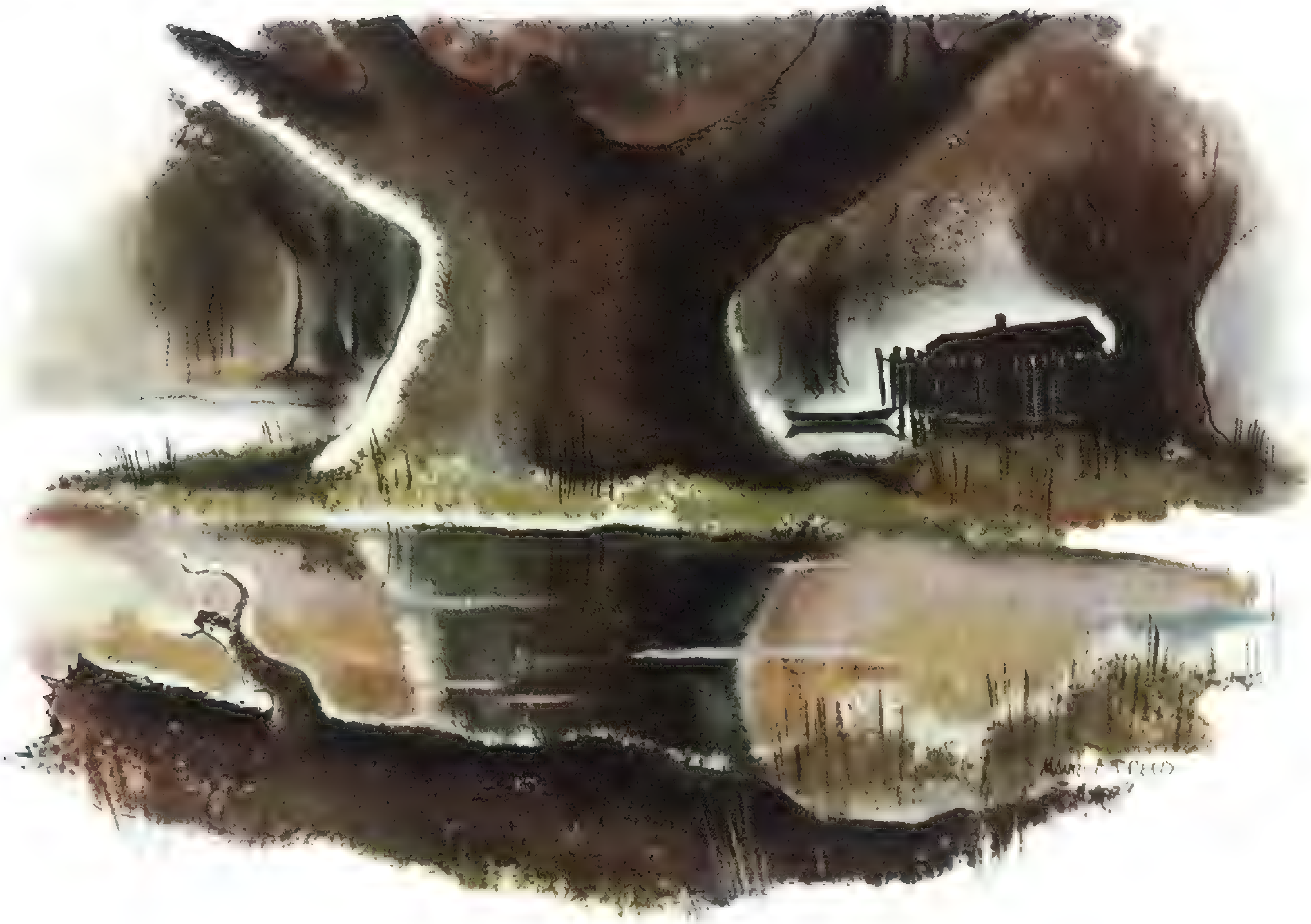
Late one afternoon Pierre came to his camp tired and discouraged. He had been out looking over trapping prospects. The marsh was in the grip of a drouth that had lasted all summer. Unless rain fell soon the season would be ruined. Already animals were leaving, seeking lower land. Thousands had perished for want of fresh water and food.

"Where is Memere?" he asked.

"She walk to the store at the river to buy some thing what we need."

"For what she don' go in his pirogue?"

"Everything is à sec and she can walk without wet his foot. The last time she go in his pirogue a big alligator swim alongside. She say it was more long than the pirogue



and have a body big like a horse. She have un grand peur it will knock her out with his tail."

"The pass is full of big caïmen what have been drive from their hole in the mash."

The sky had been overcast, but it had been that way every afternoon. A gust of rising wind rattled the palmettoes and a few big rain drops pattered in the doorway. Marie, busy with her pots in the chimney, turned to her husband.

"Pierre, more better you go to meet Memere. Some times he catch un oppression. The walk is long. Maybe his bundle is heavy."

Pierre started along the path from the camp. The air was gray and growing darker. At the first coulée he saw the old woman. She was sitting on the bank, her back turned to him, fanning herself with her sunbonnet. He also saw something moving in the depression that led to the pass, and instinctively he knew what it was. A great flat head upon a body held high on legs that seemed too small to bear it was bearing down upon her. He screamed a warning, but she did not seem to hear. Marie did, and rushed from the camp.

The alligator rushed upon its prey. A snap of the huge jaws and it seized the old woman. Turning in its length it thrashed its way to the pass and plunged in.

Experienced hunter and trapper Pierre knew that there was not the slightest chance to save Memere. He and Marie ran up and down the bank. The surface of the water rippled in the rising wind. Then the skies opened and a deluge fell.

In the camp Pierre comforted his wife as she wept unrestrainedly.

"My husband, I am afraid. Take me to the river. Take me tonight. The caïman has tasted human meat. He will return. He will take my baby out of my arms."

"No, chère, we will not see him again. The rain will fill the ponds and he will return to his hole in the mash. Soon will be the season for him to sleep. Stop to cry, chère. Tomorrow I will take you to the river."

But he knew that when the morrow came she would not leave him.

TIT FRANK

Tit Frank was not born on Emile's Bayou. His father brought him there when he was little more than a child. He had shadowy memories of a mother, of many houses, of following his father from place to place.

The voyage down the river was more distinct, a stop at a Slavonian oyster village vivid. He would never forget the huge, fierce-looking men there, nor the night of terror that he passed on a pile of sacks in a corner of a room where his father caroused with them.

His father went into Main Pass by accident, thinking that he was continuing down the river to the settlements at the mouth. Certainly he was not fitted to gain a living in the marsh. Neither hunter nor trapper, with the equipment of neither, he eked out a bare existence, and would have starved if food was not at his door for the taking.

Tit Frank was alone at the camp most of the time while he did odd jobs at the river at carpentering, or gathered moss in the woods on Bayou des Liards.

One morning he loaded his skiff with black moss and started for the river to bousiller a chimney for a new house. Bricks were not in use and all houses employed mud and moss instead. The boy begged to be allowed to go along.

"No. The pass is rough, and I got a big load."

"Mais, Pape, the weather is bad and I am afraid that a storm will take."

"The sky does look bad, but I will be back before it comes."

The chimney was a success. It drew beautifully. He got a big glass of vin d'orange besides his pay. He hurried to the store for another drink and some provisions. A game of euchre was in progress. He got into it and forgot about the boy.

At the camp Tit Frank whimpered as the sky grew darker, the wind blew a gale, and the bayou began to overflow its banks. As the water rose he pulled his father's pirogue closer to the camp until he was able to tie it to the door. He had decided what he must do. He could not trust himself in the raging waters of the bayou, nor to the marsh that had become a sea. When the pirogue floated freely he would head toward the river for the first refuge, a sheet of smooth water behind a rank growth of willows, a great tree. Maybe he would reach the settlement at the river.

As he stood in the door watching the rising water, refugees began to pass—small birds in jerky flight close to the ground, marsh hens racing as for a wager, coons racking along, rabbits, possums, muskrats. A great rattlesnake slithered aboard the pirogue. He looked for a club to drive it away, but the best that he could find was a short broomstick. When he turned again

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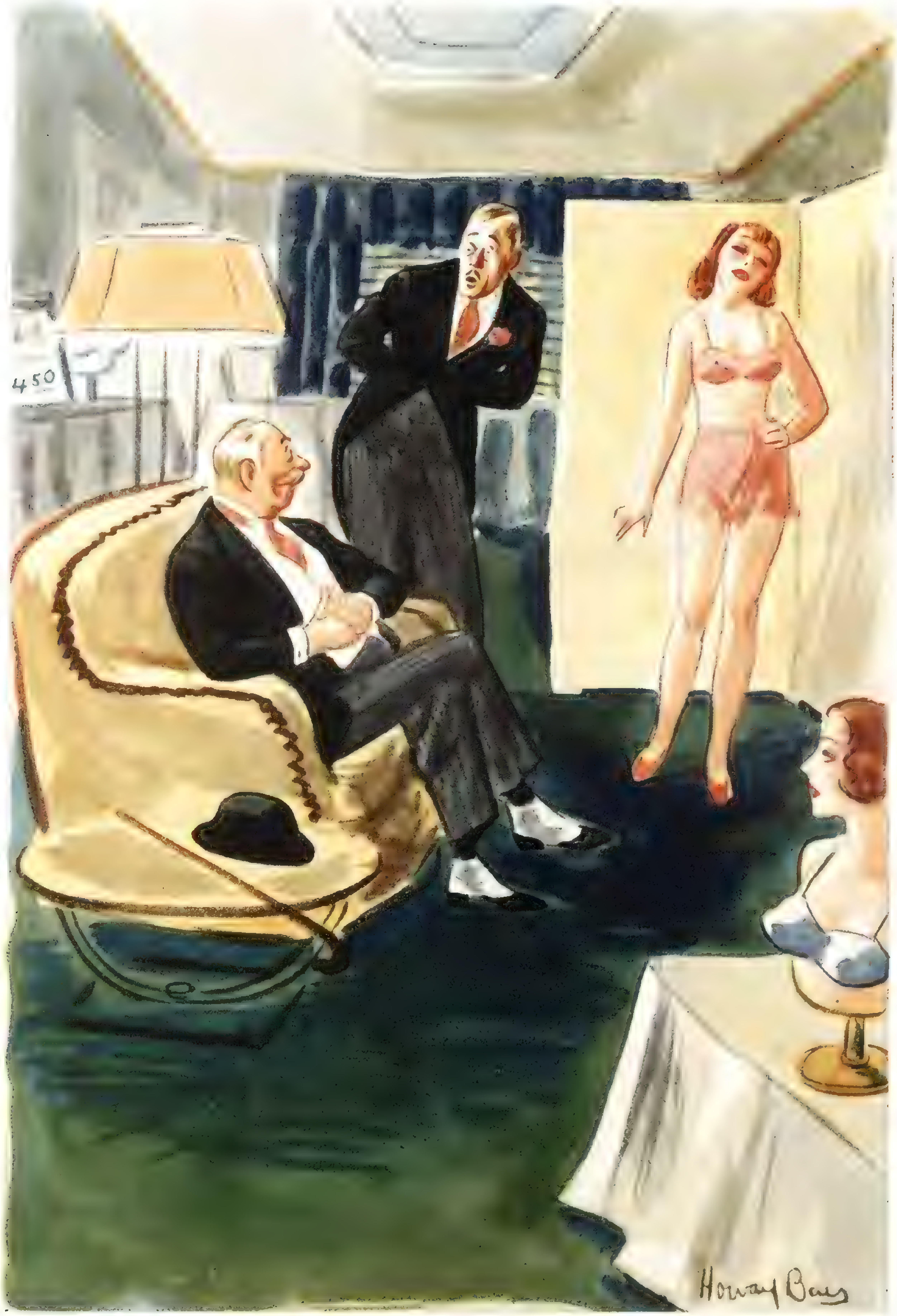

450
Howard Baer

"But, Monsieur, is it not that after seven hours one's mind should be decided?"

Jackknife Surgery

Tales of emergency shipboard operations calling for steel nerves and strong stomachs

ANONYMOUS

• ARTICLE •

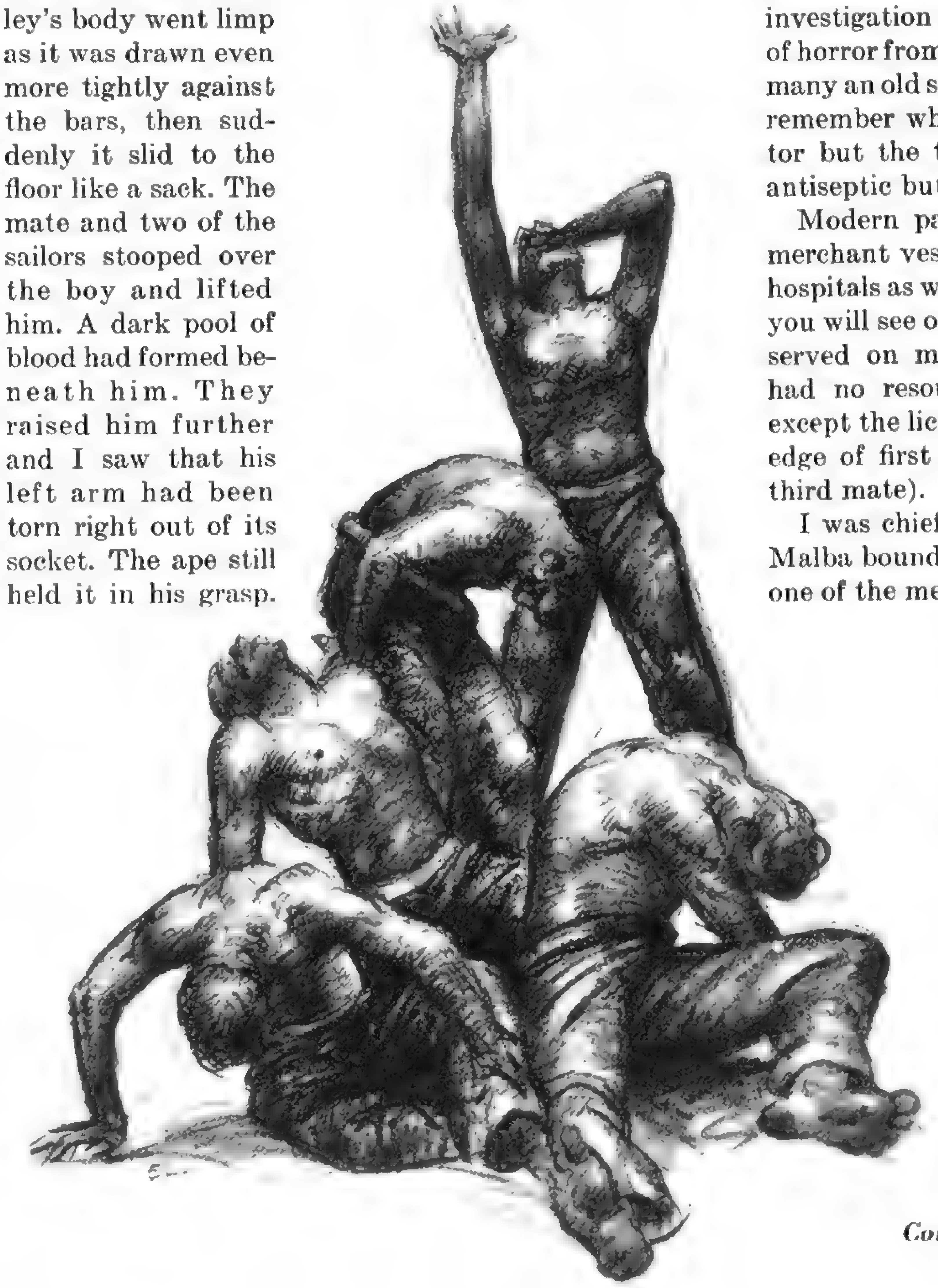
At the turn of the century, in Le Havre, I joined the brig Elysée as chief mate. We carried a cargo of general merchandise (junk to be traded to the natives) to Guiana to take on ivory and monkeys. We made our way up a muddy river that was full of crocodiles, waiting for the tide to lift us over the mudbank and drifting up the river for want of wind. Every time the water ebbed, we had to drop anchor and wait for a new tide, so it took us several days to reach the factory. Finally we moored the ship alongside the little jetty, making fast to the great elbowing roots of the mangotrees and casting anchor practically in the bushes.

We discharged our cargo in less than a week. Our crew were the checkers and hatch bosses, since you cannot get much work out of a white man in the tropics. One day we spent in cleaning the holds, dunnaging them for ivory, and making ready for the monkey cages. Then a caravan from far inland brought the unhandy ivory and two sad-faced gorillas, among numerous miscellaneous monkeys. The gorillas were in cages made of some tough wood that grows in those parts. Even the bars on the open side were of that wood. Big husky negroes and silent, sly Haussa traders made up the party.

After the ivory had been stowed in number three, we made ready to stow the gorillas in number one. Heavy boards had to be laid from the bulwark to the wooden rickety pier. Rollers were placed under the cages and the blacks dragged them along, shifting the rollers whenever necessary. Atop the bulwark we had a little platform where the cages, as they arrived, were hooked by straps passed underneath to the whip, then lowered into the hold to be stowed in place by the gang below.

The man I had put down there was Charley Vincent, just a kid, who had never seen apes this size in all his life. I warned him that they were dangerous; but it made no impression on him. He examined the first big fellow in delight, peering in at him and trying to stir him into life. I shouted down to him to stay clear; but he laughed and continued to tease the beast. I busied myself with the transferring of the second cage. It was a slow, hot job and a noisy one, for the blacks sang and shouted as they worked. Then a Haussa chief who had come with the caravan slid up to my side and, speaking in a low voice, as if nothing had happened, said: "Effendi. Rais Effendi. One of your men is having a fight with Abd El Sheitan (servant of the devil)."

He stood there squint-eyed, half-smiling, and I did not know what he meant. Then the wild shriek of a man in the hold drew my attention and I looked down. It took me a minute to appreciate what I saw. Charley was pressed tight against the bars of the ape's cage, his face turned upward, white as chalk. His mouth opened but there was no sound. Then I saw that his left arm was tight in the grip of the great ape. I yanked my pistol out of its holster. But the second mate was there before me. With his pistol in his hand he coolly walked up to the cage. The great hairy beast sat there on his haunches, sliding back and forth a little, grunting and showing his yellow fangs. The mate came close, lifted the pistol and shot the ape between the eyes—once, twice, three times. The ape did not crumple or droop. He just drew back, slowly, slowly, his long, steel fingers still tightly clasping Charley's arm. Charley's body went limp as it was drawn even more tightly against the bars, then suddenly it slid to the floor like a sack. The mate and two of the sailors stooped over the boy and lifted him. A dark pool of blood had formed beneath him. They raised him further and I saw that his left arm had been torn right out of its socket. The ape still held it in his grasp.



As they raised poor Charley to the deck, I sent a man for the medicine kit. And as we were bedding Charley, the man came back with—a few strips of lint! And a man bleeding to death at my feet! A tourniquet was impossible. It was no time to curse anybody's carelessness. I turned quickly to my Haussa chief and asked him to have one of his braves heat his broad-bladed yatagan in the campfire. Charley was partially conscious, groaning, but there was no morphine. The chief brought the blade back and I pressed it instantly against the socket. It sizzled and smoked, but the clot formed. The man's heartbeat was almost imperceptible, but he was still alive. The arm was bandaged and the patient moved on shore. Charley made a good recovery, the wound healing cleanly.

That was my first experience with what has, since a recent investigation in New York City, been called jackknife surgery. But it was not my last. In my years on the sea, in sail and steam, I have seen every form of impromptu surgery and medicine and tried my hand at it again and again. So the disclosures at that almshouse investigation brought no gasps of horror from me. And I imagine many an old sailing-ship man can remember when he had no doctor but the third mate and no antiseptic but the galley fire.

Modern passenger liners and merchant vessels of course have hospitals as well-equipped as any you will see on land. But I have served on many a tramp that had no resources of this kind except the licensed men's knowledge of first aid (required of a third mate).

I was chief mate on the S. S. Malba bound for Trinidad when one of the men developed blood-poisoning in his right hand. We had soogeed the white paint work about the house and his hand had become soft with the soap water. The next day he had had to throw a splice into the rusty wire pendant of the fish-tackle by means of which the anchors were brought home. His hand became infected and, before he paid

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And They Came to Moscow

Pass up the scenic postcards for a perfectly killing set of snapshots of fellow passengers

by LEO ROSTEN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

I

The Man Who Worried About Their Souls

HE WAS the only person on the *S. S. Rykov* (London to Leningrad) who didn't have a book on the Soviet Union—not even Maurice Hindus. He didn't sit around in the groups that argued endlessly about "collectivization," "individuality" or the Second Five Year Plan. He hardly seemed to be in evidence; indeed were it not for the fact that I found myself in the same cabin with him I should probably never have known he existed.

He was slender, shy and young. He ate very slowly, like a man with an "inner burden." I noticed him the first night: coming into the cabin with a friend at about nine we almost tripped over him. He was on the floor in his pajamas; his hands were in a Carlo Dolci pose; his eyes were closed. He was praying. . . . "Jesus!" said my friend who was not, as might be inferred, a profoundly religious soul. We closed the door with a kind of reverent care.

The second day he sat on deck alone, reading a book the title of which has haunted me ever since: *My Utmost For His Highest.* The fourth day he started a new one: *Little Stories for the Unbelieving.*

In Leningrad he dutifully joined us in daily excursions: to old prisons and new factories, to hospitals, schools and magnificent buildings. He said little, asked no questions and did not seem to share in the general astonishment at what the Soviets are doing.

One day he took the guide aside and with an air of overwhelming apology asked: "Comrade Zenia, is it possible I'd like to go to a church . . . I mean one that's open. You know, where people worship."

Zenia nodded solemnly. "But of course. There is church on the Nevski, a block from hotel."

He lit up. "Really? How wonderful. I'll go this afternoon. Thank you, Miss Comrade, thank you."

He did go to the church, and the next day he seemed a happier man. There *are* churches open in red Russia—and people go to them; older people, of course, but they go. It was *so* reassuring. . . . When we passed a church which had been converted into a combination cinema, library and music salon a pained look crossed his face, as if he had suffered a personal hurt; then he smiled bravely and said: "But there *are* churches open, you know. . . . And many people worship in them."

He never entered the educational exhibits of Evolution and Darwinism which are called, perhaps too sensationally, "Anti-Religious Museums."

I saw him last in the indescribable jam of a street car, caught between a Red Army man and a peasant woman with a kerchief on her head. *My Utmost For His Highest* stuck out of one coat pocket. The other pocket was gone: a street-car "expert" had cut it out with a razor.

II

The Girl From The West Coast (L. A.)

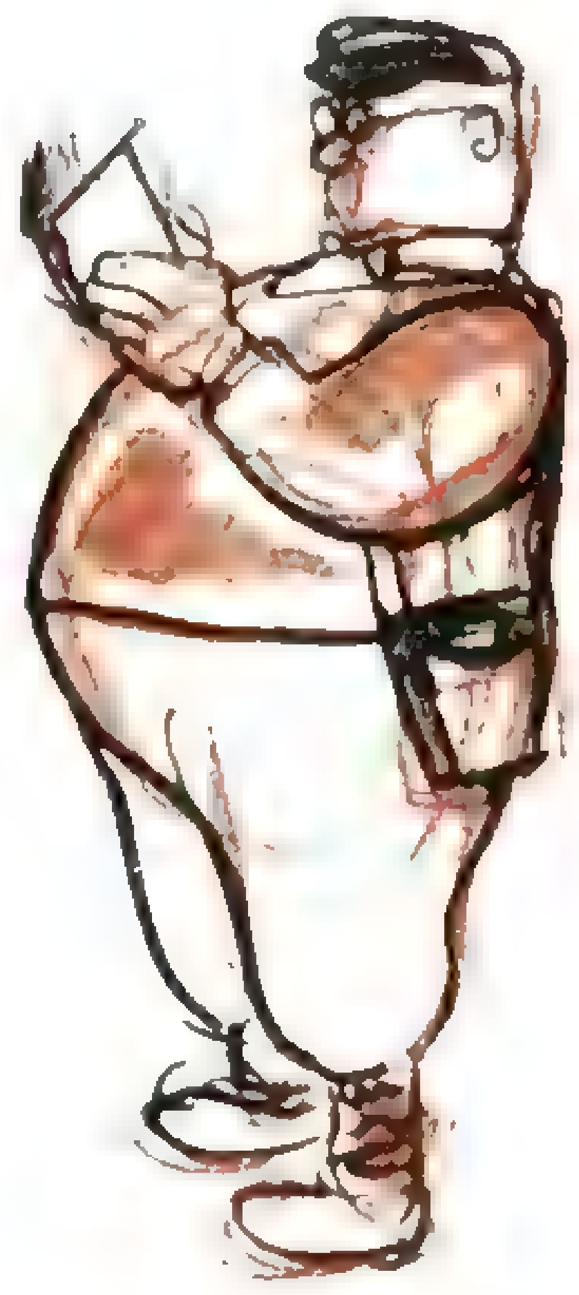
We never knew why and how she happened to be along. She had at least fifteen complete dress ensembles, ranging from canary yellow to Hollywood Red (which she wore on Soviet holidays). She always asked people "where they were from." "I'm from the West Coast—L. A.—Los Angeles. God's country's not the name for it. Talk about *sun!* . . . You ought to see my back." She told me that at Peterhof, some Russian asked the guide whether the *American* lady in the party was an actress who had come over for the Theater Festival. "I was wearing my rose chiffon," she added parenthetically. "You know—with the big sleeves?"

She had the daring of the dumb and the blithe confidence of the unconscious. In going through a huge new apartment house the guide told us that shock workers have first choice of locations.

"Did you say *shock* workers?" asked a junior from Dartmouth.

"Of course!" said the Girl from the West Coast. (She was wearing the Chinese gold outfit.) "You've heard about shock-workers. You know, they're the workers who were shell-shocked in the war."

When we visited the Kremlin she asked the guide where this Karl Marx had lived. When the site for the new Palace of the Soviets was pointed out she asked: "Is that where the Five Year Plan will be?" In general, she said, she thought that Russia was over-rated. "Why you can even get better Russian *food* in L. A."



In the gloomy Peter and Paul Fortress, where the political prisoners of Czarist days had been left to rot, she oozed with superlatives of retrospective sympathy. (She was wearing the pigeon blue with the white-beaded collar.) In passing one cell, where wax figures had been set to pictorialize the miserable life of the prisoners, she whispered to a friend: "My God, kid! They have prisoners in there even now!"

The guide turned back in surprise. "But those are only dummies, comrade."

The Girl from the West Coast (L. A.) blinked blankly, "Oh!" Then with indignant generosity: "Why in America we keep *our* dummies in special hospitals!"

Once we got into the open air we felt better. . . .

III

The Lady Who Suspected Propaganda

She was determined to be honest and see the truth. "I've got an open mind," she said. "But I've always felt that there will always be good people and bad people, smart ones and dumb ones. You can't make all people alike. It's—why it's just against human nature!"

She didn't believe the horror tales and nonsense about cannibalism, terror and rape running riot. She was *determined* to be honest. But she feared propaganda. And to her alert and suspicious eyes propaganda was everywhere. She warned us about it constantly.

When the guide told us that venereal diseases had dropped from 3% to 6 cases in 10,000 people she raised her eyebrows significantly and looked around with a Be-on-your-guard look. When one of the doctors at the Abortion Clinic, after a concise summary of their work, asked for questions she said:

"Doctor, may *I* ask a question?" She cleared her throat. "What is the *mortality rate* in abortions?" She looked around with a sententious look.

The doctor answered in an English that was a cross between guttural Dutch and Greek Restaurantese. "Mortality? Very small. Operation for abortion is very simple. Mortality is one in 20,000."

The voice of the Lady Who Kept Her Eyes Open cut in acidly through the mur-

murs of surprise. "One in 20,000? Isn't that rather hard to believe? You know, doctor, it sounds like—" (she gave a little laugh) "—propa*ganda*."

He nodded seriously. "Yes, comrade. Because by you abortion is against law so only bad doctors perform it. We have best doctors. We have no surprise because mortality small. Statistics prove it."

"Ah, but they're *your* statistics!" she flashed back, the gleam of triumph in her eye.

The doctor scratched his ear. "Comrade, *other* statistics we have not." . . .

A week later we were driving through the series of broad streets that form the Outer Circle of Moscow. We expressed surprise at the number of new buildings, at the buildings under construction and at the number being repaired.

We had not seen so much scaffolding in years. But the Lady Who Guarded the Chalice of Truth disillusioned me as she whispered moistly into my ear:

"Its only propaganda. You don't *believe* that all this scaffolding is really for building, do you? Doesn't it occur to you that *all* the streets we've been on are full of buildings? Humph!

"They are just trying to impress the tourists with the fact that they haven't any depression. Besides," she added with a ring of triumph, "you don't see them driving us down those side and back streets! I'll bet there's no building going on *there!*"

I closed my eyes and, as the bus clattered over the cobblestones, tried to think how I could convince people I wasn't "creating" if I repeated that incomparable analysis.

IV

The Girl Whose Mother Worried

She was only nineteen, she was pretty and it was her first trip abroad. She went second class on the *Rykov* and got a radiogram every day. They were touching things, those radiograms. The first one read:

"WIRE PROMPTLY HOW TRIP IS STOP DONT EAT BLACK BREAD STOP ARE SEASICK PILLS HELPING STOP LOVE STOP MOTHER"

While we were coasting through the Kiel Canal, on water as smooth as oil in a teacup, the steward brought her another:

"READ OF STORM IN NORTH SEA AND BALTIC STOP ADVISE YOU GET OFF KIEL AND GO BY RAIL TO MOSCOW STOP AM WORRIED DARLING STOP WIRE PROMPTLY STOP ALL LOVE STOP MUMMY"

There was a cable of welcome for her when the boat docked and another at the Intourist office in Leningrad. A cable was waiting at the hotel in Moscow; and on the second day there, the ominous blue sheet read:

"UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES RETURN VIA CONTINENT STOP FEAR WAR STOP DADDY SAYS PROFESSOR ARNOLD PREDICTS REVOLUTION IN GERMANY ANY DAY STOP WE ARE WORRIED STOP TAKE BOAT LONDON TO LENINGRAD STOP CONFIRM AT ONCE BY CABLE STOP BE SENSIBLE DEAREST STOP LOVE STOP MUMMY"

An hour later another came, from a sister in New York:

"MOTHER GOING CRAZY WORRYING ABOUT YOUR RETURN ACROSS CONTINENT STOP FOR LUVVA GOD REASSURE HER STOP LOVE STOP JOAN"

The bombardment did not stop there. Cables went flying across six thousand miles in both directions. "Mummy is a dear," she said when someone snorted scorn. "But she's very nervous—and she insisted that I cable every day. She gave me $300 especially. But I don't. I only cable when she seems frantic. God, it's a mess."

All the Intourist men got to know her by sight. The hotel men waxed fat on her tips. The cable office recommended she get a special cable address. She chose "Pet."

A week after she arrived in Moscow "Mummy" cabled:

"HAVE PAID AND BOOKED PASSAGE FOR YOU ON SHIP RYKOV SAILING LENINGRAD AUGUST TWENTY FOUR STOP YOU MUST NOT CROSS EUROPE STOP DONT TAKE PLANE EITHER FOR MY SAKE STOP DONT KNOW BETTER WAY STOP WIRE YOUR PROMISE AT ONCE STOP PLEASE TAKE OUR ADVICE STOP DADDY AGREES STOP MUCH LOVE STOP MOTHER"

In Moscow the young men from the American Embassy took her to the Hotel Metropol every night. She danced until one. In the afternoon she played tennis. She preferred the Hermitage Park to the Moscow Park of Culture and Rest because "the better Russians seem to go there."

This sort of thing went on for three weeks, from Moscow to Kharkov and along the Crimean coast. The vast scheme of the Second Five Year Plan, of collectivized agriculture, of victories on the Intellectual Front—all passed her by. "Tractors bore me," she confessed. "I'd give anything for a copy of the *New Yorker*."

Flippant, bright, mischievous, she had breakfast in bed and read the cablegrams from frantic "Mummy" with a pleasure nothing short of sadism. In Yalta on the Black Sea she finally made up her mind. The last cable I ever saw read:

"CANCEL RYKOV RESERVATION STOP TOO BORING TO GO BACK ACROSS RUSSIA TO LENINGRAD STOP AGREE I WONT CROSS CONTINENT DARLING STOP REST EASY STOP BEST WAY HOME IS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE THROUGH SUEZ TO JAPAN STOP HAVE MADE ARRANGEMENTS STOP SEND MAIL HOTEL GRAND BOMBAY STOP LOVE AND KISSES STOP THEODORA"

V

The Man Who Wanted To See Everything

He was forty, fat and fatuous, the principal of a high school on vacation. He had read John Reed and *knew* something about this Great Experiment. "But one thing," he would say with emphasis. "They're not going to take me only to the places *they* want me to go to and see only the things *they* want me to see. They can make you believe Russia is a Utopia that way. You've got to see the other side, the things they try to hide from you . . . I want to see *everything!*"

So he asked the guide if we could get into a prison. We went—to Sokolniki Prison, the "worst prison in Moscow," for hardened criminals, repeaters, some murderers. We were taken around by the district prosecuting attorney, the whole afternoon. The prisoners talked freely and gaily. We asked many questions. Everyone was cordial and helpful. We marvelled at the lack of uniforms, the privileges, the educational activities for "re-socialization," at the fact that each prisoner gets a vacation so that he can see his wife and children or his sweetheart. We visited half a dozen cell-dormitories, the doors of which are not locked. The Man Who Wanted To See Everything was impressed. "But can we go into *any* cells we want to?" he asked suddenly.

The district attorney nodded pleasantly. The Man Who Wanted To See Everything walked to a cell we had not seen and opened the door without warning. Two men were asleep. Another was writing a letter: he had no trousers on. Our Man closed the door hastily.

We prepared to leave, thanking the attorney and the guide for their courtesy. As we reached the main entrance the Man Who Wanted To See Everything pointed to a cell at the far end of the corridor. "I'd like to see that one," he said firmly.

The guide looked strangely reluctant. "Why comrade—" He seemed hurt.

His eyes swept all of us with an "Aha! I-thought-so-just-as-I'd-warned-you" look. "You said we could see *any* cell!" he insisted.

"Of course, of course," said the district attorney. "But the men in there—"

"Ah! You mean the men in there aren't *favored* criminals?"

"But no, comrade," said the attorney. "You see—they're *painting* that cell. It's *very* untidy." . . .

Back at the hotel the Man Who Wanted To See Everything went to his room to think. At dinner he said: "*Painting* it! Humph! That's what *he* says!"

VI

The Lady Who Feared The G.P.U.

She was a very nice old lady. She was grey-haired, wore pince-nez glasses and a neat print. She taught the seventh grade in Oklahoma and was deeply impressed by the pedagogy in the kindergartens and elementary schools of the Soviet Union. She expressed much sympathy with the work of

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The Bomber

Was this the man who sank the German fleet, or only a madman in love with pure destruction?

by ROBERT BUCKNER

FICTION

THE middle of last September, happening to fall heir to a furlough, I decided to return to the States by way of Russia, since that country had always interested me greatly and I had hopes that some day I might be transferred there.

From Stockholm I flew directly to Leningrad, planning to spend a week there and another in Moscow; then to continue on through Warsaw and Berlin to Hamburg, where I could take a ship for home.

We circled low over Leningrad in the blue haze of an early northern twilight. The city and the wide bridges across the Neva were already lighted, and the air was as crisp and cool as a November morning in New York.

I was driven from the airdrome to the Europa Hotel in one of those luxurious Lincolns in which the clever Russians transport foreign visitors, and which give one a most uncomfortable conviction—undoubtedly their real purpose—of being the worst sort of bloated, privileged capitalist.

To my pleasant surprise, both my room and my dinner were excellent; and after studying a small map of the city I set out alone to find the Nevski Prospect, a street whose acquaintance I had made years ago in *Anna Karenina*, and which had forever since fascinated me quite unaccountably.

For an hour I walked slowly along the crowded sidewalks, absorbed and excited. The weird, undecipherable signs in the windows, the quiet shuffling movement of the traffic, the sea of flat and expressionless faces—all gave me the uneasy feeling a man might experience who suddenly found himself shot in a rocket to some Martian city and there turned loose in the streets.

In the Decabrists' Square where I paused for a moment to watch the dark flowing river and the distant spires of St. Isaac's silhouetted against an ironically red sky, I discovered that I was very tired; perhaps not really physically tired so much as emotionally exhausted by the day's bombardment of impressions, and my concentrated efforts to retain them. I began looking about for a bench when my eye was caught by the lettering on the front of a nearby café, in which *German Cooking* professed itself in its own language. I went in and sat down.

The café was considerably smaller than it had appeared from the street, but it was clean and well-lighted and the waiter placed a very generous pot of coffee before me.

There was only one other customer in the place, a man seated facing me at the next table whose face was hidden by a copy of the *Staatz-Zeitung*. As one almost invariably does in such cases, I began scanning the headlines, one of which proved so interesting that my attention was drawn automatically into the smaller type, and I hitched my chair forward.

The newspaper suddenly collapsed at the sound, and revealed—not four feet from my own—the belligerent face of Adolph Ecklemann, the one man in the entire length and breadth of Russia who could even conceivably have known me.

As an honest law-abiding citizen you would never have made the acquaintance of Comrade Ecklemann, or "The Bomber," as he was better known to the police of Havana and New York. He was a communist agitator whose soapbox speeches in Union Square concealed a much more effective destruction of private property. In short, though it was never definitely proven, Comrade Ecklemann was a *sabotageur*, a fire-bug for The Cause, an expert at arson, and a damnably clever one too.

I was on the City Hall beat when Ecklemann's star of notoriety was at its height, and before it sank with him somewhere east of Ellis Island; when he would appear in the square every morning beneath what he thought was Jimmie Walker's window, leading a band of miserable, hot-eyed followers, all carrying placards demanding one thing or another and marching slowly in a circle so monotonously reminiscent of Van Gogh's prisoners.

Afterwards, when the parades had petered into straggling futility and the last of his company had dissolved, Ecklemann would always sit upon one of the benches and rest his feet. With time and the aid of a few cigarettes we became moderately friendly. There was no doubt in my mind but that he was as cracked as Job's pitcher; it showed in his eyes, which were large, reflective and luminous, and of a really disturbing intensity. I had seen too many nuts not to know the signs. But because I had heard that the police suspected him of setting off the Standard Oil fires in Jersey, among other such jobs, I deliberately cultivated Ecklemann's good will in hope that someday when they caught him I would have an inside track on the story.

Well, they never actually caught him, and with his eventual deportation as "an undesirable alien" after that business of the *Vestris*, I promptly forgot the scanty file of information which "The Bomber" had furnished me—*item:* that he was a German by birth, an ironworker by trade, and an ex-gunner who had served on the *Von der Tann* at Jutland and Scapa Flow. Why had he taken up communism? Simply because, "*Godverdomme!* it was an art when it was handled right." His eyes would shine like a cat's when he said this, and he never gave any other reason. I didn't know exactly what he meant then by "handled right," but I do now.

In four years a man seldom changes a great deal, and Ecklemann and I recognized each other instantly. He was rather short and square with a square head, like Mussolini's, only his eyes were closer together. He was better dressed than I had ever seen him in New York but he still had his hat on sidewise, and it was still the only comic relief in an otherwise humorless and over-intense figure. He seemed as delighted to see me as if we had been intimate friends, which surprised me at first, until he scrambled around the table and sat down beside me, and I discovered upon closer inspection that Comrade Ecklemann was slightly drunk.

Of course right away he wanted to know what I was doing in Leningrad, only he called it "this dump." I told him.

"And what about you?" I asked. "You left City Hall Square sort of suddenly. The boys were asking me about you. What happened? Did John D. and the cops finally

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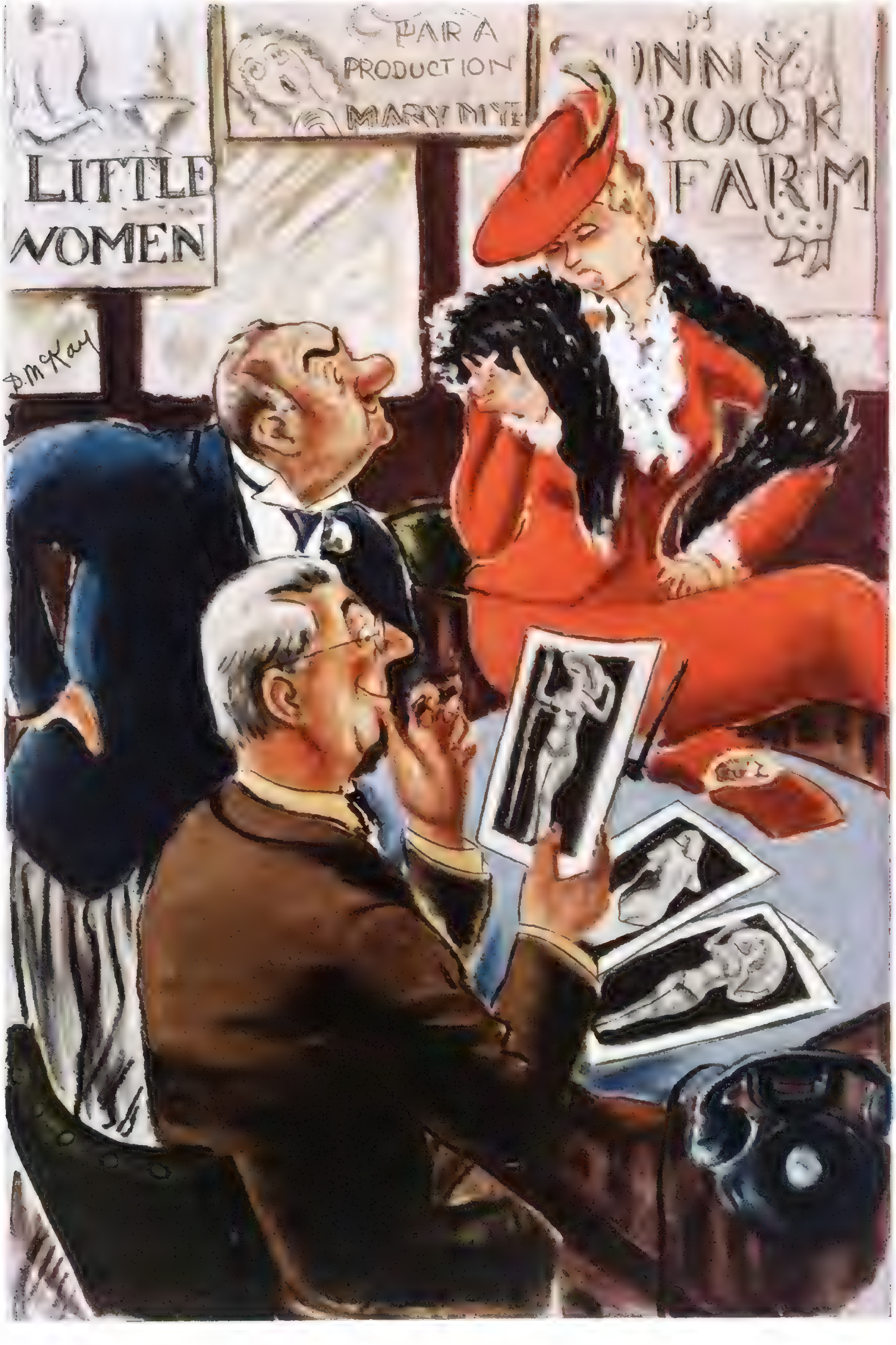
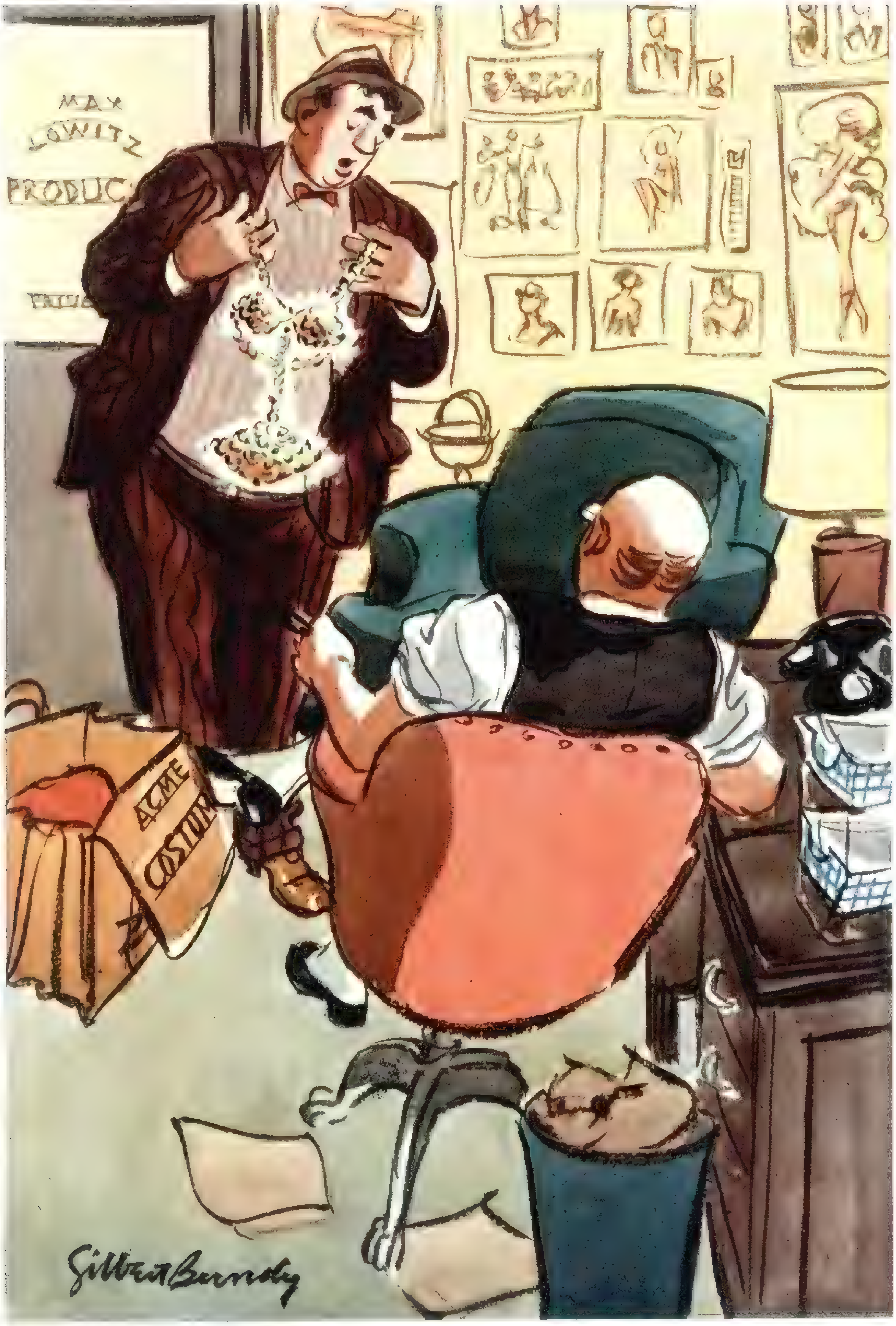

LITTLE WOMEN
PARA PRODUCTION
NNY ROOK FARM
D. McKay

"Oh, there's still plenty men left that admire my type"


MAX
LOWITZ
PRODUC
ACME
COSTUM
Gilbert Bundy

"Use your imagination!"

The Grand National

A year pulling a bus, or a swim from a shipwreck, proves swell training for the steeplechase

by LEWIS Y. HAGY

• SPORTS •

Millions of American office workers will rush from thousands of office buildings at lunch time on March 29th, seize a noon edition from a newsstand, and devour the brief cabled accounts of the running of the Grand National Steeplechase at Liverpool, most hazardous, most picturesque, most historic of all the world's horse races. Millions of American housewives will forget their daily chores as they crowd close to their radio loud-speakers, and drink in eagerly the rapid-fire account of a staccato British announcer as he follows the running of the event from start to bitter end. Each will thrill to the thought that a relative, a friend, a fellow-worker might, in the brief few minutes of the race, become suddenly possessed of undreamed wealth. For more than five millions of Irish Hospital Sweepstakes lottery tickets, based on the outcome of the Grand National, have been sold in the United States.

On that same day, all England will knock off work. Rain or shine, offices will close. Looms will cease their chatter. Banks will lock their doors. Factories will lie idle. Traffic on all the roads in the British Isles will crawl in a converging mass toward Liverpool, for more than two hundred and fifty thousand persons, from every corner of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales will mill about the course at Aintree to see the race run. Sweepstakes ticket or no sweepstakes ticket, they want to see the race. They know that there at Aintree is a great spectacle, a spectacle more fraught with drama, perhaps, than any other in all the world of sports. That has been true for ninety-six years, ever since the first Grand National was run, when Captain Becher, riding Conrad in the lead, tumbled, saw a half hundred thundering horses pounding toward him, and dived into a brook to save himself from their iron hooves, giving a name to Becher's Brook, one of the course's most dangerous water jumps. That was in 1839. That same Becher's Brook, nearly a century later in 1928, was to provide one of the strangest and most thrilling sights ever seen on a race course, and one of tremendous interest to the thousand or more Americans who gathered that March day in the hope of an American victory in the great classic.

That year, a Maryland sportsman, Howard Bruce, sent his Billy Barton, winner of the American Grand National, the Maryland Hunt Cup, the Meadowbrook Cup, and generally considered the greatest steeplechaser ever bred in this country, after the Grand National. Billy Barton started at 33 to 1, although bookmakers on this side of the Atlantic reported more than a million dollars wagered on his chances by the American public at the prevailing odds of 6 to 1 here.

Forty-two horses started, and as usual, the race was a gruelling one. When the field had gone about three and a half miles of the four miles and 856 yards of the course, a horse named Easter Hero was leading, Tipperary Tim was second, and running comfortably in third place, apparently able to take the lead at the asking, came Billy Barton. They came to Becher's Brook.

Easter Hero soared at the huge barrier of hedge, a hedge so solid, grown so closely that a man can walk across it without sinking in. As the horse took off, his foot slipped, and he came down sickeningly, his feet straddling the high jump. There he stuck, as his rider tumbled on over into the water on the other side, that same brook into which Captain Becher had leaped to safety years before.

Tipperary Tim and Billy Barton, just behind the fallen Easter Hero, swerved, and negotiated the jump successfully, racing on together. Behind them came a half dozen others, and they, too, got safely over. Still further back pounded the remaining twenty-two horses, closely bunched. Meanwhile, the ill-fated Easter Hero had struggled to free himself, vainly, and had floundered about until he was sprawled in such a manner atop the jump as to virtually block all progress. Then came one of the oddest sights ever seen on a race course!

One by one, as they neared the jump, each of the oncoming twenty-two horses stopped abruptly. Finally, there they all stood, every one refusing to budge an inch. Their riders cajoled, lashed them with whips, but only one was able to force his mount to take the jump. The others finally gave up, and rode, a dejected cavalcade, back to the stables. But the thrill of the race was yet to come.

On raced Tipperary Tim in the lead, and foot by foot Billy Barton cut down his lead. Came the last jump, with the great American horse but a length behind. Over soared Tipperary Tim, a tired horse. Up went Billy Barton. There was a bang as one of his front feet hit the barrier, a bobble, and off tumbled Cullinan, his Irish rider. Gamely, the little fellow clung to the reins, gritted his teeth, and remounted. Once more he started the heartbreaking stern chase, but in vain. He gained, for Tipperary Tim was literally staggering, but the distance that remained was too short, and the great hearted American thoroughbred finished second in one of the most dramatic of Grand National finishes.

The young American millionaire sportsman, John Hay (Jock) Whitney watched that race. A short time later, he purchased Easter Hero from his English owner, and announced his intention of seeking the Grand National prize the following year, 1929, with his new acquisition.

Sixty horses, the largest field ever seen in the race, faced the starter the next year. Billy Barton was there again, to battle once more for the top honor of steeplechasing. Billy, however, met with ill luck early in the running when he jumped on a horse which fell just in front of him, and was eliminated. Easter Hero, however, ran in a manner to

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John Barleycorn, Esq.

An expert taster sings a song of bourbon which rings crisp and clear like sleigh bells

by LAWTON MACKALL

• ARTICLE •

During the fourteen years of Mr. Volstead's social error, persons who did their drinking behind drawn blinds, as was the quaint custom of the time, got used to being asked, "Scotch or Rye?"

(If you could breathe the air, you could choke down the liquor.)

The Scotch was cut—brutally: lacerated like Fanny in the briar patch. The rye, except for liberally sliced Canadian goods and stray pints on prescription, just wasn't rye at all, never mind what the label said. Actually, in most cases, it was bourbon, to the extent of having been distilled (in some bootlegger's basement) from corn. Calling such stuff rye was a lousy compliment to rye, but at least it kept bourbon's reputation pure.

Strange, though, that people could seem to forget (while swigging bastard versions of it) a whiskey which up to Prohibition had been the favorite of by far the major part of the United States. For bourbon's undisputed quenching ground comprised, with the exception of self-parched deserts such as Kansas, everything west of New York and Pennsylvania and everything south of the Mason & Dixon Line. Plus Boston. Plus Washington. Plus senators, plus congressmen—who somehow couldn't legislate without the inspiration of the Kentucky touch. As for a state like Virginia, the inhabitants of that commonwealth seemed to think Daniel Boone had blazed the way over the Wilderness Trail to the Blue Grass country of Kentucky solely in order to provide deserving Virginians with the makings of their Virginia mint juleps.

But when all distilleries had ceased, with the exception of a few specially licensed for medical needs, there was slim chance for sentiment. People drank what they could get, wherever they could get it from. And the one place where American-type whiskey was still being produced openly, unrestrictedly, and famously was the Dominion of Canadian Rye. True, none could be brought in. But apparently there was filtration, or osmotic pressure, or something; because presently, as an alternative to Scotch "just off a boat," we were offered "real rye, from Canada, just out of a Pullman porter's hip-pocket"—at which rate trains on the Canadian run would have had to be Harlems on wheels.

In reality, of course, the stuff came by truck, with something happening to it in Farmer Brown's cow-shed en route. Just a bit of doctoring and multiplication. That, however, was a mere detail to customers with thirsts and faith. They bought, they downed the stuff, and were rewarded with quite a sensation as it depth-bombed in their entrails. Indeed, this "porter's hip" and similiar red likker offerings were so popular that the gentry supplying them decided to go the whole hog and manufacture from the "mash" up—and in many cases dispensed with mash entirely, contenting themselves with re-distilling denatured alcohol and calling it whiskey.

The secret of its success was that people were too busy goaling their gullets to taste it; just threw it in on the fly. Perhaps, in such an era it was the only way; since, as a friend of mine expressed the situation, drinking for pleasure just couldn't be done any more. For his part he confessed he was indulging purely as a matter of diligence and defiance. And so, presumably, was everybody.

But now, more than a year after Repeal, the non-tasting habit still prevails. And, thanks to it, bootleg still flows. Fake is being substituted for the genuine article every day, and charged for at the full price.

For example, a couple of Saturdays ago I stopped off at a certain roadside refection institution which for politeness we'll call Grabbem Inn. Asking for one of the standard brands of bourbon, I was startled at its unwonted taste, which riled the back of my throat as though I got hold of some ammonia. The aroma too seemed strange; it was like sewer gas.

"Do you call this genuine Such-and-Such I demanded?"

The barkeep showed me the bottle and I had no redress. But presently as I was sitting gnawing at a leathery sandwich over in the corner of the room, an inner door swung open and there appeared a dumbscullion carrying a big jug such as the law does not allow.

"Whaddaya need filled up?" he asked in a bum's whisper. I pretended my ears and thoughts were far, far away.

"These five," said the bar-polisher, indicating bottles he had grouped together. They were variously labeled.

"Okay," wheezed the man with the jug, and replenished all five impartially.

That seemed *my* cue to say something. And I did.

Unfortunately, slick workers of this sort seldom give themselves away so obligingly. You get stung, and that's all there is to it; and your victimization is due, not to the fact that *you* don't care what kind of stuff is poured into your glass, but because the general clientele doesn't. It is as though you ordered an English mutton chop and were served horse meat, with assurances that it was genuine sheep. Or asked for hasenpfeffer and drew the stewed carcass of a quadruped whose dying utterance had been "meow!" In these gastronomic circumstances anybody would be considered justified in tearing up the tablecloth, throwing the offending dish at its bringer, and bending a couple of chairs around the head waiter's neck. With beverages, however, one is supposed to be placid, no matter what the imposition.

But let's not be! Let's get together, elbow to elbow, and table to table, and stop this swindle. It can be done. All that is necessary is for drinkers to do the practically unprecedented thing of familiarizing themselves with the taste and character of good whiskey as obtainable in bottles at bottle stores and dependable hotels and restaurants. Even where ordinary preference is for highballs or other diluted or mixed drinks, it is desirable to meet the whiskey on neat terms—to study it in appraising sips, trying it out over and under the tongue, and from side to side among the gums; then let the subject of your experiment ride slowly back, while breathing through the nose, getting the full perfume of the liquor. A few identifying experiences of this kind will fix any whiskey beyond possible confusion with bootlegger's basement juice. Furthermore, a course of judicious sampling around among the well-known brands will result in hitting upon the particular straight or blend which exactly fills the bill of your individual preference.

Straight *or* blend, I'm saying. For blends, if *good* blends, are as amply justified in whiskies as they are in coffees, sherries, tobaccos, and loves. The fact is that to some tastes a "straight bonded," aged four years or more under present maturing methods, may seem a bit heavy. This is especially true of ryes, which, having a fullish, distinctive body to begin with, become increasingly rich with age, loss of volume by alcohol evaporation, and the addition of tannic acid from the oak. But bourbon, too, even though more delicately constituted, may be preferred rarefied by combination with something

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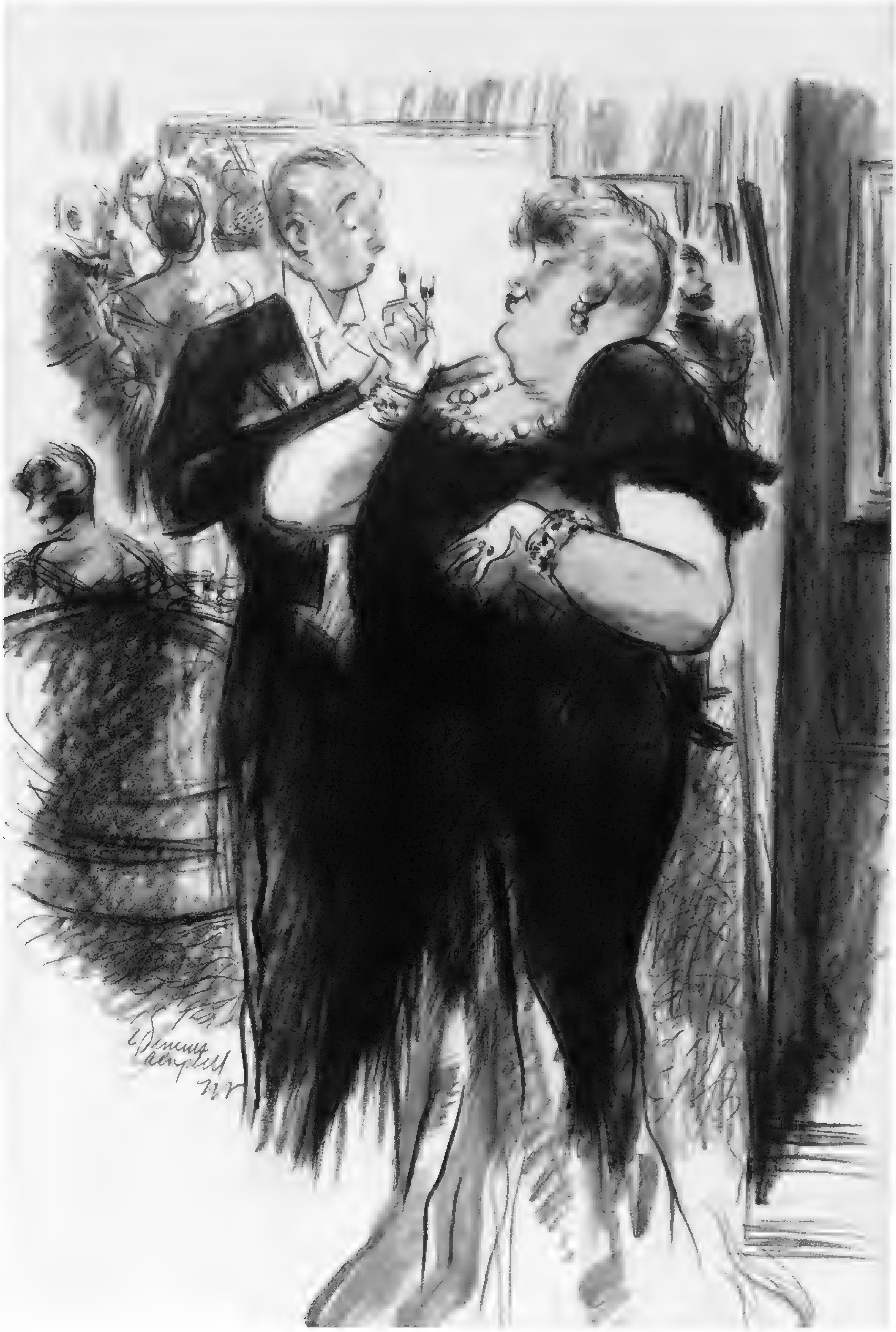

E. Simms Campbell NY

"My deah boy—these simply tear me to pieces!"

Kids Are Bad Luck

Searing tale of a surprise raid by the narcotic squad, caught in suspended motion

by RUSSELL WALLACE

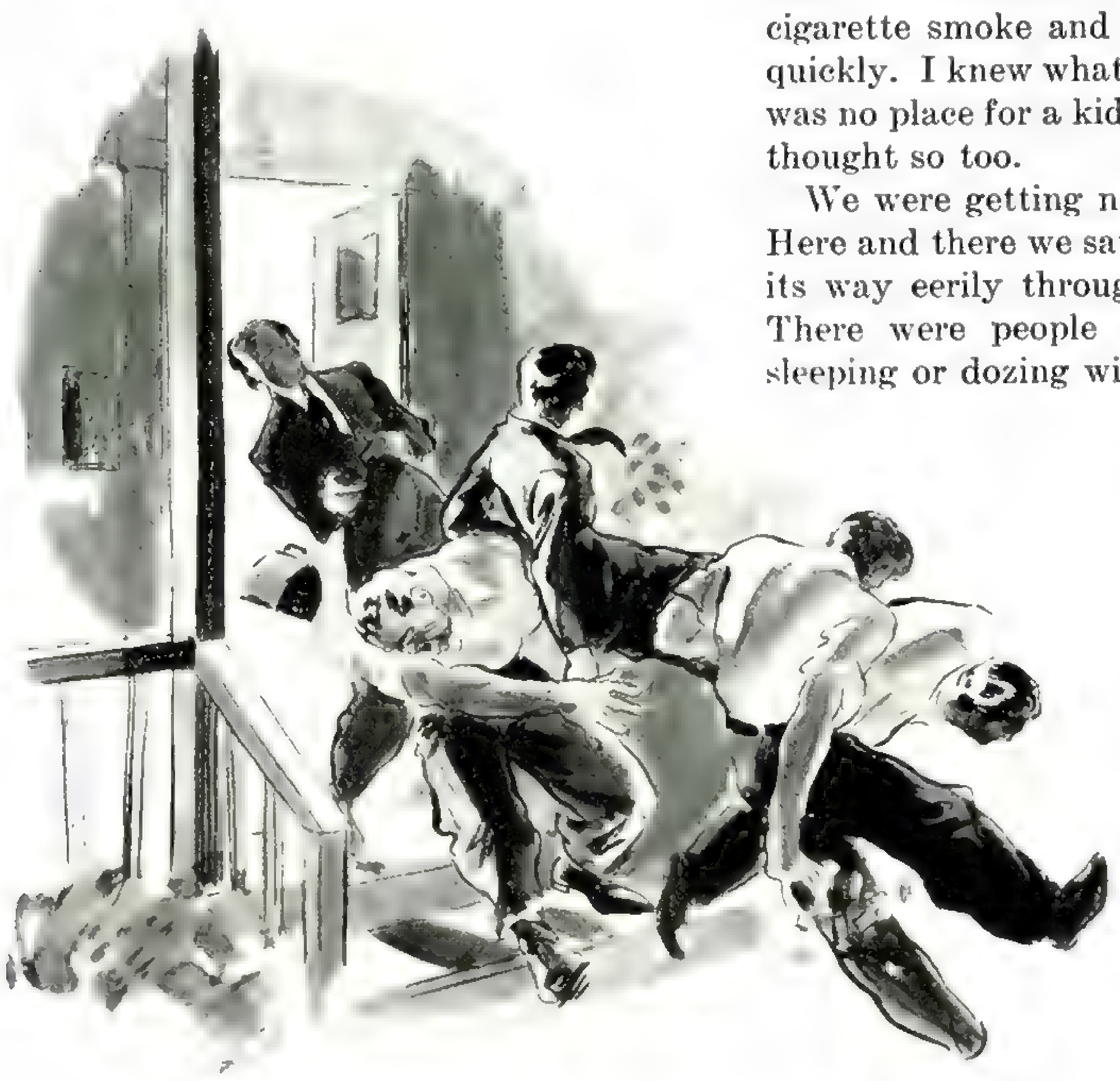
• FICTION •

The fog was rolling in around the pilings; the river swished damply. I pulled my hat and coat tighter and tied the black muffler closer around my neck. I looked into the foggy dimness again. Across the river was Canada. Now and then a ferry whistle blew and the echo was caught in the canyons of the waterfront buildings. There was no traffic at this hour of the morning.

I could feel the outline of my gun against my stomach. It felt cold, even through the chamois holster. There was a gone feeling in my chest and stomach—and deep breathing wouldn't make it go away. I wished I could tighten my belt but I didn't want to unbutton my coat. I shivered again so I walked up and down beside the car, hoping to feel a little less sick in the stomach.

The car was big and squatted low on the ground. It was painted black and the windows were bullet-proof. The engine was not the one that came in it because this car was built for a different use than pleasure. We had some Thompson guns inside on the floor where we could reach them in a hurry. There was a radio transmitter and receiver under the dash, but a casual glance would not see all these things about the car. We never took it out in the daylight.

George and the rest came out of the dirty-front apartment and walked toward me. No one said anything. We all got in the car and shut the doors. George looked at his wristwatch as he started the motor. That made me look at mine: the hands stood at 2:20. I shivered. The night fog seemed to crawl up my pant-legs and chill my knees so they shook.



The fellow called "X" lit another cigarette, and I could see his face for a moment. It was like a dead man's—only the eyes were alive: they were a washed-out blue; like ice or diamonds. They looked at you but didn't see. He seemed always remembering something—maybe he couldn't forget how his face had been frozen by plastic surgery after a crash in a burning plane in the War. He had been nailed together with silver, they said. We never knew him by any other name. He came to us as "X", and we let it go at that.... The only thing he did on these rides was smoke cigarettes—one after the other. He inhaled every puff deeply, as though he were going to throw away the butt. I guess he did not care for anything in life but cigarettes; and his gun. He was always cleaning it and polishing the cartridges. You could see how graceful his hands were then. They were graceful like a fine piece of machinery—automatic and as steady as steel. He must have been a musician or an artist once—he was still an artist—with an automatic or a sub-machine gun.

I wished someone would say something but they all looked straight ahead as we went softly through the City. Everyone seemed tight all over. I could feel myself trembling so I held my hand up in the smoky light and stretched my fingers out wide. They made little jerky movements toward one another—as though afraid to stand alone. "X" looked over at me through the cigarette smoke and I put my hand down quickly. I knew what he was thinking—this was no place for a kid like me. Sometimes I thought so too.

We were getting near the outskirts now. Here and there we saw a street-car clanging its way eerily through the now-dense fog. There were people on them, I thought, sleeping or dozing with no thought of fear, no gnawing in their stomachs. I wished that I could wake up and find this was all just a dream and all these rides had never happened.

Frankie, who was sitting next to me, stirred and changed his position, bumping my arm against my stomach-holster. For a moment I thought: my God, what a hole it would make if my gun went off—there's a bullet in the chamber.... Cold chills ran over my skin and I reached into my coat to move the holster a little. Frankie saw me and tried to smile encouragement. His lip lifted to show his white teeth, but there was no smile in his eyes.

Brown began to warm the radio and we all hunched forward to look. We had to do something. Pretty soon the hum died out and he handed the microphone to George. George took one hand off the wheel and grabbed it. He began calling: CK5 . . . CK5 . . . CK5 . . . We all felt better to hear a voice.

Pretty soon we could hear the operator on the other end coming in through the static. Brown tuned him in a little finer and when George told him to go ahead, he began to give us the latest weather reports and his guess as to which place we should go. He seemed to think that Stanton would be open and that the fog was all localized around the City. George thanked him and requested him to stand by—telling him we would listen every ten minutes for his signal. We signed off.

Brown changed to a commercial wave and tried to find some night-owl station. Soon we got one playing recordings—Stardust—Auf Weidersehn—Faded Summer Love—they were a little scratchy and so was the announcer's voice but any voice made us seem a little less lonely and tense.

We were picking up speed as we hit the trunk line road from the City: I could see the gearshift bobbing as we hit the tar strips faster and faster. The motor began to shake the car and the radio sputtered from ignition interference. George was looking from the gas gauge to the speedometer. The oil gauge was extended and fastened to the steering post at eye-level. The hooded light over it showed a pressure of sixty pounds on the dial. I couldn't see the speedometer but I knew that we must be rolling in the neighborhood of a hundred to raise the pressure so high.

I tried to make myself worry about the speed and the fog, but could only think of Stanton. It kept pounding through my head—Stanton—Stanton is only a little way at this speed—then you'll have to get out—and the fog will be blown away out there—it will be moonlight as hell, and are you sure your gun won't jam? O'Brien's did—remember the little hole in the front of his head, and the big one in the back—?

Then my mind got side-tracked onto that night that I thought I had forgotten. I didn't like to remember that five of us left the

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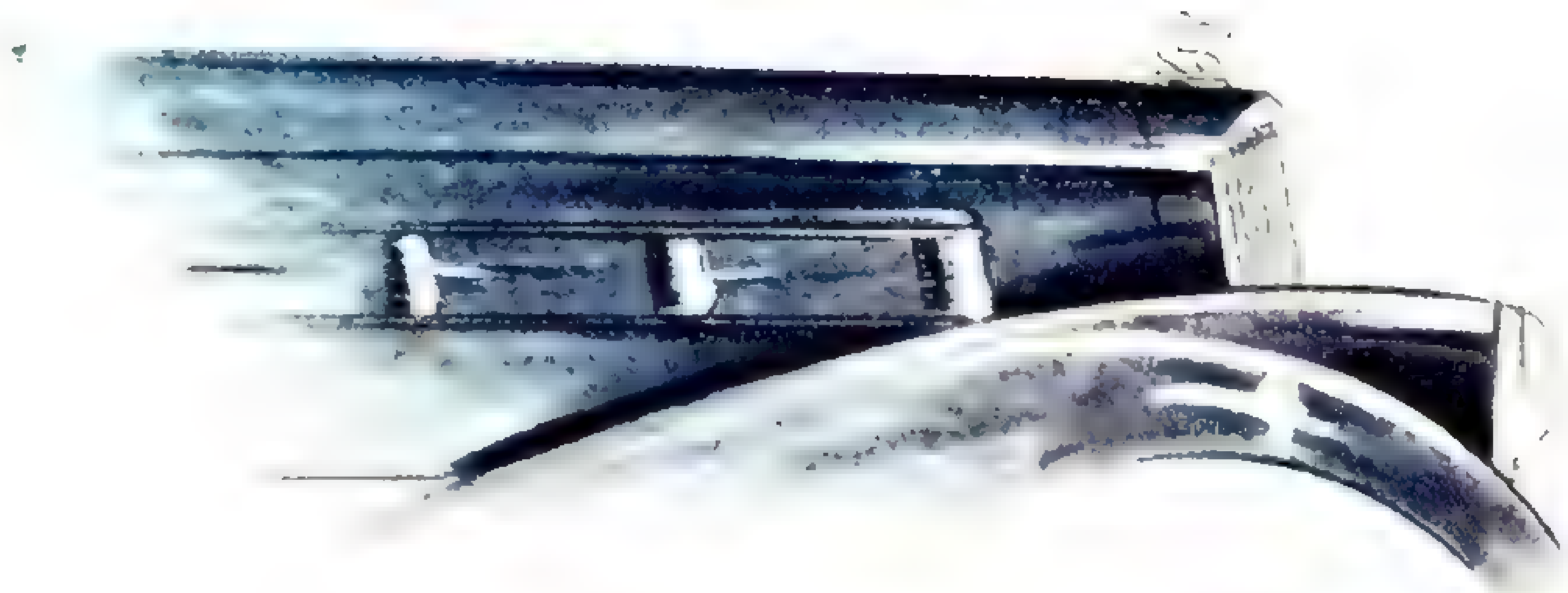
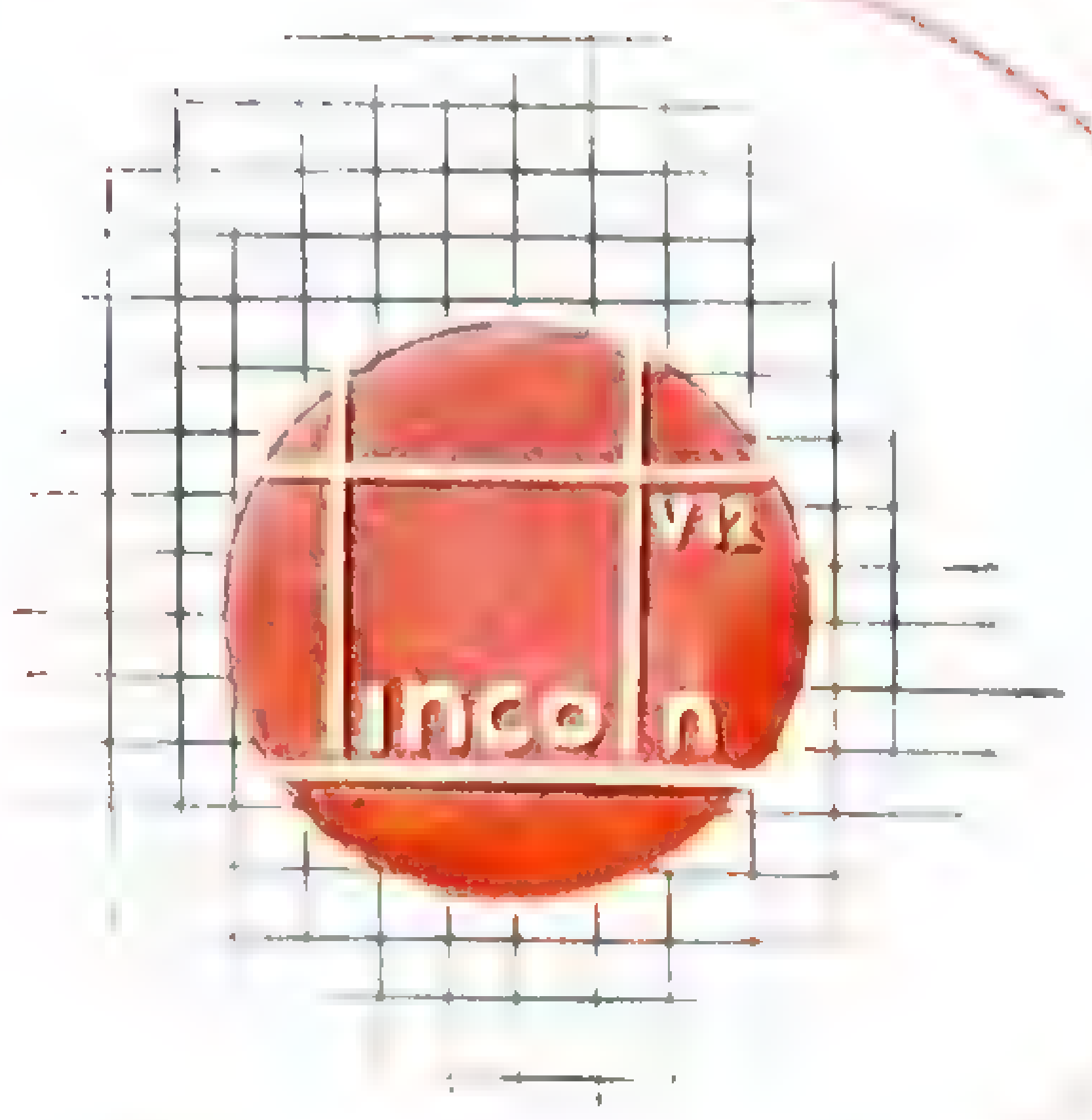


New louvre effect

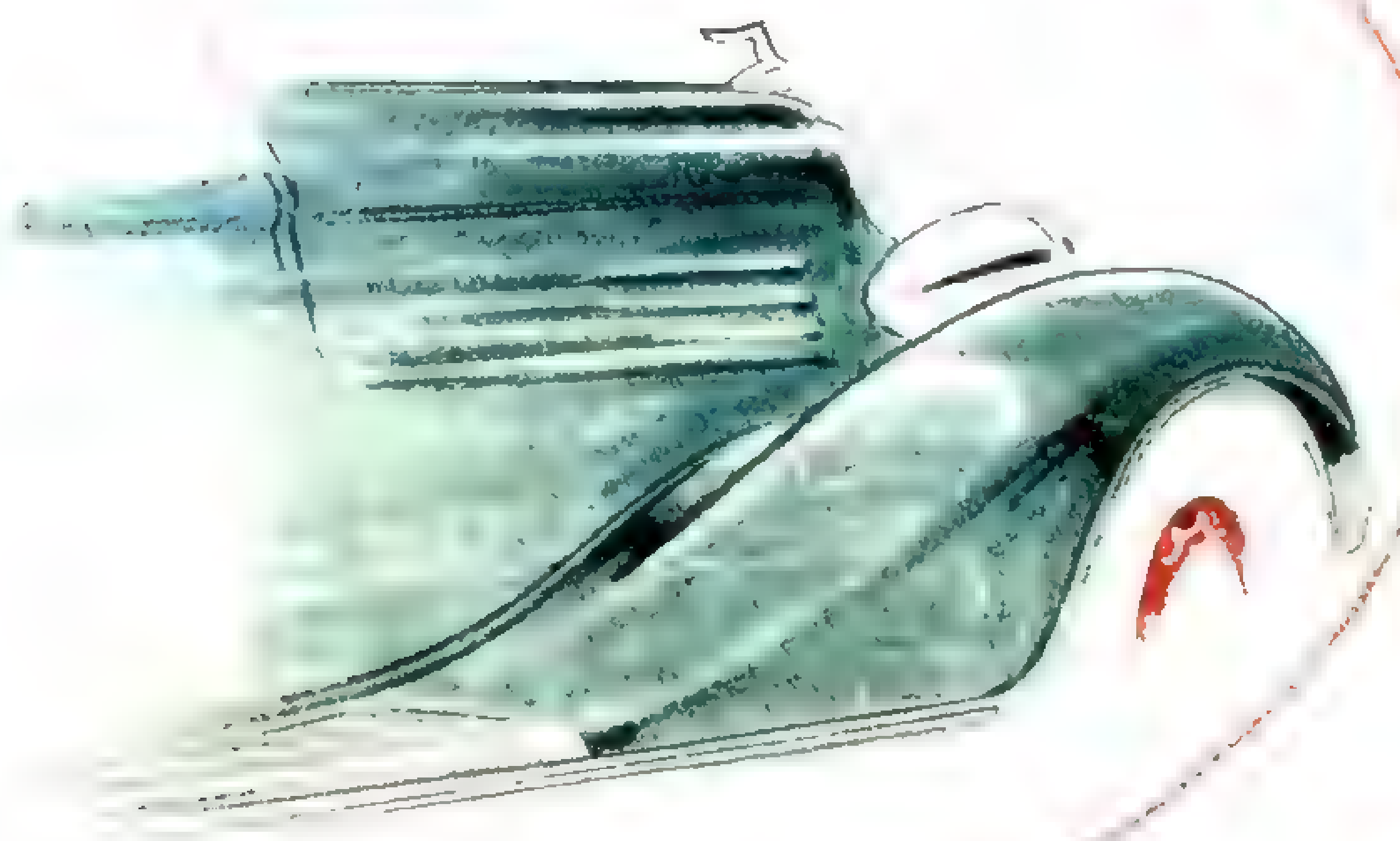
PIERCE-ARROW

LINCOLN

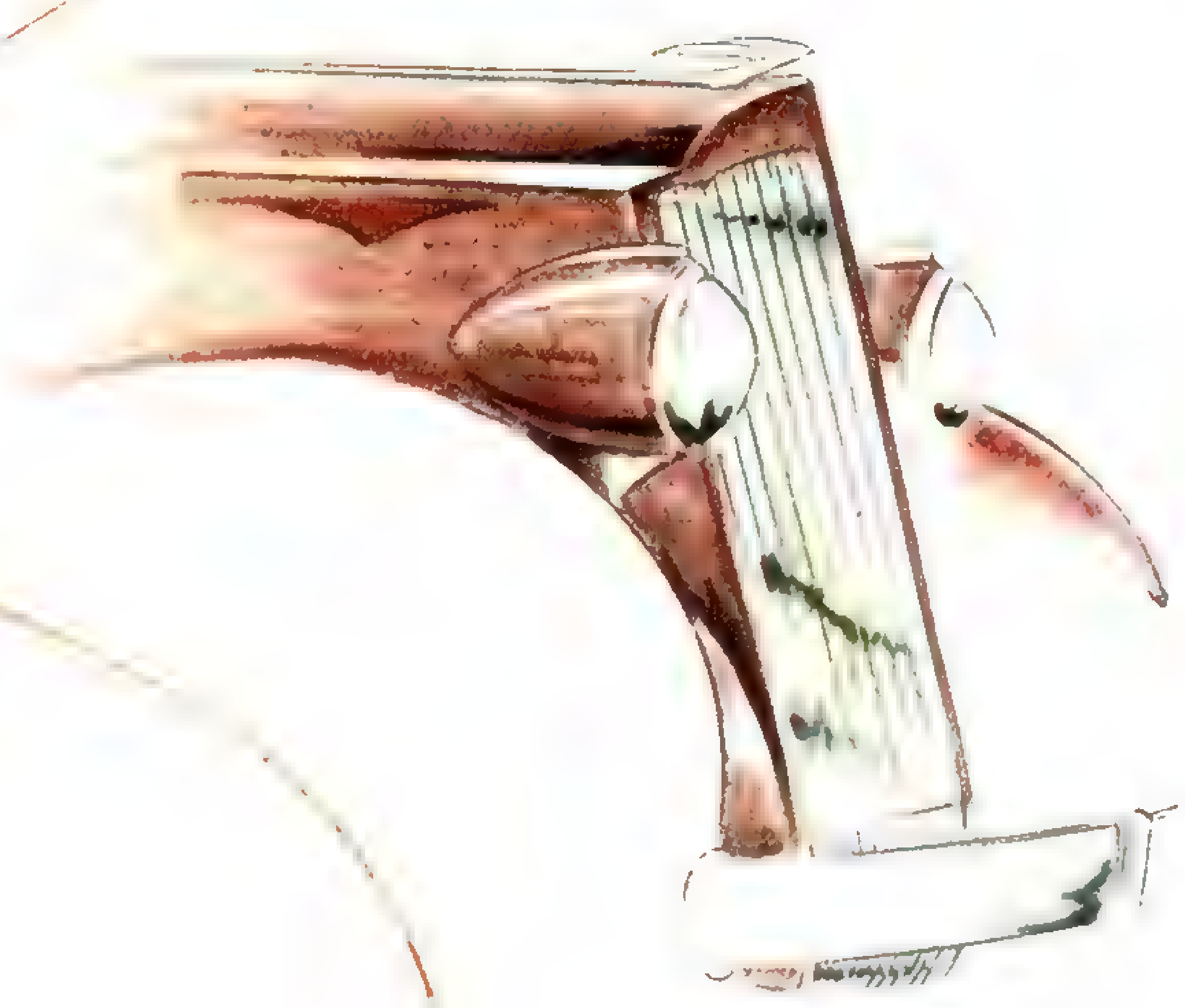
New monogram and grille



Horizontal louvres



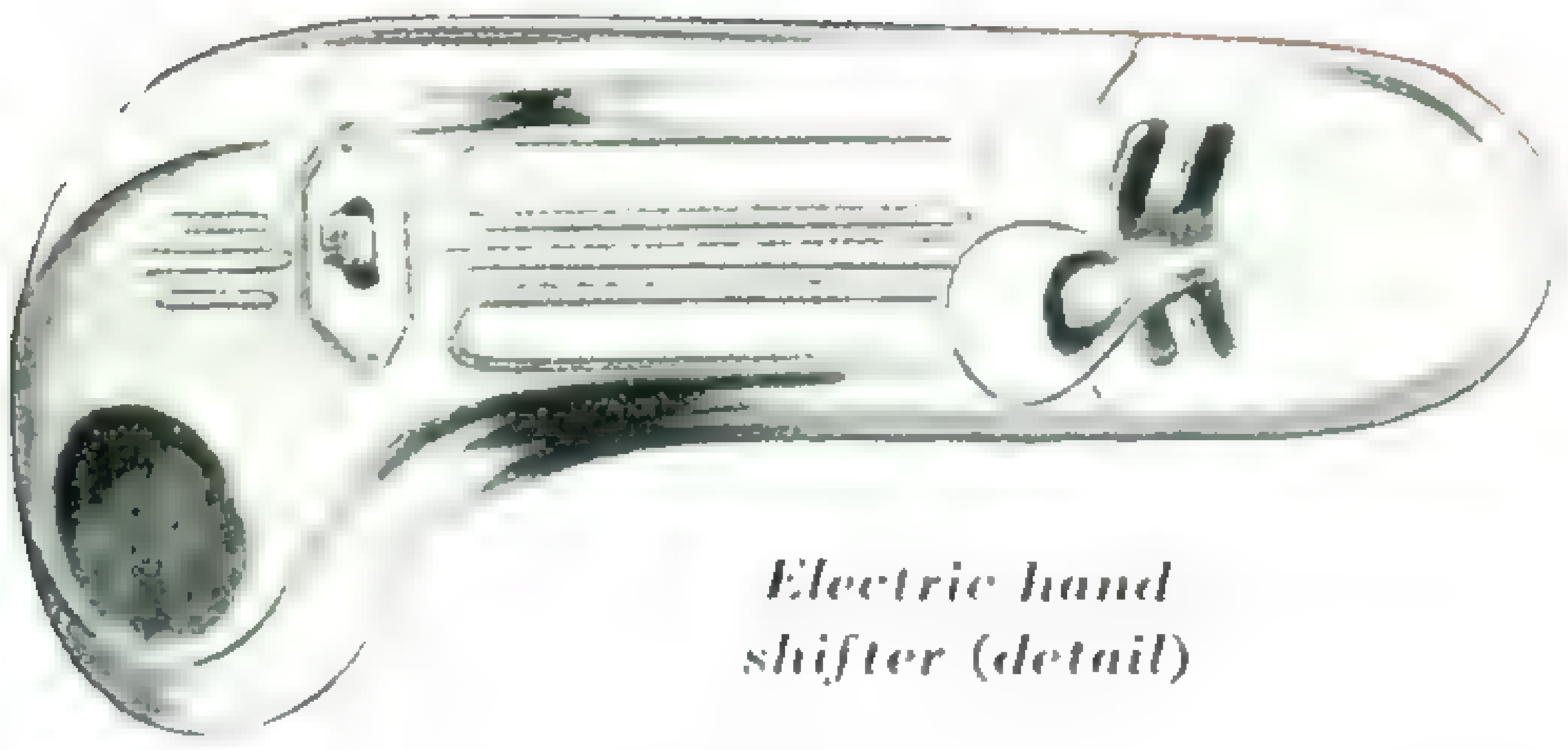
New radiator on small model



BUICK

PACKARD 120

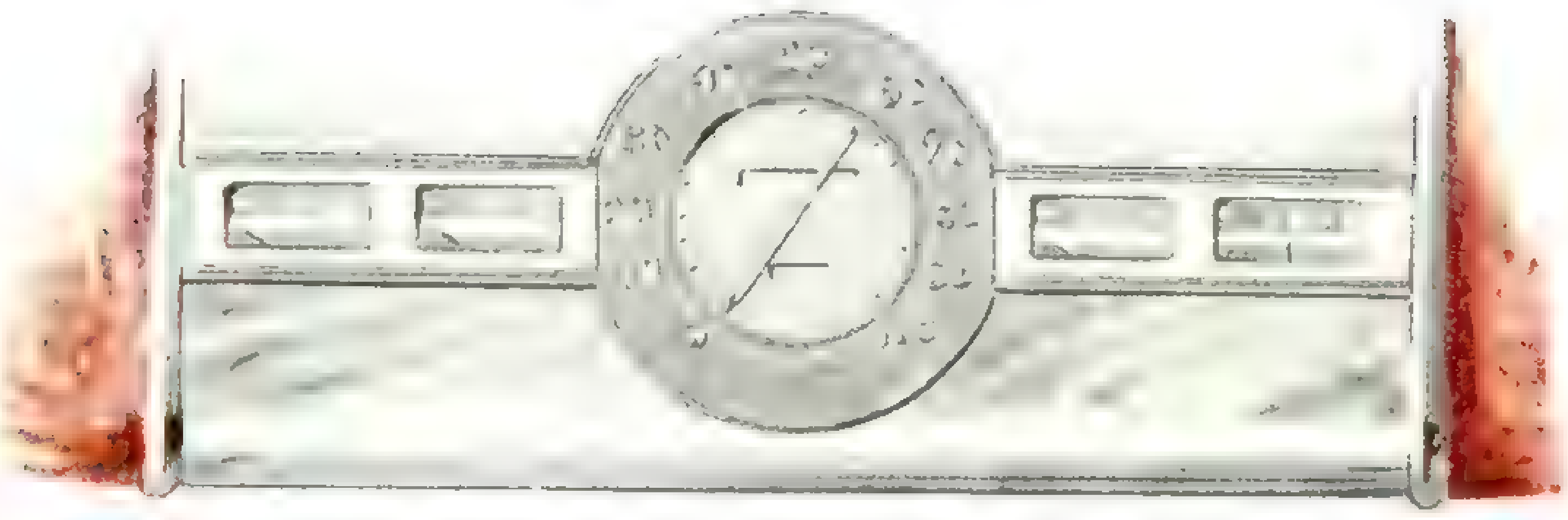
TERRAPLANE

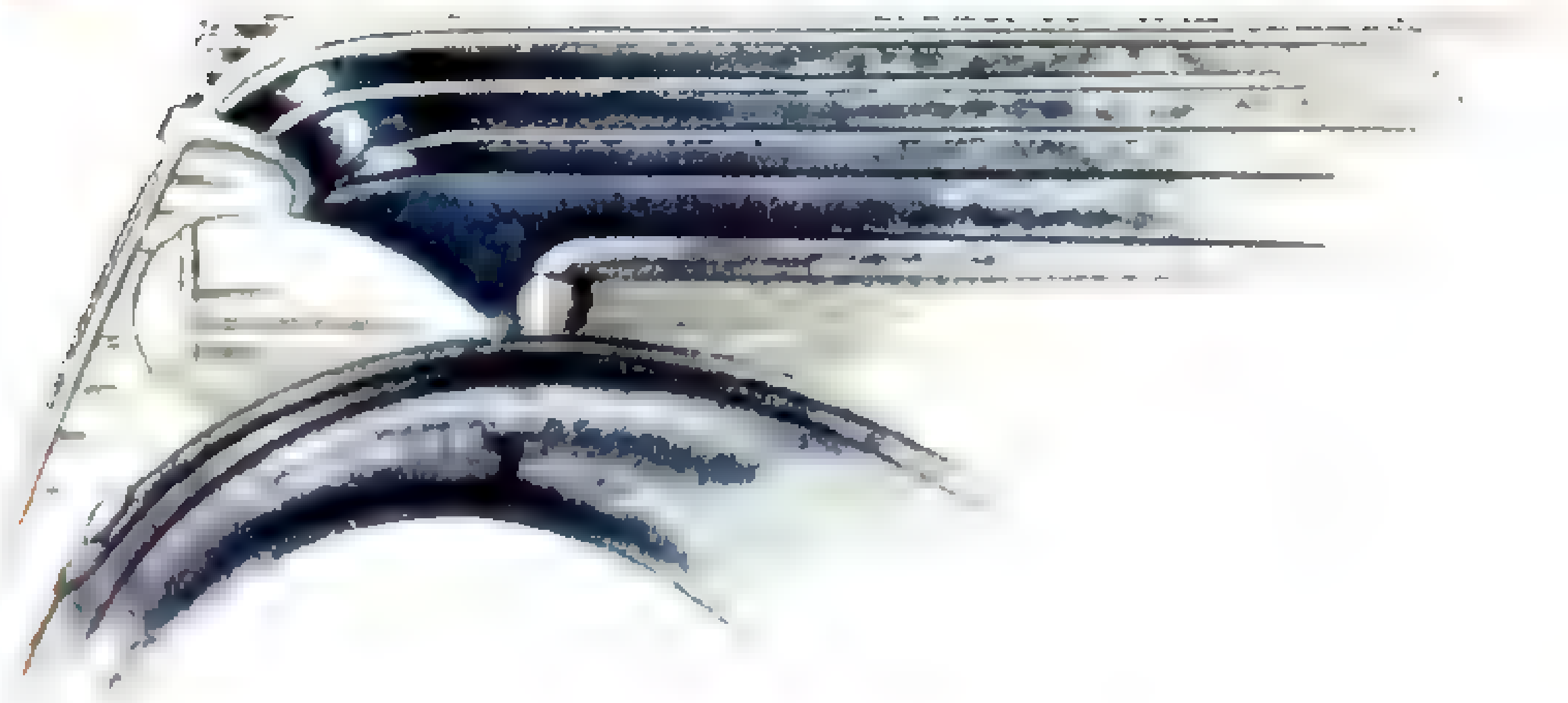


Electric hand shifter (detail)

DISTINCTIVE DETAILS OF THE NEW CARS

New instrument board

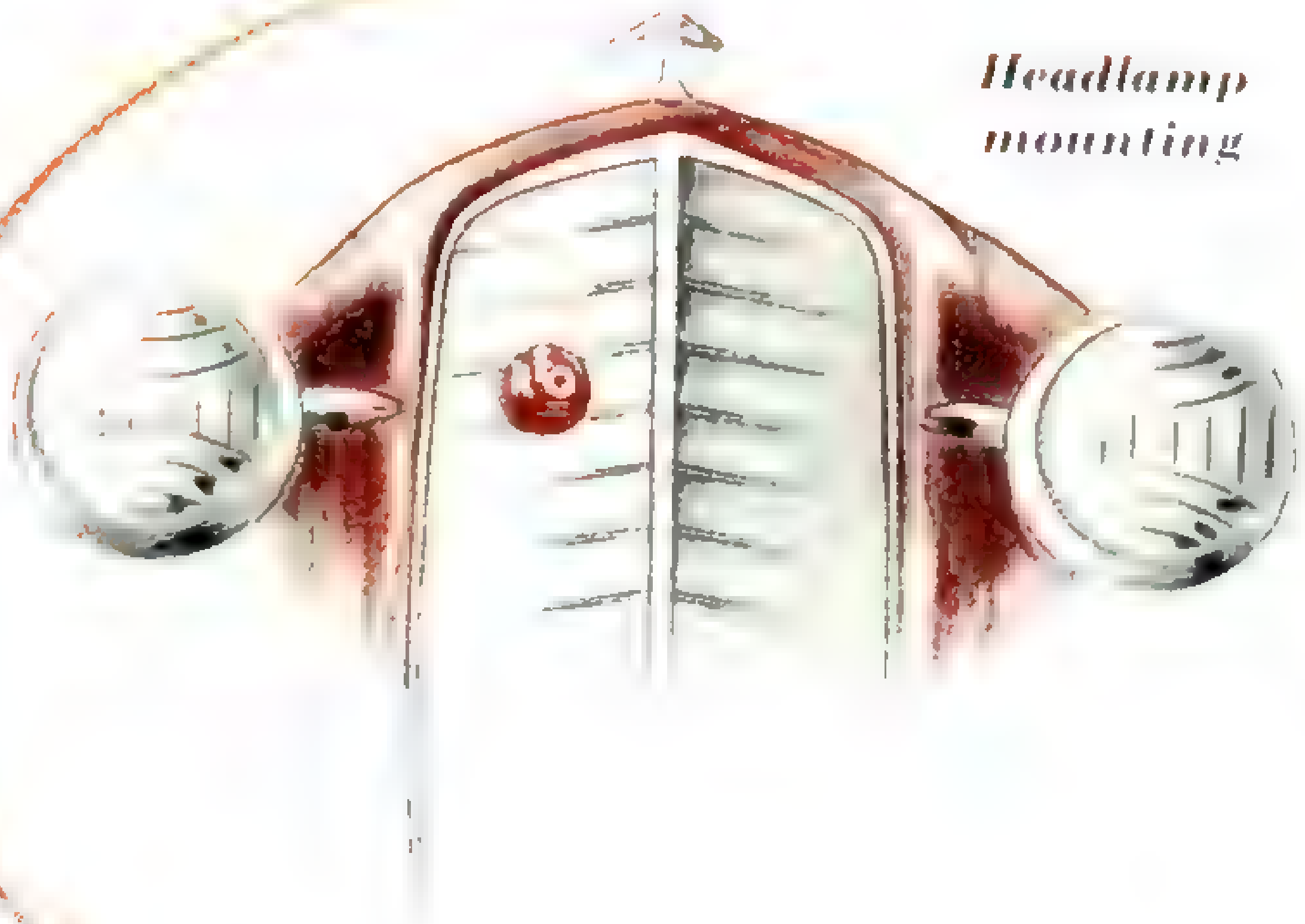




Detail of mascot and front end

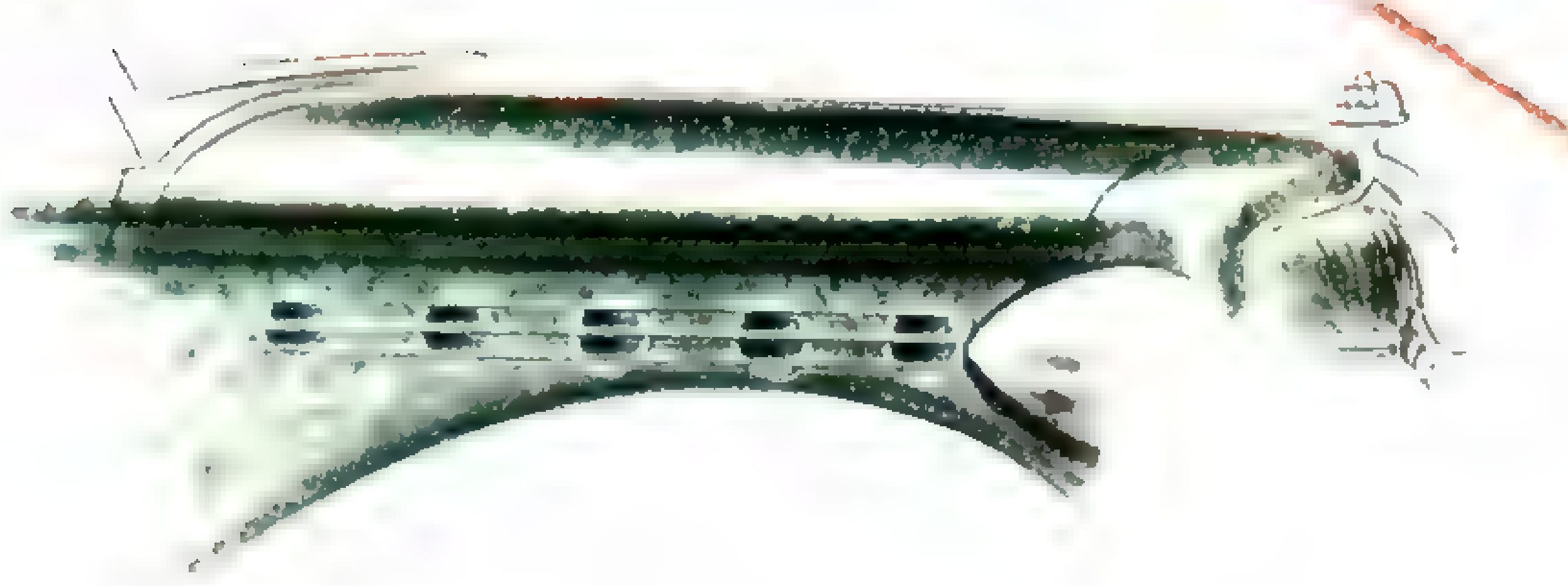
OLDSMOBILE

NASH



Headlamp mounting

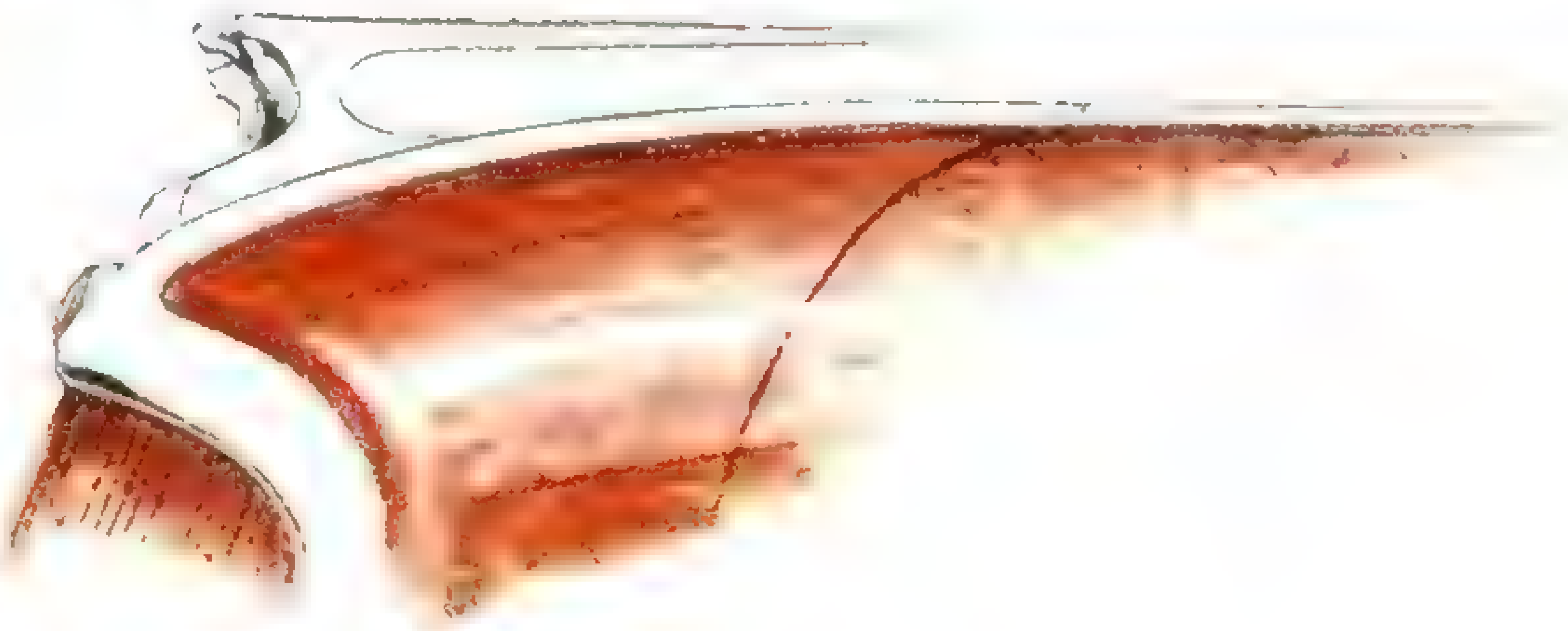
New louvre effect



REO

PLYMOUTH

GRAHAM



Detail of mascot and radiator

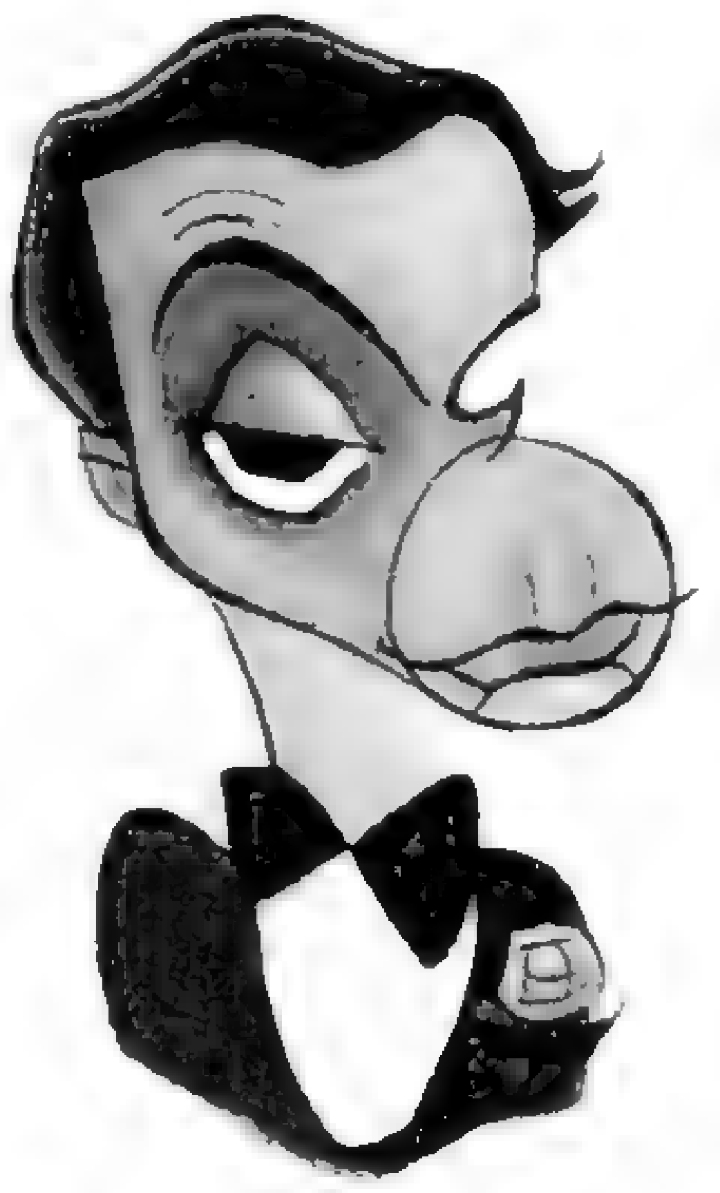
SKETCHED BY ALEXIS de SAKHNOFFSKY

The Park Avenue Hill-billies

A song for Cole Porter entitled "Though you're my second best, you sometimes pass the test"

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •



THE hill-billies of Park Avenue have learned a few of the words of a new song and you can hear their honest unschooled voices carol it forth at any important gathering. It is called, *You're the Top.* With its almost unerring taste for the second rate, Park Avenue has taken to its heart Cole Porter's second best song from *Anything Goes.* (The best one is *I Get a Kick Out of You;* for one thing it has what used to be considered a necessary part of all songs, to wit, music.)

Not that the gentle mountaineers of the worst street of tenements in America are alone in their admiration of *You're the Top.* Mr. Walter Winchell reports that several hundred parodies of the song have been sent to him, and as the benighted lads and lasses of Park Avenue are still thank god illiterate, the song must be giving pleasure elsewhere—universal pleasure, you might say; well, almost universal, because I don't care much for it myself. It is not that I fail to admire Mr. Cole Porter. I trained in another stable myself, but the song which he wrote for Yale (*Bulldog, Bulldog*) always struck me as an ideal expression of the sub-or-semi-human undergraduate. I even, in 1924, staked my reputation on the possibility that Cole Porter was one of the two "possible successors to Irving Berlin," if Irving Berlin ever chose to stop. (Mr. Berlin did not, and Mr. Berlin has yet no successor.) At that time I had not heard Mr. Porter's best song—*I'm in Love Again*—so I missed the one thing in him which may still make him a great composer. All I knew was that he would probably be a successful one and, not to put too fine a point upon the matter, this is what I wrote:

> "Banking on Porter is dangerous because essentially he is much more sophisticated in general attitude of mind than any of the others, and although he has written ragtime and patter songs and jazz of exceptional goodness, he has one quality which may bar him forever from the highest place—I mean that he is essentially a parodist. I know of no one else with such a sense for musical styles. A blues, a 1910 rag, a Savoy operetta serio-comic love song, a mother song—he writes them all with a perfect feeling for their musical nature, and almost always with satiric intention, with a touch of parody."

In short, I did not believe that Mr. Porter was taking his work seriously; I thought he was a talented amateur. But at least I was not mistaken about the talent.

Back then, with the whole of the boom and the whole coalition of Park Avenue, The Lido, the night clubs, and a tiny fraction of Broadway still to come, Cole Porter was already a half legendary figure among the rich and artistic Americans who lived in Paris. A dark little chap with a lot of nervous energy, capable of planning out a three day motor tour, with lunch baskets, and stops scheduled for just the right restaurants in France at just the right time of day—and then getting almost no pleasure at all out of the tour itself—persuading Fernand Leger to design cubist skyscrapers as costumes for a fancy dress ball; upset, according to the stories, because he had expected to inherit only half a million or so from his family in Peru, Indiana, and the fortune had turned out to be so much greater that he was afraid it would have a bad effect on him; occupying, with his lovely wife, the Palazzo which had once been Browning's, on the Grand Canal; doing everything on a grand, rich, and easy scale, which had a touch of Michael Arlen and yet seemed natural, unforced and gay; attending every single performance of the Russian ballet and turning up at the Cirque Medrano (with a Duchess) to see the Fratellini. Those were gay times, but what was the white hope of sophisticated American jazz doing there? Our jazz rises up from the Ghetto and has its being on Tin Pan Alley. It does not go to Yale and have a specially constructed folding piano in its luggage, and take lessons from masters of composition and technique.

Well, Mr. Porter showed them. Years ago he wrote a song called "Soon," in which he took the whole Mammy-Swanny-back-to dear-old-anywhere theme, and translated it into a lament of the poor negro who has unfortunately gone back to the South and yearns for Harlem and its alleys—making an absolutely first rate piece of jazz in itself. If blues were going, he wrote the "Blue Boy Blues," and there were not half a dozen better pieces in that type.

Then Mr. Porter discovered the facts of life and zoology at the same time he became the great leader of the habits-of-rabbits school of popular song. Writing, and apparently enchanted by, his own words, he worked this vein, if not to death, certainly to corruption. There was a song involving oysters somehow, which was as displeasing a ditty as you could ask for. Yet even here Mr. Porter was able to write one song that was good—*Let's Do It.* Even if the birds and the bees do it, they do not do it as melodiously as Mr. Porter made this song.

He has written other tributes to the ruling passion, asking *What Is This Thing Called Love?*" and answering, *You've Got That Thing*, and, without identifying it, admitting that *You Do Something to Me.* They are all smart; they are all a little false; they speak of love, but they are talking of adultery. They are too knowing, they nudge you a little too openly, combining the technique of the smoking room story with the style of a Noel Coward comedy. That combination is smart in itself—the truck driver between silk sheets. But, like other forms of artificiality, it exhausts itself quickly. Note what Mr. Porter says in words to one of his most popular and faky melodies:

> "Night and day under the hide of me
> There's an oh, such a hungry yearning,
> burning inside of me."[*]

Is that a love song? Or was Ring Lardner right! (he was) when he wrote:

> "Night and day under the bark of me
> There's an oh, such a mob of microbes
> making a park of me."

But do not forget that Mr. Porter can do anything. He can write a song about an old-fashioned garden so that, at the moment, you are touched. And once, at least, he wrote a love song, commercial style, which had one of the rarest qualities in popular song: elation. That was *I'm In Love Again*, the chorus of which begins:

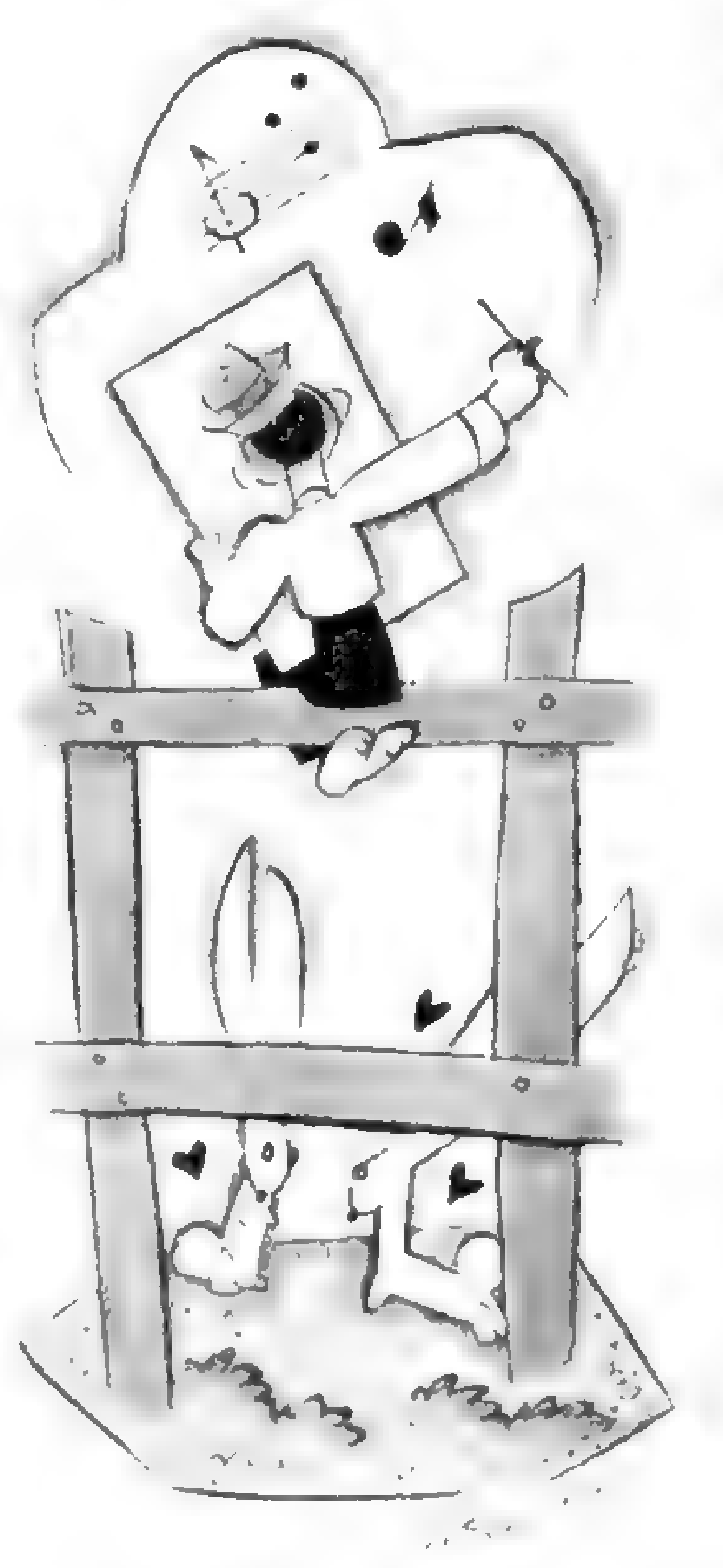
> "I'm in love again and
> the spring is coming"

and ends:

> "I'm in love again and I can't
> rise above it;
> I'm in love again and I love,
> love, love it;
> I'm in love again and I'm
> damned glad of it.
> Good news!"[†]

Not words to express the passion of Romeo or Tristan, but, with the melody and the shout at the end, good enough to

Continued on page 116



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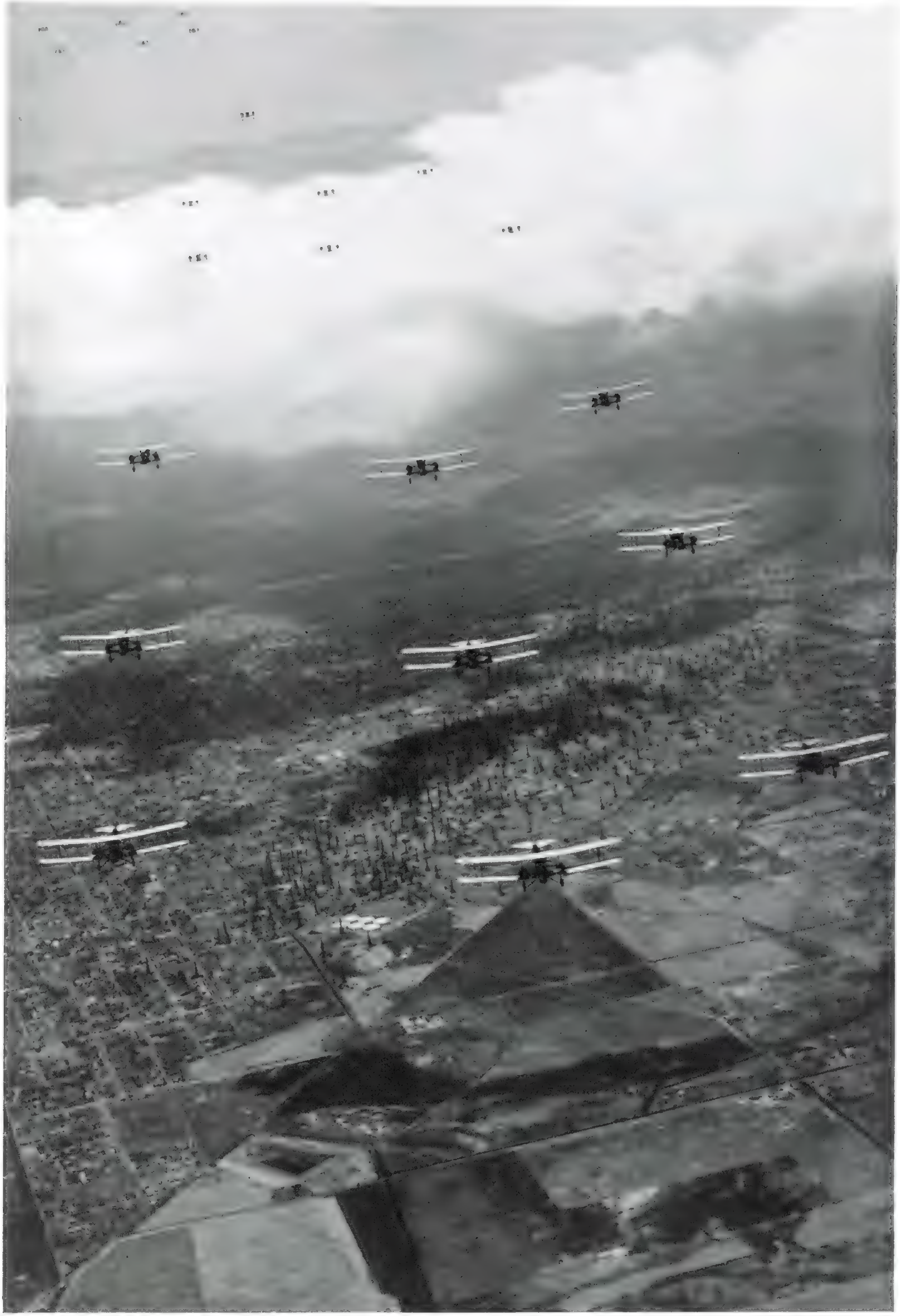
[*] *Reproduced by permission of the copyright owners, Harris, Inc.*

[†] *Reproduced by permission of the copyright owners, Crawford Music Corp.*



OFFICIAL PHOTO — 23RD PHOTO SECTION, AIR CORPS, U. S. ARMY

A SQUADRON OF CONDOR BOMBERS FLYING IN STEPPED-UP FORMATION

"Tail-Wags"

Each flip of the aileron, wiggle of the wing, or fish-tail of a rudder has a signal meaning

by WILLIAM LEROY BROUN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

LIFT up thine eyes!

The nation's winging squadrons flow down the fenceless meadows of the sky . . . wing to wing . . . on top, underneath, side by side, flights on line, in squadron V of Vees, echelons, stepped-up route columns, in arrowhead and mass formation.

They turn. Again they come—seemingly on tireless wings. Squadron after squadron of wasp-like attack planes, hundreds of roaring, raucous-voiced pursuit ships, swarms of deep-throated dragon-fly bombers. As they pass in review, each dips a wing in friendly salute.

It's a holiday—one fit for the ancient Romans, thrilling, awe-inspiring.

The army eagles, the navy sea hawks are on parade; engaged in Exhibition Maneuvers. That's playboy stuff.

Months later you awake to find the air swarming with planes. If a city-dweller, you pull on a bathrobe and dash to the roof of the apartment building. If you live in the country, the front or back yard will afford an unobstructed view of the heavens. Out of the dawn-lit sky hundreds of tiny hornets dive at ground targets; high above, to the right, buzzing swarms of hornets hang, watchfully, wings for a moment clipped. Eastward, silhouetted against the soft dawn, groups of huge bombers, like droning flies, trail across the sky.

The heavens clear; for a moment all is quiet. Then comes a rushing, ominous sound. Again, raise thine eyes. Directly overhead, scores of bombing juggernauts stand poised; growling defiance, destruction ready to swoop upon anything deigning to oppose their orderly flight.

The service squadrons of the nation are engaged in tactical or combat maneuvers. No playboy stuff this time; their mission, today, is a world-serious one. Generals and admirals have ordered some aerial defense plan or war problem worked out.

In the skies lies the safety and welfare of a hundred and twenty-two million people. In the hands of a few thousand intrepid American youths, tritely called "air pilots," lies the sacred freedom of the nation. To perfect plans for safeguarding that freedom, squadrons have taken off from land bases, from the decks of aeroplane-carriers and battleships at sea, hours before dawn, to concentrate upon and defend some eastern, inland, or western city or area.

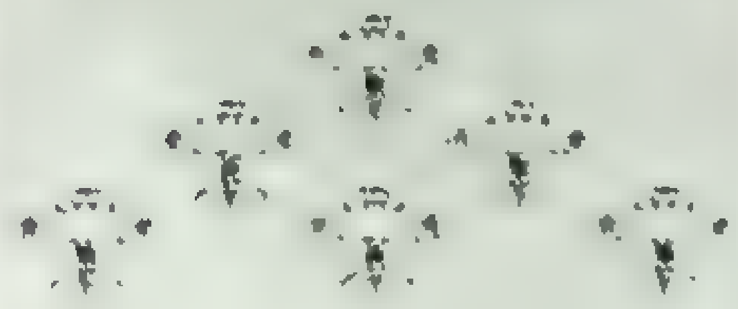
But, what of the safety of these intrepid young pilots while engaged in spectacular exhibition maneuvers, and during the more serious business of solving some tactical war defense problem? Is there a system of aerial signals protecting them, their plane, their flying mates, sister squadrons, while in the air?

The answer is yes.

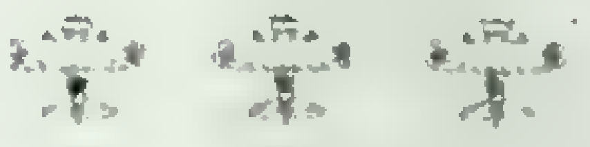
Though few people know it, the government has developed a standard system of aerial signals for its flyers, when squadrons, groups, wings and air divisions concentrate to engage in exhibition or combat maneuvers.

Let's pause and get a bird's eye view of the several systems of aerial signalling; see how each signal is made, and how each system can be used independently or in conjunction with another.

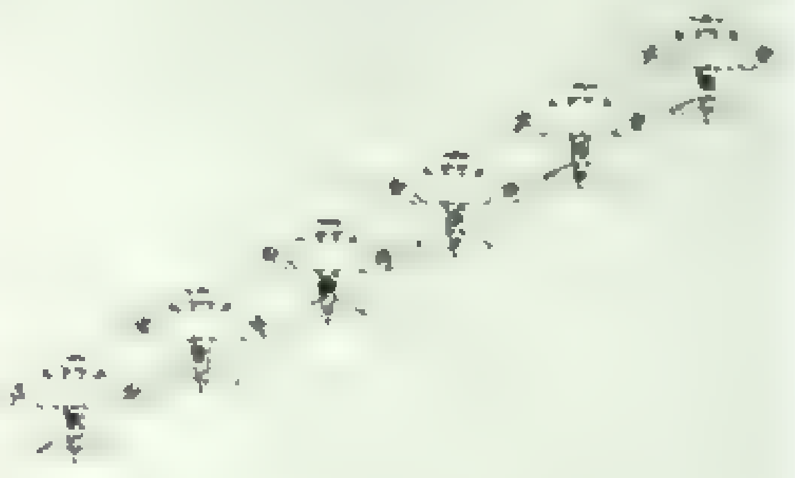
EXHIBITION FORMATIONS



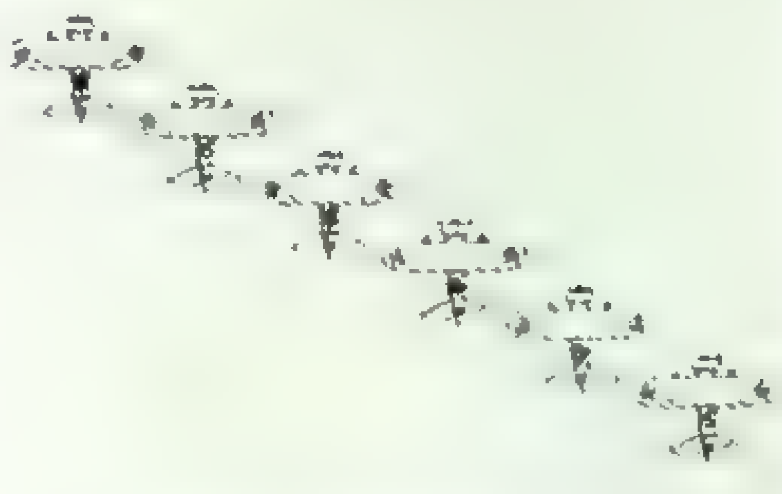
"V" Formation



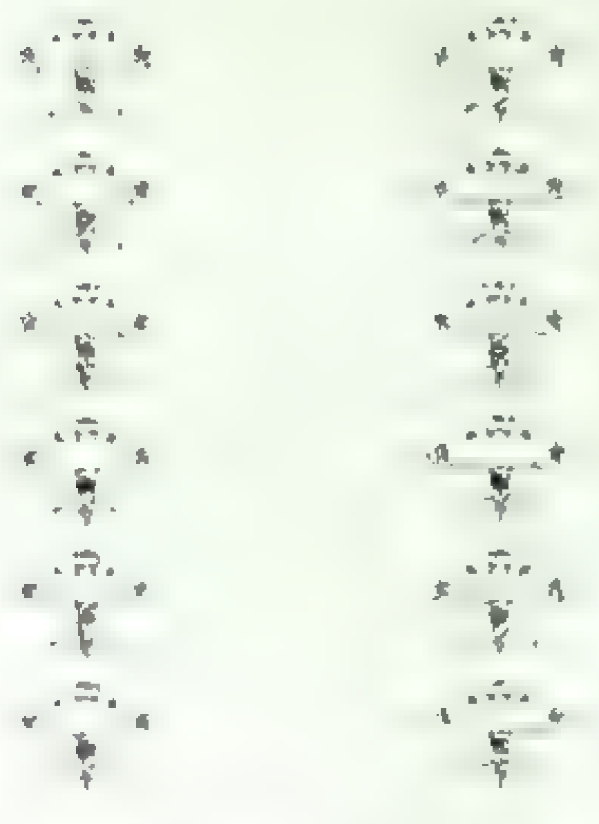
Flights on Line



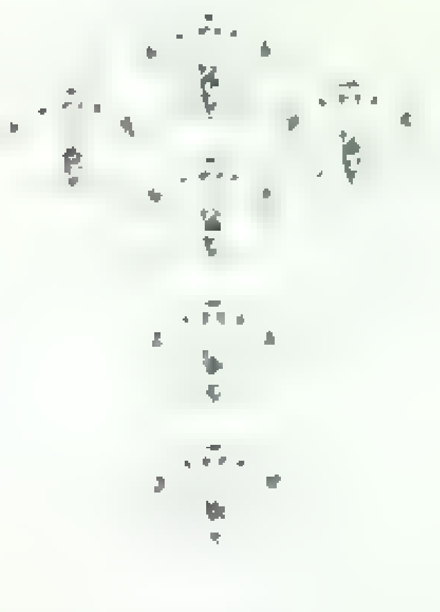
Echelon Left



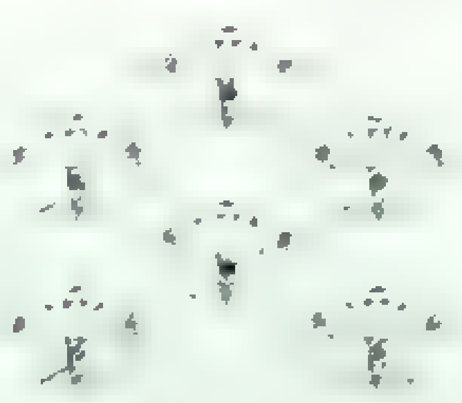
Echelon Right



Stepped-up Column



Arrowhead Column



Route Column

First, there is the system of "Tail-Wag" signalling, so-called for the lack of a better name. In simple language, the signals are made by the plane itself—that is to say, each signal is merely a wing dip, rudder wiggle, or an aileron flip.

How "Tail-Wag" Signals are Made

by { —wiggling
—flipping
—elevating
—depressing } —the Ailerons

by { —wiggling
—fish-tailing
—right turning
—left turning } —the Rudder

by { —wiggling
—pumping
—elevating
—depressing } —the Elevators

The meaning of each "tail-wag" is indelibly etched on the mind of every pursuit, attack, bombing, and artillery observation pilot. Before graduating from training school, every pilot must learn to speak the strange and varied "wag" language. After that, he learns air discipline—that all signals are given by the squadron commander, and passed back by wing men; that each "wag" when given, must be instantly repeated, that all pilots in the squadron may know and be prepared for the next maneuver.

In combat maneuvers, when army and navy planes engage in solving a tactical defense problem, here's

What Each "Tail-Wag" Signal Means

Attention: rock ship
Close formation: flip ailerons
Right Turn: dip right wing
Left Turn: dip left wing
Land { by squadron, short series of dives and zooms
by flights, fish-tail then a short series of dives and zooms }
Out of Action: rock ship violently
Ground Target { if leader sees target first, flip ailerons
if wing man, he dives ahead, points ship, rocks wings }
Get Altitude: swift climb
Wash-Out, Go Home: Leader "peels-off," all follow
Power Dive: rock wings
Enemy Plane: wiggle ailerons
Attack { by squadron, rock ship, extend arm upward
by flights, rock ship fish-tail rudder by elements, rock ship }
Quit Attack: Leader "peels-off"
Open Up Formation: dive and zoom
Close Formation: rock wings
Return to Base: cradle (sway gently) ship
Power Dive and 180° Turn: rock ship, fish-tail rudder
Power Dive and 90° Turn: rock ship, dip wing direction turn to be made
Plain 180° Turn: fish-tail rudder

Thus, each "wag" has a definite meaning—the pilot's safety, the safety of his ship, of his squadron mates depends upon his alert understanding, acknowledgment, and split-second execution of each signal passed back by his squadron commander.

In the case of inattention, the penalty is severe: two or more planes crash in mid-air, then

The Drop. Pilots sometimes bail out; if not, two youthful lives are sacrificed on the altar of negligence, and the government underwrites a substantial loss—an estimated $10,000 in training the two pilots, and, in addition, $15,000 invested in the two crashed up planes.

But, how seldom such things happen!

Indeed, the price of safety while in the air is eternal vigilance—an essential part of every pilot's training. Often we recall the inspired credo found posted on the bulletin board of a famous pursuit squadron:

> "May efficiency inspire this squadron's work
> And in that work, a service rendered be,
> But permit, O God, no blindness lurk,
> When comrades' lives are entrusted to me."

That epitomizes the comradeship of the air; therein lies the *esprit de corps*, the devotion, the discipline of the army and navy pilots to each other, to the service.

The "Tail-Wag" system of aerial signalling flows from the work of war time squadrons in France. During the early years of the war, military aviation being comparatively new, there was little need for a uniform system of aerial signalling. War squadrons lived, flew and fought, almost entirely as independent units. What one squadron did little concerned another squadron. Perchance, stranger-squadron's corps met aloft, recognized one another, a friendly salute passed, and each would pursue its separate mission. If the stranger-squadron's corps didn't identify it instantly as allied, orders were to shoot it down and identify it afterwards. Not infrequently such friendly aerial combats occurred.

However, this lack of a uniform system of aerial communication during the early days of the Great War, put a premium on individual flying. Oftentimes a combat pilot became fed-up and weary of routine patrols, and decided to win the war on his own.

When that happened, the pilot simply "peeled off", broke formation, and went to it. There were few penalties for doing so. Thus the lack of a system had its advantages; it didn't curb individual initiative or combat resourcefulness. In truth, it produced some stout free-lance fliers for all sides—Guynemer, Nungesser, Coli, Fonk, for the French; McCudden, Ball, Stuart-Heath, for the British; Barker, Bishop, MacLeod, for the Canadians; von Boelke, Volk, Immelmann, Richthofen, Udet, for the Germans, and for the United States, Lufberry, Luke, Mitchell and Rickenbacker.

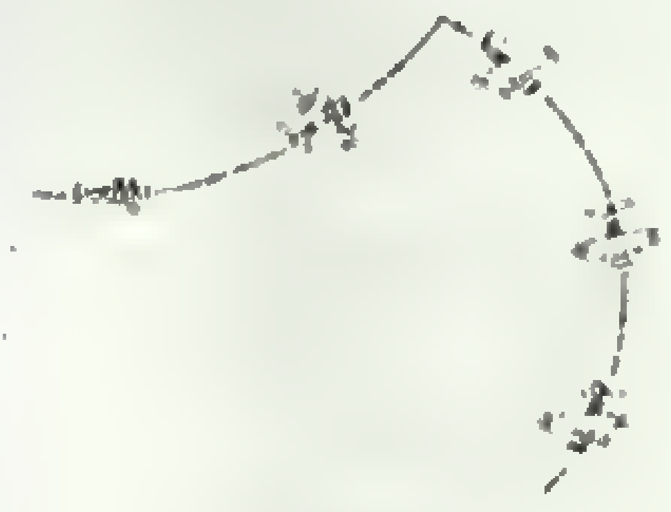
But today, it's entirely different. Should a pilot attempt to "go it alone," he would be exterminated, and probably before he reached the enemy lines. By saying so much, we do not discredit the marvelous flying or machine gun ability of any great war ace; rather, to each of them, like Caesar, we render tribute, for, with many of them, we went through the holocaust. But the rules of aerial combat have changed, and to such an extent, no individual or small group could possibly survive the organized strictly disciplined onslaught of a modern service unit, even though equipped with equal planes. The safety of squadrons, groups, wings and air divisions in aerial engagements, uniquely resides in air discipline, in the carefully perfected, uniform systems of aerial communication.

In addition to the "wag" system, army and navy pilots have a standard set of hand signals. These hand signals, like the "wags," can be used separately or in combination. When the hand and "wag" signals are used in combination, the first becomes "the precautionary word of command"—that is to say, the hand signal indicates what the next maneuver will be, the "wag" executes the maneuver.

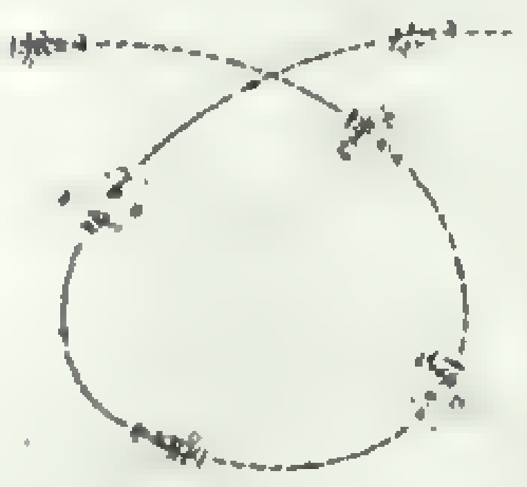
Several of the hand signals require but passing mention. For instance, the "Thumbs Up" signal signifies "everything okay"; and, of course, the "Thumbs Down" signal has the opposite meaning—"something wrong." The hand signal for describing a landing field is an "O", made with the right forefinger and thumb; and if the field is a large one, a wide circle made with the right hand describes it as such. If a landing is to be made, a downward thrust of the right forefinger indicates the order. To relinquish command, should friendly stranger squadrons meet in the air, one commander designates the newly elected commander by a fist thrust.

The "wag" and hand signals, when used in combination, function to make a perfect aerial communication system. When next the army or navy squadrons conduct exhibitions or combat maneuvers over your city, train binoculars on the squadron commander and watch his ship. Should this be done, the observer will see the commander lift his right arm, turn his hand, palm down to up, the signal repeated by every pilot in the formation. And presto! then the executive command—the commander "fish-tailing" his ship. Instantly, every plane in the formation turns on its back, keeping its distance, the whole squadron in perfect formation, flying upside down.

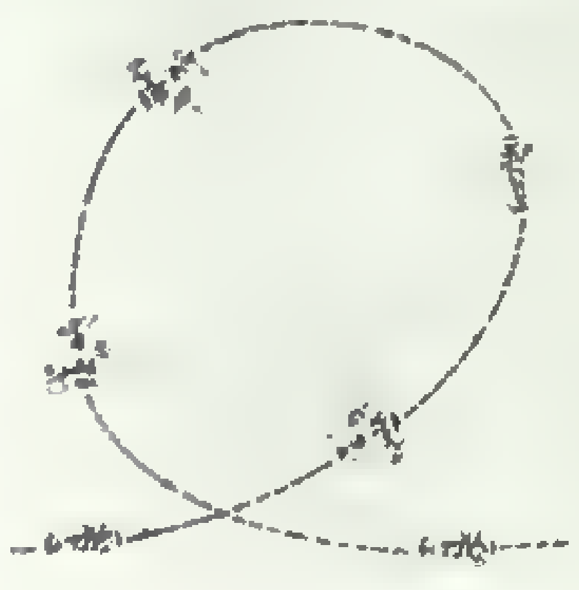
COMBAT FORMATIONS



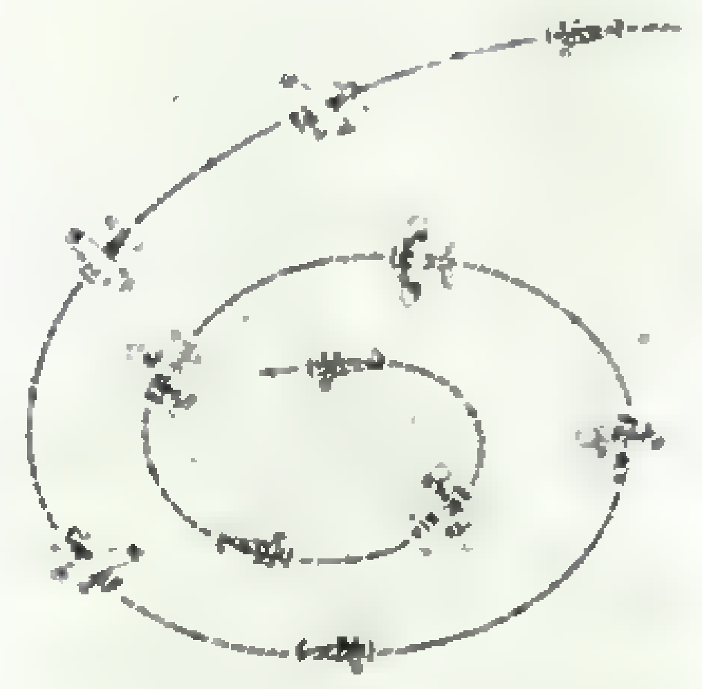
The Spin



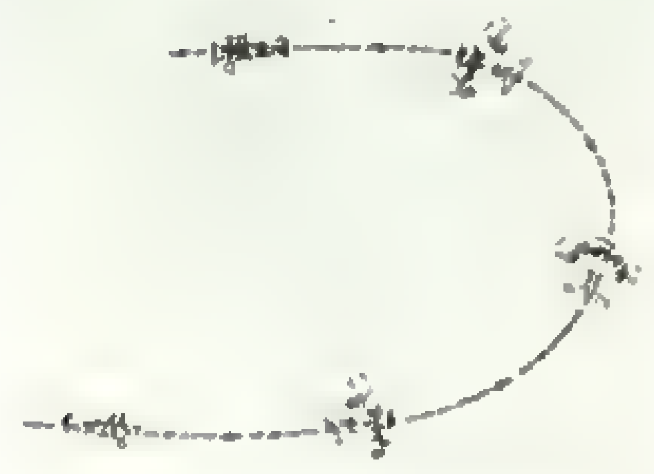
The Outside Loop



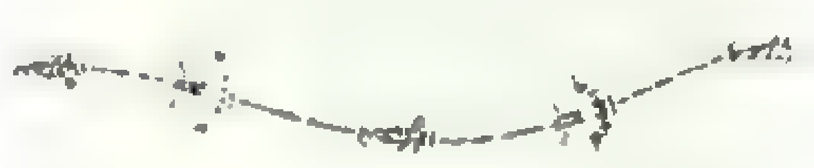
The Inside Loop



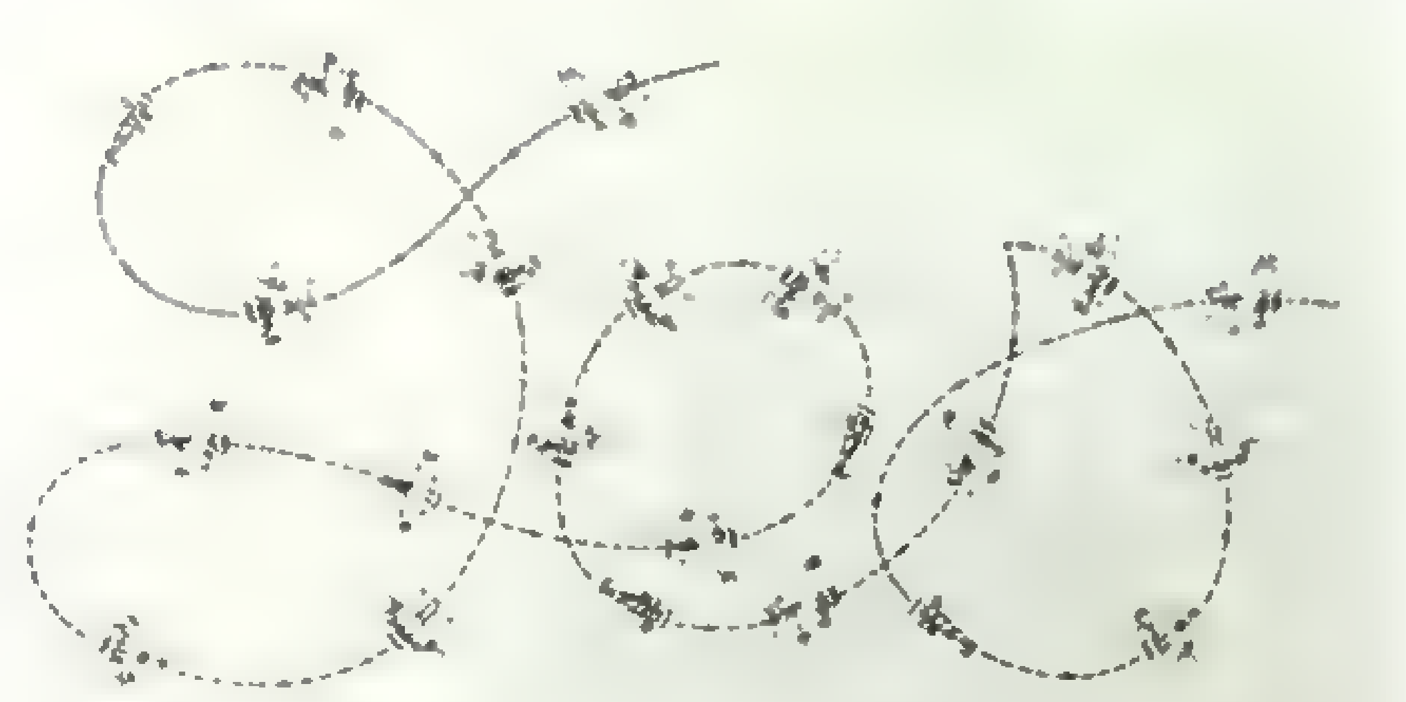
Lufberry Circle



Immelmann Turn



The Barrel Roll



The Rat Chase—Playboy Stuff

FORMATION DRAWINGS BY P. W. JACKSON

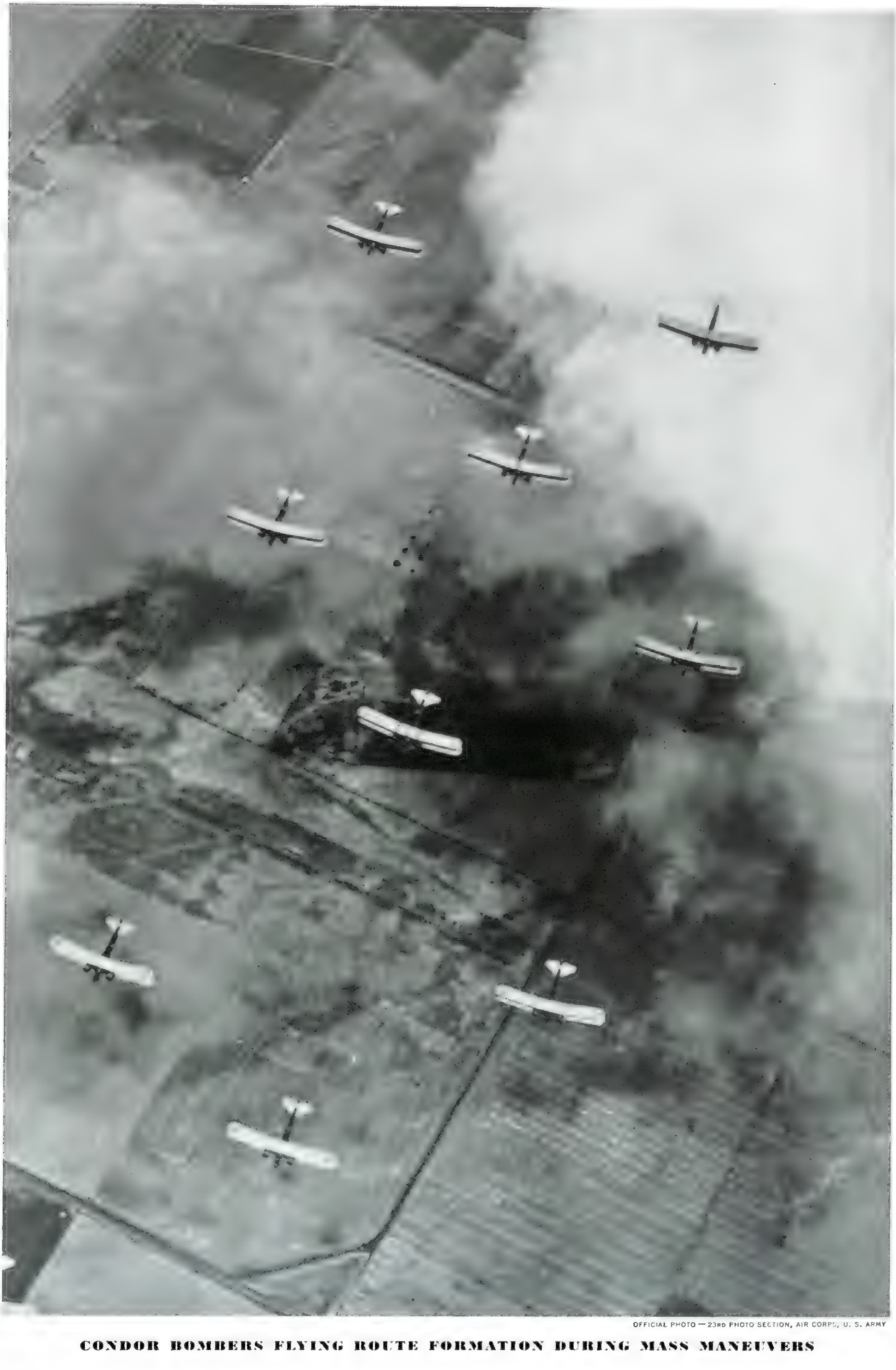
Each exhibition and tactical maneuver formation must be flown in tight, compact order—the tiny pursuit and attack planes, which can do 200 to 250 miles per hour, sit from four to six feet above, beside, and underneath each other; the big bombers fly one-half a plane length out, and one length above or to the rear of sister ships.

The "tail-wag" system of aerial signalling, though long in chaotic use during and after the War, was not standardized or coordinated until 1927. To Capt. Hugh M. Elmendorf, a native of New York state, primarily goes the credit for analyzing and perfecting the systems. Upon his return from France, where he made a brilliant flying record for himself, he was assigned to the Chief of the Air Corps staff in Washington, D. C. While there, he gave undivided attention to the matter of preventing air accidents. Recognizing that air accidents were largely due to confusion and a misunderstanding of aerial signals, he gathered together every known hand and wag signal used by individual war and peace time squadrons. Then he reduced the chaotic material into two comprehensive, basic systems. The systems were adopted and put into operation by both the army and navy. Since 1927 the two systems have saved the live of hundreds of pilots, and protected millions of dollars worth of government equipment. But Fate came, demanding a grim tribute of Capt. Elmendorf.

Two mid-winters ago, at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, he went aloft with his close friend and comrade, Captain Hunter, to put a new model pursuit plane through its final tests. The ship beautifully performed one gruelling test after another. One last test, and the experimental model could be pronounced "okay," and passed into production: a steep power dive, with throttle wide open. But something went wrong; the ship refused to respond to its control. The earth hurtled up at the two test pilots. Elmendorf "Thumbs downed" his companion, Captain Hunter bailed out within two hundred feet of the ground, the terrific speed of the plane opening his parachute. Captain Elmendorf, taking time out to give the distress signal to his friend, crashed with his ship. The life work of Captain Hugh M. Elmendorf shall ever remain a monument to his fame.

Though science has contributed the two-way radio, and the radio-beam for use in night flying it is unlikely the hand and wag system will ever fall into disuse. The wag and hand signals have this advantage over the radio: they can be rearranged, similar to football signals, and kept secret. Thus, no enemy can "tune in" on the conversation.

Note of Appreciation:
The publisher and author extend grateful thanks to the officers of the United States Army and Navy Air Corps, for the cooperation received during the production of the foregoing article.



OFFICIAL PHOTO — 23RD PHOTO SECTION, AIR CORPS, U. S. ARMY

CONDOR BOMBERS FLYING ROUTE FORMATION DURING MASS MANEUVERS

The Goshawk

The bird of the desert with the soul of the devil gives primeval vengeance to Muhafiz

by WALTER CLARE MARTIN

• FICTION •

I was in Arabia one Spring, before T. E. L. and his conquest, in the white dune drifts of the Nefud.

My business was buying trained falcons.

Old Sheykh Muhafiz, notorious freebooter, was known from the Red Sea to the heights of Hayil as the best bird man in the desert. I trailed him to his camp by a rank weedy rautha in that nameless and little known strip of wild earth between the Nefud and the Nejd.

Sheykh Muhafiz supplied me a white beautiful mare, that we might go hawking together. While the tribe traveled slowly, grazing sheep and goats, we scouted for falcon quarry.

I observed, as we worked from the plains towards the hills, that Muhafiz tugged his beard often. His sun-pinched eyes trawled the skyline. He broke up our party and sent scouts riding out to prowl the deep seyls for ambush.

We were three days out of the blinding Nefud when we crossed a cavalry trail. The tamarisk bushes were nibbled and tromped, and the wormwood reeked of disturbance. Forty horsemen, perhaps, had gone by.

"By the milk of my dam!" swore Muhafiz.

"What means this passing?" said I.

"In God's truth," said he, "thou'rt soon to find out. These be the hoofprints of the devil."

"And what name goes he by, when he rides the earth?"

"Verily his name is Elljinn. He lives in the Jebel and he wills no man good. Let us haste to protect our hareem."

We faced rearward, hand-galloping across the dead clay. Unexpectedly, from out the spinous forage ahead, two horsemen came charging upon us. We braced ourselves for attack. As they neared us we discovered dark Tibbu and son, bold riders of the Sheykh's own *kabila*.

"O Jid, Ullah help thee, Muhafiz! Our people have been waylaid."

"That hyena, Elljinn!"

"Aye, lord. Men and women lie wounded and slain."

"My sons, Tibbu—Agid and Nasr!"

"Of thy sons, O Jid, we know nothing. They rode too far out in the thick of the war, and either were captured or have been slain."

The Sheykh shook his lance at the witnessing sky and cursed the ancestors of Elljinn. Then we started, led by the tireless Tibbu, towards the scene of the stricken menzil.

We found it, at night, full of terror. The hareem were wailing their dead. There were broken tent sticks; mutton pots overturned; dogs trailing snapped leashes; camels, goats and sheep scattered scared in the moonlight, while barefoot herd maidens ran plaintively screeching and chasing to get the loose beasts rounded in. The jemmal, camel master, lay sprawled in red sand, his knobbed stick still clutched in defense.

Muhafiz' own beyt had been ransacked by Elljinn in search for a prize he found not. This prize was a gold and blue headdress, a *kafieh*, once worn by a Syrian pasha. Muhafiz had snatched it in battle. Men said that Elljinn craved the prize night and day because the Syrian had humbled him in a quarrel. He yearned to wear the kafieh at court. The Sheykh's eldest wife, from the folds of her dress, drew the kafieh and showed it to her lord.

"Thou art a fine wife," said Muhafiz.

He called for his black warhorse, summoned his men, snatched up a few handfuls of dates and mereesy, and plunged into the dark desert of vengeance.

We had pushed two days through the Jebel when we met a large body of horsemen. They carried a flag with a snake around a new moon, so we knew them to be from Elljinn.

"*Yahh gom!* Ho, ye enemies!" called the man with the flag.

"Ho, hyenas!" retorted Muhafiz.

"We have word for thine ears, thou rebel sheykh."

"We have spears for thy bowels," said Muhafiz.

"Proud fool, thy sons are in Elljinn's hand."

"Thou liest. They died," said Muhafiz.

"We have proof," said the herald.

"Advance," said the sheykh.

"Am I under thy beard, Muhafiz?"

"Thou art under my beard. Fear nothing."

Haughtily then, two horsemen drew out from the mass. Between them rode a much bandaged Beduwy.

"*Gowwak Ya!*—the Lord strengthen thee—cousin Dar," the old sheykh greeted the Beduwy.

"May He favor thee always," said Dar.

"These dogs that war upon women—have they taken my sons?" asked Muhafiz.

"Enough dogs," replied Dar, "may drag down a lion."

"Do my sons suffer wounds?" said Muhafiz.

"By God's mercy they suffer no wounds."

"Name then thy ransom, thou killer of women," Muhafiz said to the Jebels.

"We come not after ransom," the man replied. He opened a pouch at his saddle. From this pouch he drew forth a goshawk tiercel, a young male, barely moulted, loose-hooded in a rufter of sheepskin.

It was *Aster Bodius*, an African subspecies, blue-grey with black banding across the tail; the underparts like sassafras tea. His pounces, or claws, were sharp and fierce as a wildcat's; his legs long and stout, lemon yellow. His eyes, when the Jebel jerked off the loose hood, blinked redly, like flames from a rifle.

The Jebel replaced the rufter hood and perched the bird on his pommel.

"The Lord Elljinn," he said, "the sheykh of sheykhs, admires the courage of the noble Jed, Muhafiz, and gladly would be friends with him. Since the noble sheykh, Muhafiz, is renowned for his falconry, the Lord Elljinn begs him to accept this fine hawk."

He extended the goshawk tiercel.

Muhafiz stiffened as if struck by a glove. The gift implied that Muhafiz must share his spoils with his lord, as the goshawk yields prey to the eagle.

The goshawk is no true falcon. A very devil to train. Instead of striking his quarry he binds to it in air, riding it to the ground, if too heavy. Clever trainers can teach him to strike or slash, but he is prone to rip the quarry to pieces.

The wrath of Muhafiz rocked him in his seat. He spat at the startled envoys:

"Ya! Fleas of the dog! Go report to your lord that Muhafiz hunts only with eagles!"

The man nodded, concealing a triumphant grimace.

"We go for his answer," he said.

They galloped up country and out of

sight. We sharpened our spears and waited.

At sundown, almost, Dar hove into sight, alone, on a tired Jebel pony. On his kafieh perched, like a symbol of conquest, that same feathered demon, the goshawk.

Sorely the man dismounted. He knelt to Muhafiz, saluting his hand, and muttered: "God strengthen thee, Master."

"Stand thou and speak," said Muhafiz.

"My heart is a crust of bitter salt, from too much weeping," said Dar. "We bore thy message to Elljinn. He was angered and called thy sons to his face, and inquired how they thought of thy answer. Young Nasr, he who is ever rash, said Billah! his father had spoken."

"'He speaks for thee, then?'" said Elljinn.

"'Ya, killer of women,'" said Nasr.

"'Thy sire is a stubborn old blind wolf,' said Elljinn, 'and blind wolves should have blind whelps.' Then he struck young Nasr across the face with the point of his scimitar!"

A tigerish râle, half growl, half scream, broke from the throats of our Beduw.

"Speak on," Muhafiz said. "Speak!"

"The blow killed him not," continued Dar. "But thy son walks in darkness for ever."

"And Agid," the sheykh said—"Agid?"

"Agid strove to leap upon Elljinn, but his hands were bound at his back. The guards bore him down and abused him with their fists until Elljinn bade them let him rise.

"'See'st thou thy brother?'" Elljinn said to Agid.

"'I see thee hung on the tree of hell with thy face black as midnight,'" said Agid.

"The foul Elljinn then brandished his sword at Agid and said, 'By the beard of Alborak! though thou crow like the cock that covered the sun it shall not avail thee more than a date-stone. If thy father refuse my gift again, I shall serve thee as well as thy brother!'"

"*Ayb! Ayb!* A great shame!" the Beduw raged helplessly. "Truly the god of Elljinn is a viper."

Muhafiz stared at the goshawk, whose claws were deep-clutched in Dar's kafieh.

"What hast thou on thy head, Cousin?"

"Thou knowest," said Dar, "a goshawk."

"Nay, Cousin, thou wearest upon thy head the soul of Lord Elljinn, the Jebel. How doth it feel to thee, Cousin?"

"His claws strike deep. They hurt my crown."

"Ya! His talons strike deep," said Muhafiz. He lifted the bird, which clung so fast to the cloth it pulled off the blood-stained kafieh.

"Eat and drink," said Muhafiz, "then ride to Elljinn and accept the goshawk in my name. Bring thou my sons to this place."

"One thing more, O Jid. The Jebel sheykh craves, if thou would'st give proof of thy loyalty—"

"Ya! Speak."

"Send him the blue kafieh thou snatched in war from the head of the Syrian Pasha."

"God forbid!" cried Tibbu. "'Tis figured in gold. The blue kafieh is worth twenty camels."

"He shall have the headdress," said Muhafiz.

I remained three months with Muhafiz to tutor his blinded son. The condition of Nasr touched me to the core—he had ever been bold and athletic. I chiseled Arabic love songs on rocks and taught him to read with his fingers. The sheykh, his father, laid open his wealth and bade me help myself freely. I accepted a rare (stolen) Koran. Even Agid softened his daggerish glance, when he saw I was easing his brother. Agid had turned moody, often sitting apart, vowing terrific vengeance on Elljinn. His hands were locked, in Muhafiz' lifetime, for the sheykh had sworn by the honor of his beard to declare no war upon Elljinn. That oath and the Pasha's kafieh were the price he had paid for his sons.

My business, meanwhile, was nearing its end. Muhafiz was manning six sahkrs. They were caught for me *haggard*, that is, wild adults, as these make better falcons than nestlings. He had caught for me, also, six males.

Each morning we cantered afield with our birds into the sweet-smelling Nejd bush, *el-arrafei*. Ever moving and camping we had quit the white Nefud and were trekking the clay floor of the Nejd. Towards the close of my visit we swung north in our dira and invaded grazing grounds claimed by Lord Elljinn. Muhafiz never spoke of sheykh Elljinn; but he kept the goshawk in his cadge. Daily he trained it, alone. None saw, not even the favored Tibbu, the methods he used nor the quarry.

The goshawk appeared to thrive upon hate. His sails and talons lengthened. His amber-red eyes sputtered fire like a fuse. He hissed at everyone but the sheykh.

"Verily," said Tibbu, "'tis the soul of Elljinn, or the soul of old Shaitan himself."

One morning a scout came tearing down from the slopes, reporting he had caught sight of Elljinn.

"Thou art certain 'twas he?" said Muhafiz.

"Billah!" the rider was positive. "Him and five others I saw. They hunt with their hawks on a ponded flat, where the herbage conceals many hares. Lord Elljinn disports in the gold-blue kafieh thou didst win from the Syrian Pasha. They also have doves which they toss into air, to furnish sport for the falcons."

Muhafiz lifted his sheykhly hand to check the long camelcade.

"Make ready the beyts," he said.

The Beduw halted, astounded. The rear guard, alarmed, expecting attack, came flying up, headed by Agid.

"Thou hast smelled a foe, father?" said Agid.

"We go for a hunt," said Muhafiz.

He commanded fresh mares to be saddled. I rejoiced that my mount was among them. Agid and Tibbu were permitted to go. And, of course, the cadge boy on his naga.

The five of us followed the agile scout among the crumbled red crags toward the rautha.

Muhafiz carried a sixteen-foot rommh, with a hooded hawk on the shaft. Agid bore a lance, even longer.

Tibbu had a flintlock slung over his back, and a *hazam*, or belt, full of bullets. I carried my Colt revolver.

For ten or twelve miles we toiled up a dry seyl, where aloes and buckthorn sprouted.

A dove winged up from the rautha, bearing towards us over the plain. He had made a slip less than seventy yards when two falcons soared in pursuit.

Five riders galloped out from the rautha, their eyes on the race in the air. They almost charged into our party.

When they saw us they seized their sword-hilts.

"Peace," said Muhafiz, "we come to hunt."

"By Ullah!" said one. "'Tis Muhafiz."

This man, I was certain, was Elljinn himself, if for naught, but his peacock kafieh. Truly, it was an extravagant piece of dress, worth, as Tibbu had said, twenty camels. The *agals*, or coils that circled the crown, were ropes of pure gold, sun-piercing. The drop-scarf was pricked in design. The border which circled the Jebel sheykh's face was a luminous blue, like sapphire.

The comrades of Elljinn were as startled as he, in dashing thus suddenly on us. One of them was a *Bim-bashy*, or captain of troops, who bristled as he recognized Agid.

"Lay not thy hand on thy sword," said Agid, "or I run thee through like a mutton!"

"Peace," said Muhafiz. He addressed Elljinn:

"How fly thy falcons, Pasha?"

"Well enough," said Elljinn. He cast about for his birds, which were stripping the doves they had slain.

"They are hungry, I see," said Muhafiz.

"They are young," said Elljinn hastily. "I have better ones cadged in the rautha."

"Let us have a dove out for sport," said Muhafiz. "I will wager a sheep on my sahkrs."

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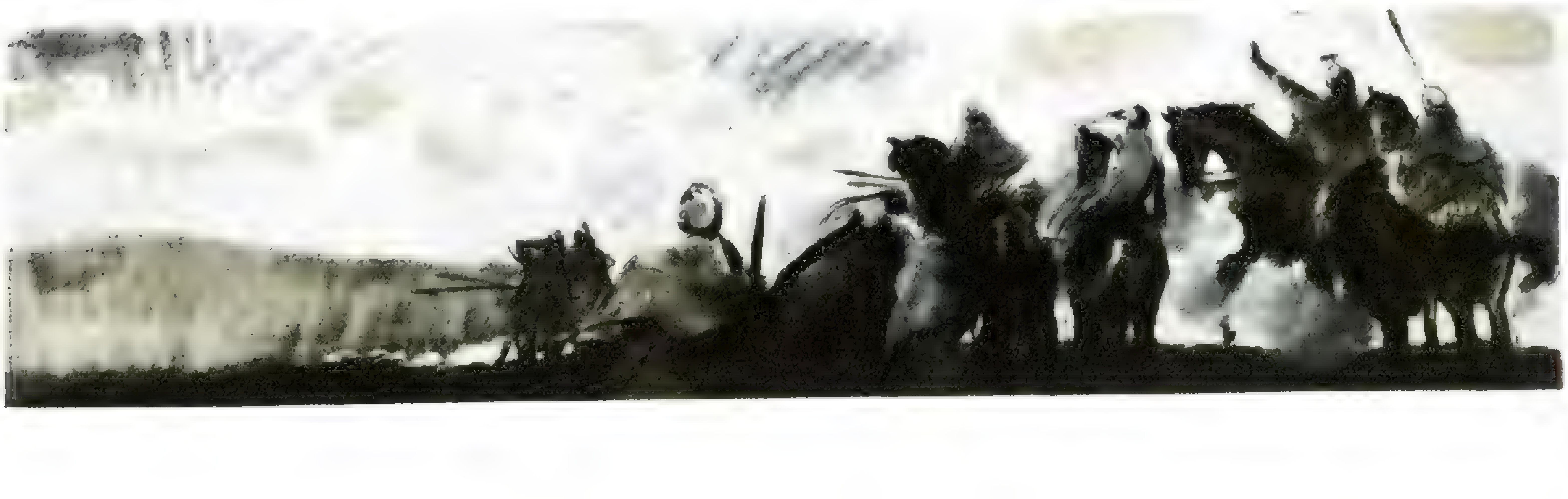


Hail the Ailing

The golf experts take a swig of psychology and evolve a new use for the bellyache

by HERB GRAFFIS

▪ SPORTS ▪

If the ordinary golfers really get as smart as some star professionals are this year we are going to see a most amazing development in the game. It is beginning to look like we will have, instead of the usual gamin or polite Boy Scout types of caddies, young fellows fresh from medical colleges lugging the bags of every player with championship aspirations toward the national open title clear down to the Class D championship of the Painted Toenail (Neb.) Country Club.

Let the playing of championships continue along the lines of the last couple of years and we may even see trained nurses racing around golf courses after the stars; the trim damozels will be taking temperatures, clocking pulses, doping the boys with pills and binding them with bandages, and mincing shyly toward locker-rooms with those items of hospital equipment that look like open-topped lamps dug up from the ruins of Pompeii.

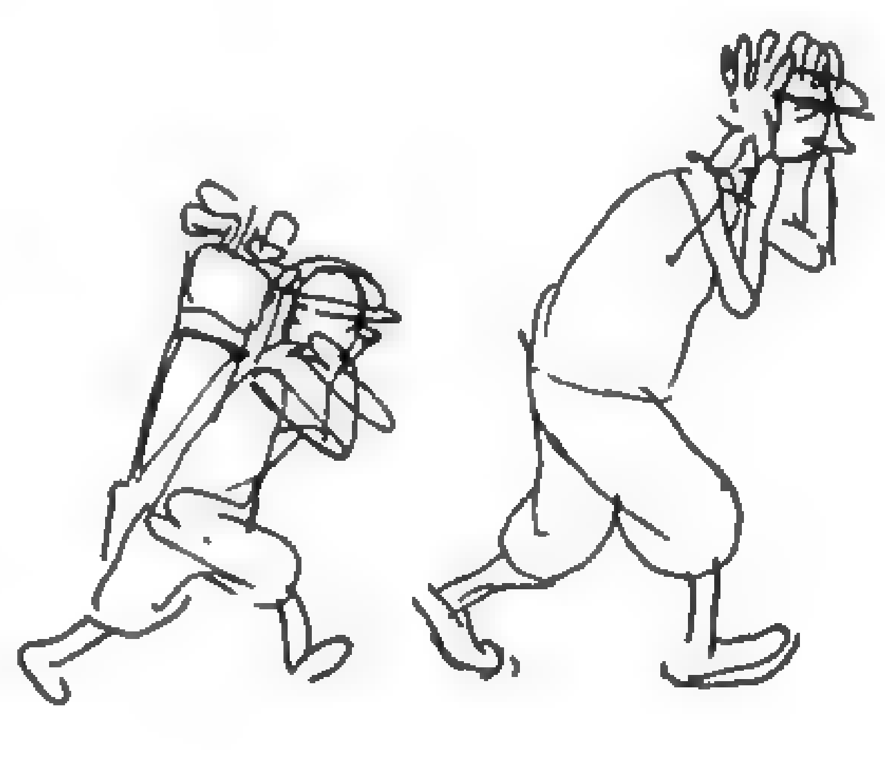
The Mayo brothers will be asked to take over the United States Golf Association. Golf finally will get big space in the sports sections because the sports-writing gentlemen will be howling about the game as a far more severe menace to public health than college football, soap on the bathroom floor and drunken automobile driving.

Why does all that look like a not remote possibility?

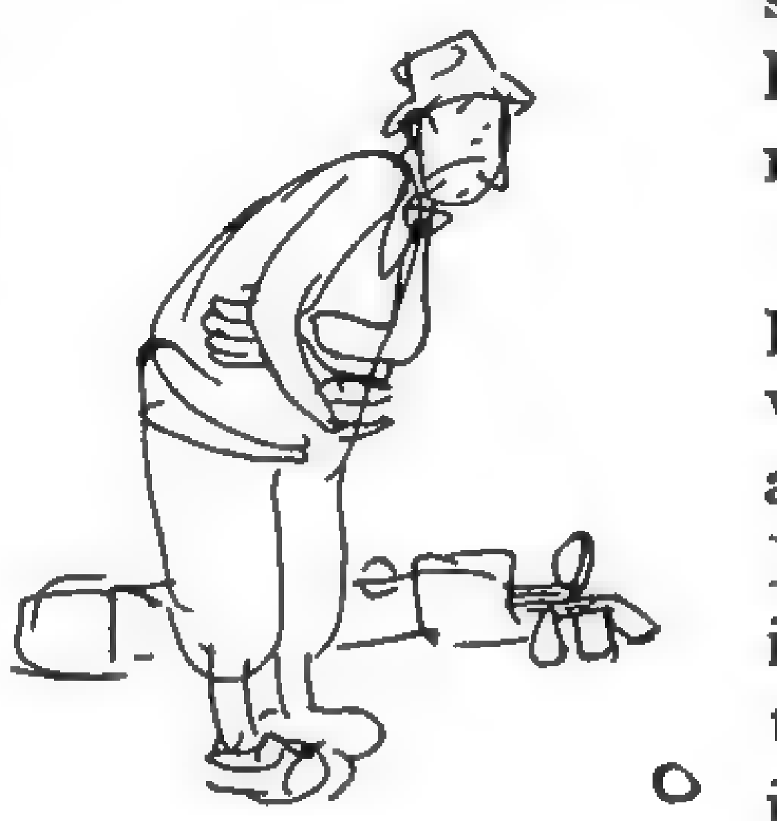
It is merely because the studious and sensitive great professionals have worked up something in practical psychology that should call for applause from Freud, Jung and other experts in psychiatry.

Let's look over a list of some fairly recent tournament winners, starting back with the national open at Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia, last summer when Olin Dutra battled amœbic dysentery and the golf course as an incidental factor, to win that championship.

Dutra also won the Miami-Biltmore tournament, biggest money event of the winter circuit, after going into the thing with a sore back and wrenching his wrist as a bridge collapsed on the seventy-second hole. Horton Smith, who won the California Open, had to withdraw from the Western Open because of an extremely painful condition of nerves and muscles. Harry Cooper, who won the Western Open was having trouble with his eyes and stomach.



Bobby Cruickshank, who won the Nassau Open and Tommy Armour, who won the Miami Open, both were very near the point of death during these championships. Although of decidedly different temperaments than Masters Dutra, Smith and Cooper, but certainly on their war records also identified as men of unquestioned courage and stamina, Armour and Cruickshank both were astonished to get through the nerve-wracking horror of these tournaments alive. Fellow players in the tourneys heard both Tommy and Bobbie gasp weakly: "I am dying. I am dying." The fact that they both were dying for a few drinks does not put them in a class apart from the three lads previously mentioned. All of the stars suffer. It is beginning to look like they have to have acute miseries or they're not stars.



A most unusual thing happened at Miami early last winter, concerning the rugged and self-contained Walter Hagen. Walter had just finished playing in the Biltmore tournament and hadn't turned in a performance anything like those of his earlier days although the gallery still stayed loyal to him.

Walter seated himself at one of the big round tables in the locker-room and beamed at the boys across the room from behind a parapet of bottles of scotch, rye, bourbon, bacardi, beer, mineral water, ginger ale and a few other beverages bottled for the noble purpose of helping men to be themselves.

To his comrade of many a glorious, gay session in such scenery, The Armour, Hagen addressed a mild request to have a bottle passed to him.

Armour goes quite strictly teetotaling during the winter. Shoving scotch of purest bead serene only a few inches to Walter apparently struck Tommy as being Hagen's diabolically timely version of the temptation of St. Anthony.

"Walter, are you getting too damned lazy to reach for it yourself?" Armour asked.

Hagen smiled. "No. My hip hurts so I don't like to move around much."

Tommy then not only passed the bottle toward Walter but uncorked it and poured Hagen's drink.

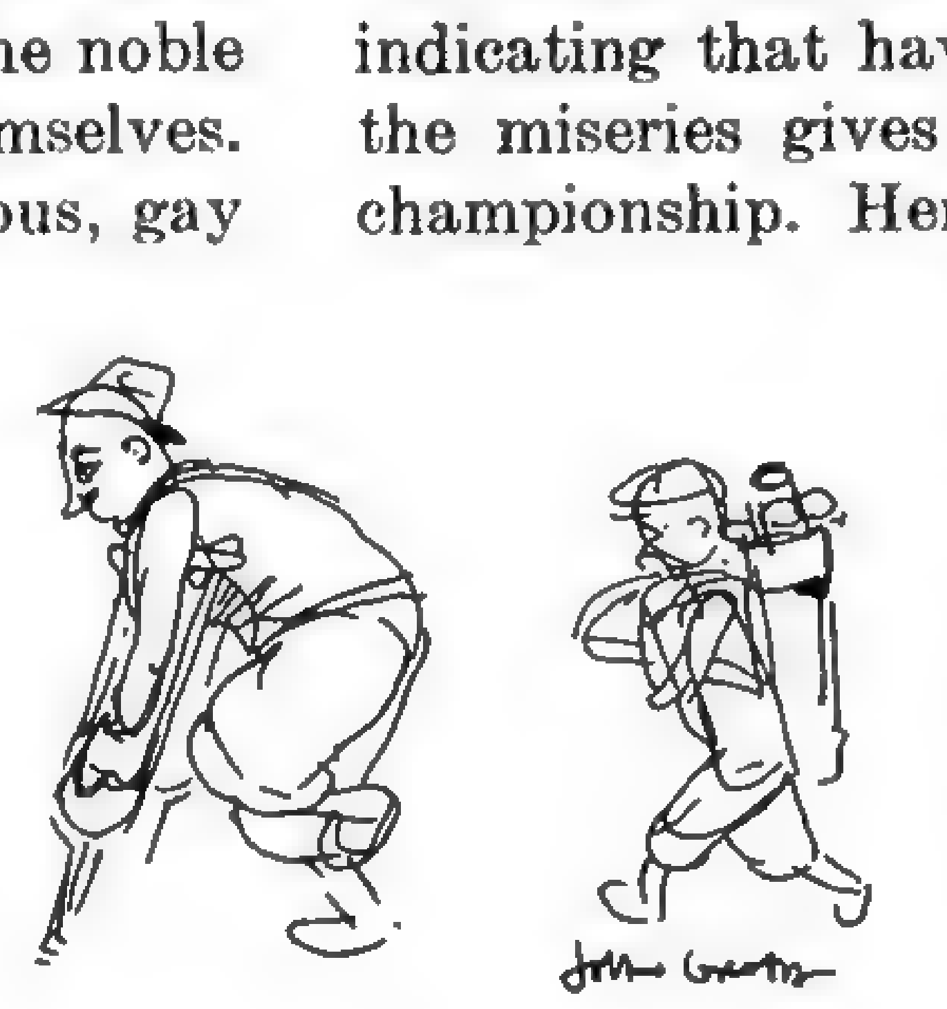
Later that evening Armour and Billy Burke were driving home together. Both fellows rode along in silence for several miles.

Tommy began: "Bill, I can't keep from thinking about Hagen mentioning this afternoon that his hip hurt him."

Burke had been at the table when Hagen had made the remark. Bill replied to Armour: "I've just been thinking about the same thing. It makes history for him to say that anything's wrong with him."

"It does," the Silver Scot mused. "I've been with Walter when he has been beastly ill and when he's had some terrific hangovers and he's gone out to the first tee after a few hours sleep so weak he could hardly stand. But no one in the world ever would know he wasn't in perfect condition. This afternoon was the first time in all the years I've known Walter that he made the slightest reference to ailing."

After that incident it was not at all surprising to have Hagen join the parade of invalids to glory and return to the sport pages as a winner. Of course Walter couldn't be expected to come right out in his entirely new role as a conquering convalescent and win something very big. What he won first was top prize money on the pro end of the Lakeside (Calif.) Country Club's pro-amateur tournament. Walter, with his amateur partner, had a best-ball of 65, seven strokes under par. The old master seemed to do pretty well after he acquired the modern technique.



From Britain came additional evidence indicating that having a first class case of the miseries gives a golfer an edge on a championship. Henry Cotton, who was the first Britisher to win the British Open after a 10-year period during which that title was held by Americans, went into the event a convalescent. He had been a stoop-shouldered fellow for years before 1934. Then some doctor got to work on him, straightened out his spine and made him as straight as six o'clock. With his spine and muscles still tender from the stretching out business 'Enery hacks out a 67 and 65 getting to the half-way mark in the British major championship and finishes with 283.

Forget for a couple of minutes the number of championships won by mortals tortured by divers afflictions. Think about the fellows who weakly drag themselves to the first tee of the typical country club Sunday

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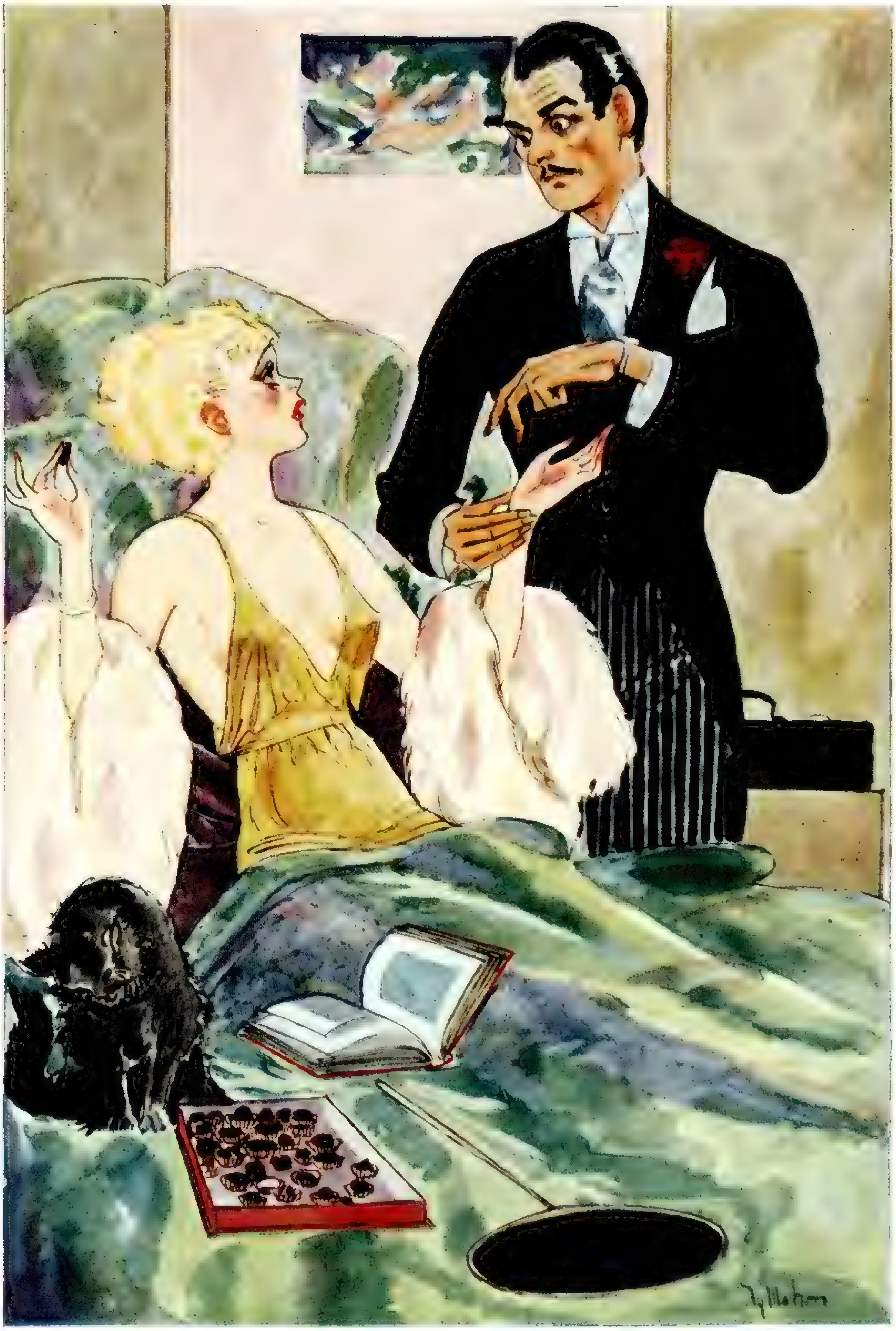
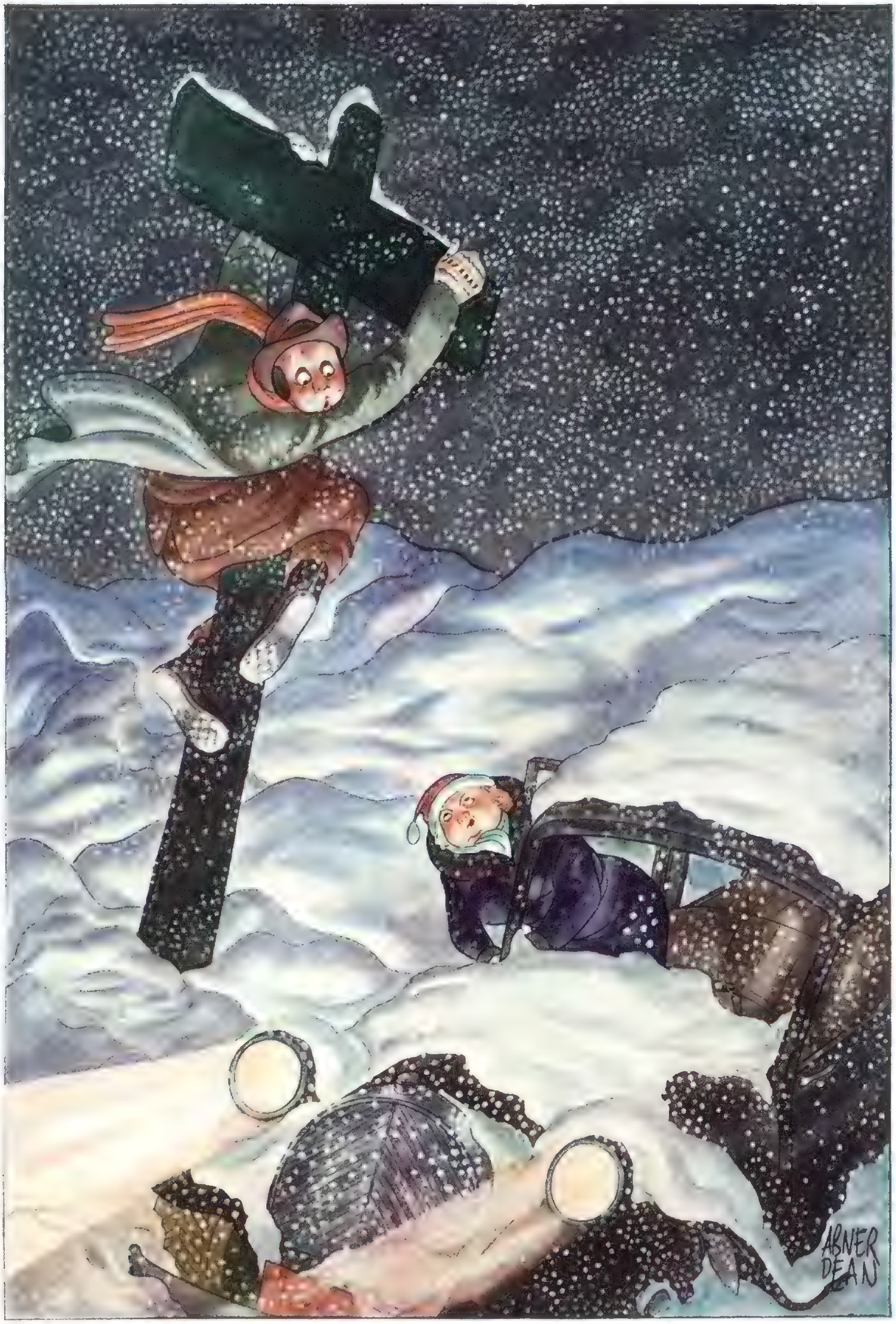


"But I haven't any symptoms yet, Doctor—you see, I only just heard about you"



"It says 'Hotcha Remedy for Sunburn'!"

From Greenland's Icy Mountains

Special broadcast from our noted artist and sexplorer who is up there chewing the fat

by RAYMOND KNIGHT

▪ SATIRE ▪

Editor's Note: Occasionally ESQUIRE has published articles by authors, explorers, and artists who have been to Greenland. They have only hinted at what lies behind the Eskimo's imperturbable mask. Now comes Raymond Knight, the "eyes, ears and nose" of ESQUIRE's staff, who pulls aside the veil and tells the truth about the white man's life in this romantic land.

PHOTOS BY RAY LEE JACKSON

The famous artist Rockwell Kant returned from Greenland on his last trip with several interesting canvases. He is shown here with one which he made into a tent after reading the critics' notices.

"FROM Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands!"

As a boy these words used to ring in my ears. They rang with a dull clanking sound, like the rattling of loose machinery . . . and now that I come to think of it—maybe that's what it was. Anyway from an early age I was fascinated by Eskimos, igloos, kayaks, blubber and things like that. I resolved that when I reached man's estate, I would *go* to Greenland and look nature squarely in the face.

Upon reaching twenty-one, my father *told* me where I could go, but the climate of *his* selection was diametrically opposed to that of mine, so I ignored him and began preparing for the long trek north. Since then it has been practically impossible to keep trek of me.

Every two or three years the north calls me, and I must go. Sometimes the call is imperative—at other times it is collect. But no matter how insistent the demands of civilization are at the moment, I put them all behind me, board an old whaling vessel, which I always keep tied up at the foot of Wall Street, and in a few months the burnt umber crags of Igdlorssuit are looming on the horizon. To the left the promontory of Unionssuit and to the right the shiny ridges of Bluesergessuit catch the eye of the world-weary traveler.

As the whaler pushes its way through the aquamarine waters of the bay, I can see ahead on the beach my housekeepers waiting for me. There are Salamandi, Parsifala, Inglenooka, Oskaloosa, Sukiyaki and dear old Pfui. Each has her brood of children about her, stolidly sucking on tallow candles and patiently waiting for "The White Father" to present them with a can of sterno. Each child upon receiving his gift will gulp down the contents and then wait patiently for three years for the next can.

There are scant ceremonies on the beach as I arrive. One by one my housekeepers will prostrate themselves on the sand, place my foot on their necks in token of submission, mutter the words "Smorgasbröd" (How's tricks) or "Etaoinshurdlu" (What-the-hell-kept-you), and then place a piece of my luggage on their heads and march up to the house.

Upon arriving at the house I find that they have scrubbed the floors so that they are right down to the foundations. Ah, the housekeepers of Greenland! In that far country they believe that woman's place is in the house—although there is often some confusion as to which home is which.

After my bags have been opened and my housekeepers have put away my belongings, they stand in line and, one after the other, we rub noses and I give them each some present I have brought back with me. To one will go a bit of tobacco to fill my pipe in the winter evenings, to another some gay beads to decorate some Eskimo clothing she is making for me, to a third a block of Insull Utilities I have had for some time, to a fourth a catalogue of one of my New York exhibitions; another will receive a supply of cotton for darning my socks and still another will treasure a package of delicacies which she will cook for me on special occasions.

Then while I walk around the house on a tour of inspection, the housekeepers give an account of their stewardship during my absence. When each has finished a recital of her duties, I throw her a fish which she quickly swallows.

Next, I go for a short walk through the settlement in order to let the inhabitants know that I have returned. The men pull their forelocks to "The White Father" and the women curtsy shyly and stick out their tongues in the quaint manner which Eskimo custom dictates.

As I pass between the lines of Eskimos my housekeepers group around me protectingly and ward off all attempts at communication with others. If I break away and run after some Eskimo maiden in an attempt to talk to her, all six of them dash after me and re-form their cordon about me.

The author photographed informally in Greenland with some of the native children.

Ah, my faithful housekeepers!

A pat on the head to a child here and there who looks familiar and I go back to the house for the ceremony of breaking bread. In Greenland this is done with an axe as the bread is left outdoors to freeze instead of cooking it in a stove.

Next comes the first meal. A bowl of steaming ekmek (sealsoup) is placed before me with choice bits of fat floating around in it. Picking these pieces out with my fingers, I throw them out the door. Then one by one my housekeepers bring the oil lamps to me, and one by one, I fill them with soup.

About this time the husbands of the housekeepers appear at the back door of my home where they sit quietly without a word until I come out. Then they rise, we shake hands solemnly all around, and they go home to wait until spring. They're nobody's fools.

Each day is very much the same in Igdlorssuit. In the morning the Eskimos get up and in the evening they go to bed. In between I explore little nooks and crannies of the hinterland and sometimes I paint or sketch and they watch me. Although I am not much of an artist, I put the natives on canvas as a record of my trip. I usually paint my housekeepers in rotation, in order to avoid charges of favoritism. They are very jealous of their prerogatives and keep them neat and clean at all times.

When I am not painting I stand on the cliff and look out over the fiord for the mail boat. The fiord is long and narrow and shaped like a perfect T. The Eskimos in their simple way call it a model T fiord.

Of course this painting of the natives day in and day out becomes monotonous. Sometimes just for the hell of it, I let the natives paint me. This usually gets us nowhere.

Eskimos are not loquacious. For hours on end they will just sit and look at each other. Or to put it another way, they will sit on end for hours and just look at each other. Then one of them will say "Inuvdluarno" (Goodbye) and it will not be until an hour later that another will reply "Ivdlutdlo" (The same to you). After *you* have tried to pronounce these Eskimo words you'll probably realize why they are not more talkative.

Eskimo children are a problem. The Es-

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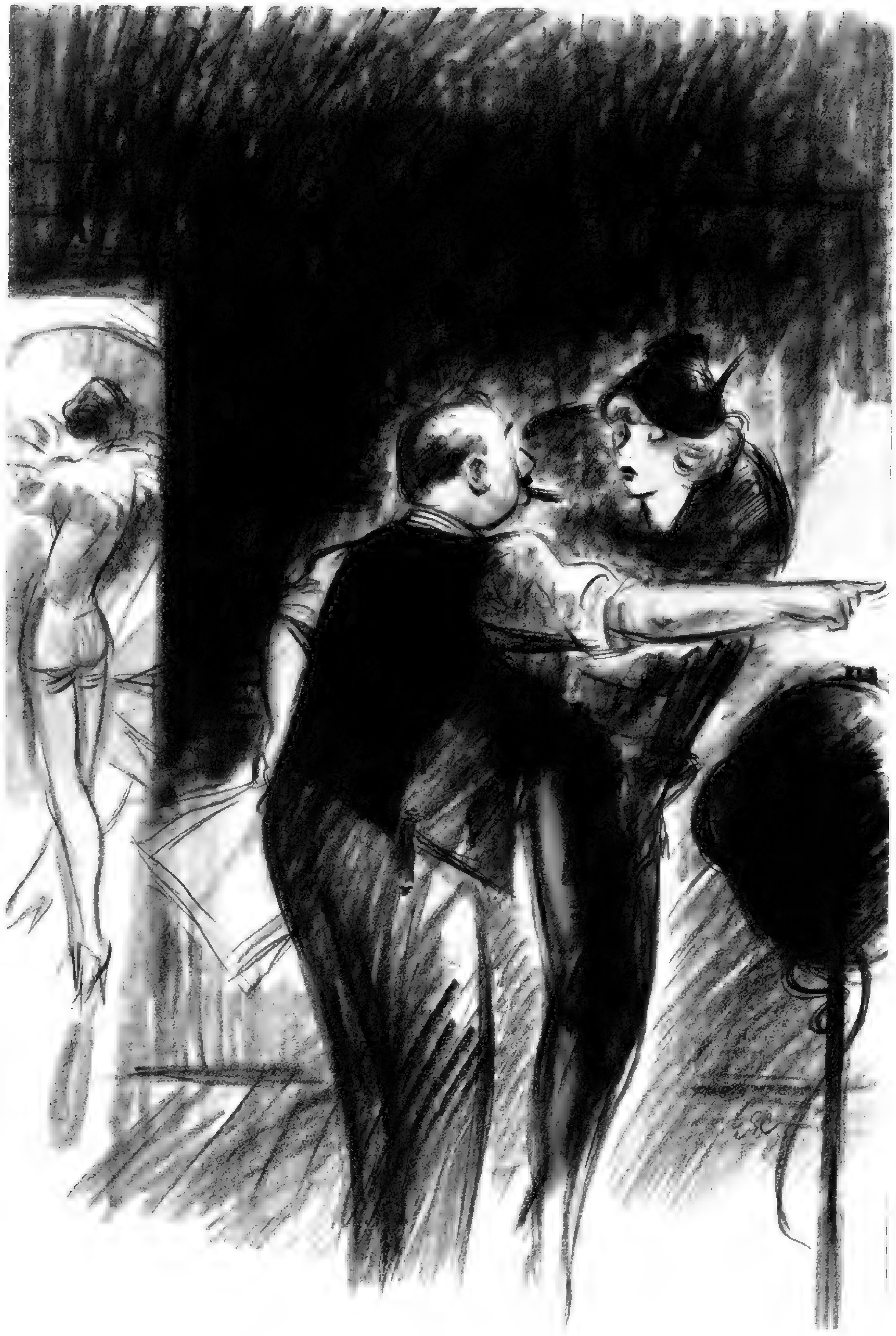

"You haven't time to put your costume on—just take off your clothes"

The Future of Yon

Continued from page 46

in precedent; the scholar rubs his nose in the dust of his own fallow field; and the business man goes in for business-as-usual (when possible). Because everything is known to be relative, it is accepted that nothing is related. But where once a Something not ourselves that maketh for righteousness spoke to all men with a voice of thunder, now the deep moans around with many voices and no man knows what the hell.

4. The Problem of the Dangerous Toys

This category has to do with the hypnotic influence of gadgets and contraptions on the human race. Things are in the Lizzie, and Mankind is taken for a ride. We play with torpedoes and death rays. These are spectacular contraptions. More dangerous are such commoner toys as motor cars, loud speakers, and unemployment relief systems. The last-named, for example, is a direct offspring of our inability to manage such gadgets as belt-conveyors, installment-selling, high-pressure advertising, investment trusts, and billboard pictures of voluptuous maidens in bathing suits. Closely related to this problem of technological marvels is—

5. The "Wonderful-Tools-but-What-of-It?" Problem

When Ignatz Mouse called Krazy Kat's attention to our wonders of invention, such as newspaper, radio, the telephone, television, the movies, in which we can say things to each other in countless ways and in spite of countless obstacles, Krazy, being stupid, wondered if we should ever be able to invent something to say. The newspaper has invented Orphan Annie and Art Brisbane, the radio has invented Amos 'n' Andy, the movies have invented Bing Crosby and Shirley Temple, the telegraph has invented 144 different formula congratulations and condolences and greetings covering all the standard events of standardized life. It has taken dozens of keen men a hundred years to develop the machine marvel which vomits forth the daily MacFadden tabloid. Some authors treat of this as the Tripe and Bilge Problem.

6. The Problem of the Howling Canyons

This is the malady of New York and points west. It is the puzzle of what to do with Jimmy Walker and Al Capone. It is the problem of sky signs, of subways, of traffic jams, speakeasies, slums, penthouses, wicked cops, and municipal bankruptcies. It is the problem of the Empire State building versus Everything Else. The Kirghiz nomad who saw the city of Tashkent for the first time was amazed by the two-story structures. "Why do these people live on shelves," he asked, "with all this land around?" Some years later Tom Webster, the Northcliffe cartoonist, did a Kirghiz from the observation platform of the Woolworth Building. "My God!" he cried, as they tried to pull him to the railing for the view. "This is terrible! Why do these people do such things?" Such is the problem of the howling canyons as seen by virgin and unspotted souls.

7. The Problem of the Quickest Way Out of Chicago

This is the problem of dope, the puzzle of how to escape, dodge, and evade life in the problem age. The English had a slogan for it: "The quickest way out of Manchester is a bottle of gin." This is no more the problem of Chicago than it is the problem of Wilmington, Del., McKeesport, Pa., Akron, O., and points north, south, and west. The tentative answers to it are many: packed stadiums, yo-yo, Kiwanis luncheons, cocktails, sermons, Coney Island, movie cathedrals, the "National Pastime," bridge parties, newspaper "features," Coca-Cola, the Saturday Evening Post, barking radios in every restaurant, and taking the tin lizzie on a tour of the subdivisions. The dope is becoming not only more commercialized, but more refined and attenuated. Where once the common man dodged playing and turned spectator, now he sits by the radio and lets a professional spectator tell about it.

8. The Problem of the Eternal Itch

This is the highest of the problems, for it deals with a spiderlike and uncanny thing, the Soul. The amoeba had irritability; in man this became Mind, out of which evolved the Soul, or that disease of mind known as self-awareness. This is the seat of the eternal itch, which seeks tirelessly and with pathetic doggedness, the Ultimate Reality, God, Meaning, Purpose, Finality, and the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. The Eternal Itch is that about us which must always be up and doing with a heart for any fate. Of late the spiritual eczema has got into a bad way, on account of science's running down all the patent medicines. For science explains that the itch can never be cured, and man is fated forever to go on scratching.

III

Such is the classification of our main problems. It is not complete, only suggestive. For example, a number of problems are coming to the fore just now that might be grouped together as the Super-Problem of the Belly vs. the Higher Nerve Centers. The present contribution is merely pioneering; let who will carry these researches further. He will get his reward. For neat fortunes have been made by querulous volumes treating of the complications of Neurosis Problemitis. They have exploited all our frictions in words of easy syllables. Why do we behave like human beings? Why do we misbehave like human beings? Why do we behave at all? We are interested in psychological problems, including the one having to do with why we are interested in psychological problems.

Even the past, which was one element in our cosmos with a tendency to stay put, has taken on an unstable character. A new stir in history and biography testifies that the Past no longer satisfies us, and that all time tables are subject to change without further notice. We are not content to have done with it, but must constantly rehandle, reinterpret, refalsify it. Is it that we ourselves are unable to stay put? About the future we are uneasy too, that future which in olden times was the calmest aspect of the world. We are constantly reshuffling with our nagging utopias that part of the past which has not yet happened.

The heroes we pay homage to bear such horrific names as Zeitgeist, Weltanshauung, and Dialectic Materialism. They fight the epic of the spirit in turmoil. They travel the odyssey of the mind unable to get back to its ancient Ithacan moorings. Their woes are recorded in such books as "Whither Pishposh?," "Who Shall Conquer, We or You?," "The Challenge of Russian This," "The Decline of American That," "The Way Out of Everything," "Hither Adrift," "Thither in the Balance," and "The Future of Yon." Those go to make up a vast tangle of catalogues, analyses, syntheses, exposures, debunkings, and pawings-over (of which this is the next-to-the-latest) of the troubles of a world that has outgrown its ability to make necessary repairs.

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Saying which she sketched a big hat round her bare head, brought her hands in to her chin, and put on a period expression. "Good Heavens!" I thought, "that's where *I* live." It was really amazingly done. I said so, remembering how the sisters I'd met at Oxford would have been pleased to have been called good mimics.

Angela did not acknowledge the compliment. "That girl," I thought, "is as hard as her ribs."

All the same, she was very nice to me. They all were. The only trouble was that it took me a minute or two to understand whatever they said to me: their speech was as streamlined as their cars, as fast, and as full of technicalities beyond my comprehension. By the time I'd framed up a reply on my own lines they had darted away—mentally of course: they didn't dart away physically owing to politeness and the hot weather.

It would have been all very well if I could have felt genially contemptuous of them, as I'd been inclined to do at first. But to be fair I had to acknowledge that these animated pencils had done some things I'd never have thought of doing. Two of the girls had flown over from Algiers.

"We learned there last month," one of them said to me. "A French flying man taught us both in six goes."

One of the more or less masculine pencils was on his way to badger the Chinese Nationalist War Lord for an interview for some super combine of the smart magazines. I asked another if by any chance it was his father who was behind the Berthold-Lyons silk merger. "Yes," says he, "a whole generation behind it. I pulled that off."

Since I couldn't regard them as mere twitterers, I began myself to feel rather ponderous and dull. I resolved to be off, but the fact is I stayed on from day to day to have yet another look at two of the girls who were

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staying there, the flyers. I found their charm as unexpected and as undeniable as their efficiency.

I had never expected to fall for lead pencils; what's more I was shocked by their frankness concerning what little flesh they had. I had no justification for being shocked at their immorality: I had had a mistress in Avignon myself up till a few months before. But that affair had been conducted with a decent discretion. It was the flippancy of these two that jolted me.

I put myself in rather a bad position right from the start. After all, imagine yourself seized by an inexplicable, indescribable, urgent and excruciating longing to have a lead pencil all to yourself. And suppose there are two lead pencils, almost identical. If you can't get one, what is more natural than to turn to the other?

These pencils were known as Beth and Fanny. Their quite incredible lip stick, their sunburn, their crystal eyes made me think of Athens, a form of youth which I badly needed. Always systematic, I took them in alphabetical order.

While the others were dancing, I edged Beth into a corner of the terrace, and, after fencing at it once of twice, I put my arm round her, saying, for the sake of lightness of touch, "Come, Tin-ribs!"

She replied with an American expression which conveyed very little to me.

However, she didn't push me away, or if she did I didn't notice it. I was overcome by emotion at what I took to be her consent; I found myself quite unable to keep up the light touch any longer, and strained her to my bosom, telling her in old-fashioned terms exactly how much I adored her. Everyone talks like a fool on such occasions: I maintain that my only *faux pas* was that I didn't talk like a modern fool. In fact, I used the words, "Be mine."

I was horror-stricken to hear her begin to laugh in the most cold-blooded way imaginable. The effect was exactly that of a bucket of cold water.

"I'm extremely sorry," I said, "that my sincere feelings should upset you in this way. It's no laughing matter for me."

"Don't be dignified," she said, between gasps.

"Why not," said I. "Men, real men . . ."

"Because," she cried, "it makes me feel all the more that I'd been made love to by . . . by Saint Paul's Cathedral. Oh, do forgive me. I'm so sorry."

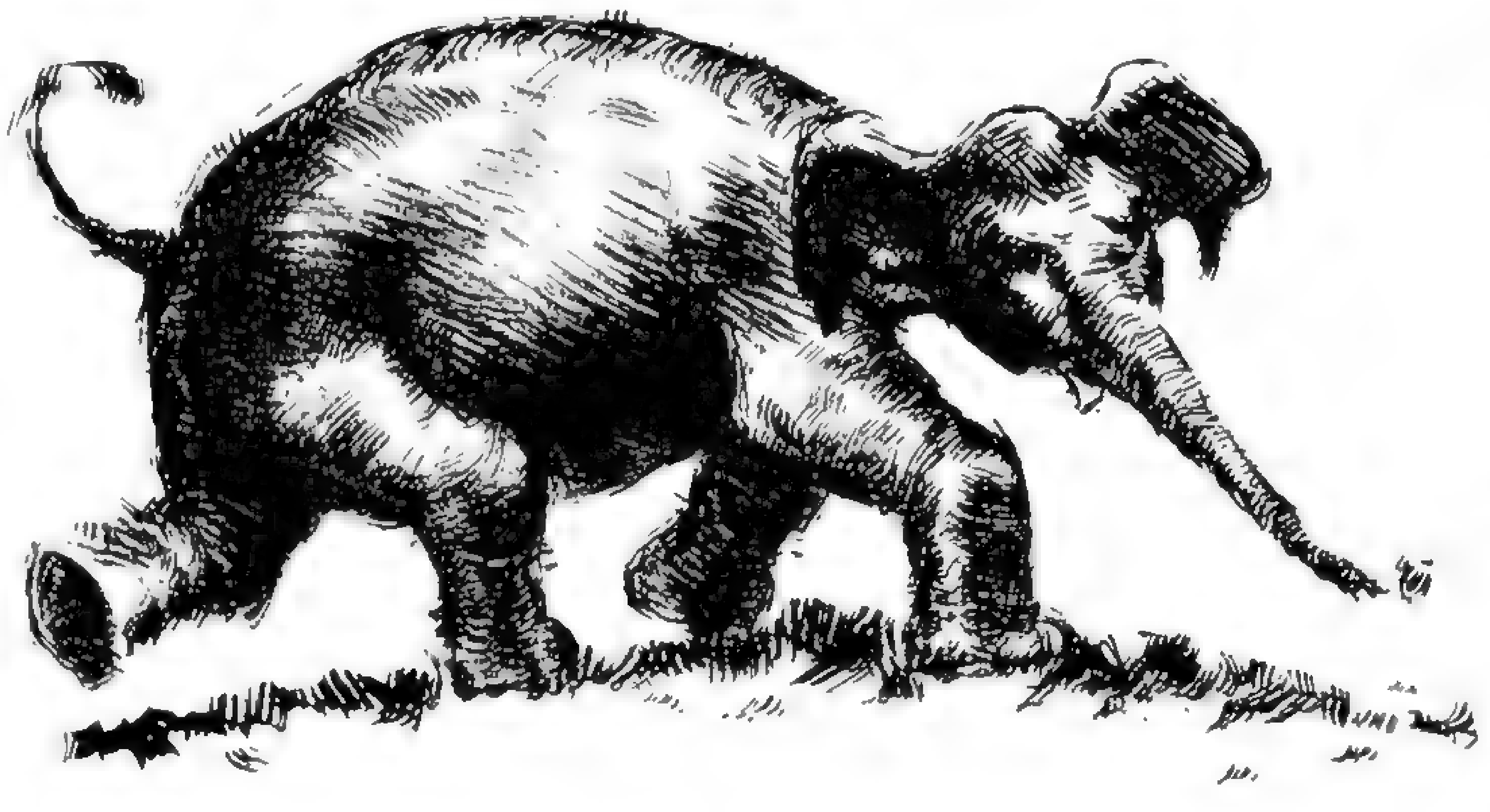
"You needn't be," I replied stiffly. "I'd rather resemble Wren's masterpiece than Cleopatra's needle."

With that I left her. I reproached myself for having been blind. Of the two pencils, the second obviously possessed the deeper nature. How could I have missed it?

I don't believe in wasting time. Once my mind was made up I cornered Fanny the very next evening.

I had resolved to restrain myself from all the old-fashioned phrases which these young creatures seemed to find so extremely funny. But what put me right off the rails was, that as soon as I began she looked at me with a sort of dawning smile, and widening eyes, for all the world as if this was something she had been half expecting, and more than half longing for. At once my blood, which must amount to gallons, did all that the blood of lesser men does in such circumstances: it boiled, surged, bubbled and went to my head, sweeping away all my caution like a straw in Niagara.

In fact, I was overcome by emotion. I strained her to my bosom, and heard myself burst out with the very words I had resolved to avoid at all costs—"Be mine!"



For a moment I mistook the nature of her exultation, but not for long.

"Beth!" she sang out. "Where are you?"

"Here, dearie," replied the other attenuated fiend from a spot uncomfortably near. I heard her coming down beside the cypress hedge.

"I've won," cried Fanny. "He said it to me, too. Didn't you?" she said to me, with all the nerve in the world.

The other one came pattering up. From mere surprise I had forgotten to put Fanny down. When a man of my sort strains a girl to his bosom, her feet leave the ground a long way below. By a little overdue mercy I kept my nerve, and when Beth came within reach I scooped her up with the other arm.

"Don't think it's so funny," I said. "We men in Provence expect to find you thin things in bundles, like asparagus." With that I gave them each a kiss, and put them down, expecting them to retire covered with shame and confusion. However, they seemed to regard it as a final justification for their mockery, and no sooner had we joined the others than it was "I say, Be-mine, do be a saint and get me another cocktail." "Are you going to dance this one with me, Be-mine?"

Fortunately I take things as they come. I was horrified at the public shame at first, but, as no one seemed to take too much notice of it, I stood my ground and revenged myself by whispering every insult I could into their ears.

What bothered me more than having made a fool of myself, was the fact that I felt so extremely like doing it again. It was this that made me think once more of beating a retreat, but once more I was held back before I could extract myself.

A telegram arrived, and was read out amid acclamations. "Astarte and I arrive tomorrow love Ferdy."

Ferdy, I gathered at once, was the very brightest star of all this bright galaxy. I heard the full tale of his exploits over a breakfast that lasted two hours. Everyone had some story to tell of him. Beth and Fanny said he was adorable.

"How thick is he?" I asked.

"Oh, he's got the most adorable figure," said Beth. "You would make six of him. He danced in the Ballet under a Russian name."

"What? A blasted dancer?" I said. "Well, I like to see good dancing. Do you think he'll do a hop for me if I give him a hundred francs?"

"He happens to have a million pounds as well, if that appeals to you more," said she. We exchanged sneers.

"It doesn't," I said. "And who's Astarte?"

Nobody knew who Astarte was. The general belief was that she would be someone he had abducted from a harem, for Master Ferdy was on his way back from the East.

However, it was discovered that we shouldn't have long to wait. Someone noticed that the telegram had been handed in at a late hour the previous night.

We got up from the table, and began to straggle towards the swimming pool. Suddenly there was a chorus of squeals. There, lumbering along the avenue, was an elephant, in the charge of a Hindoo.

You can imagine the excitement among these children. A real live elephant! What an idea! Obviously Ferdy's! For there was Ferdy himself crawling along behind in a hired car.

"This," he explained, "is Astarte. She likes seed cake."

Nothing could have gone down better. Everybody spoke at once, which must have been highly gratifying to Ferdy.

I found Beth at my elbow: "A friend of mine, in London, the year after the war," I said, lifting her up a little to secure her attention, "had a typist called Miss Wilkins."

"What? What?" said she.

"Miss Wilkins had two curls, one on each side of her forehead."

"Well?"

"She called one Fortnum and the other Mason."

"Why?"

"Same reason!" I replied, flicking an eye towards Astarte.

"You poor fish!"

I put her down. "I've put you down without harming you."

It transpired that Ferdy had come by this elephant in Bombay. "She seemed to get a fixation on me," he explained. Astarte's love-life was discussed at once with great imagination.

Anyway, he had brought her back, disembarked her at Marseilles, sent her on in charge of her keeper in the small hours of the morning, and caught her up in his car a few kilometres from the village. As to what he was going to do with her, he had a

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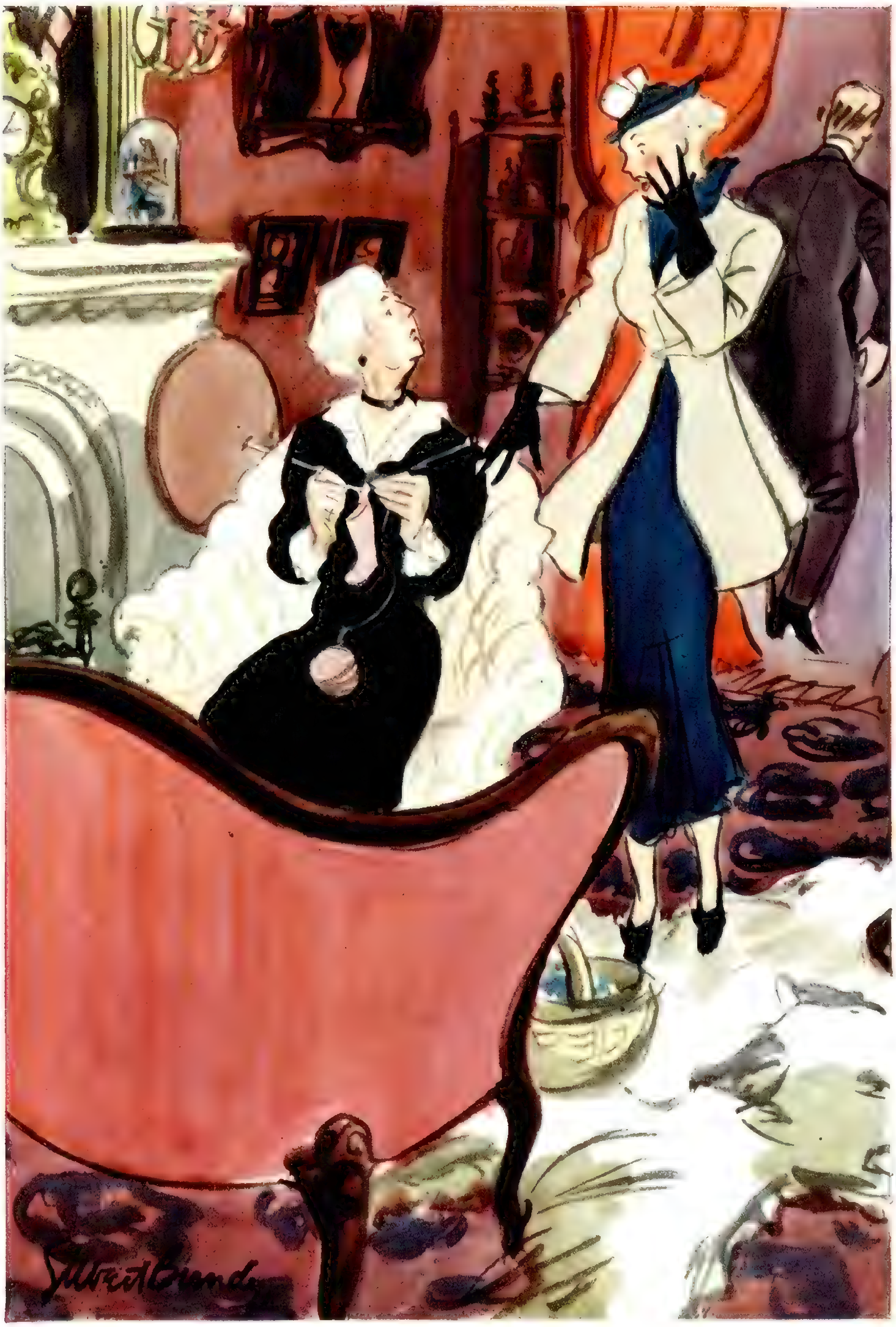
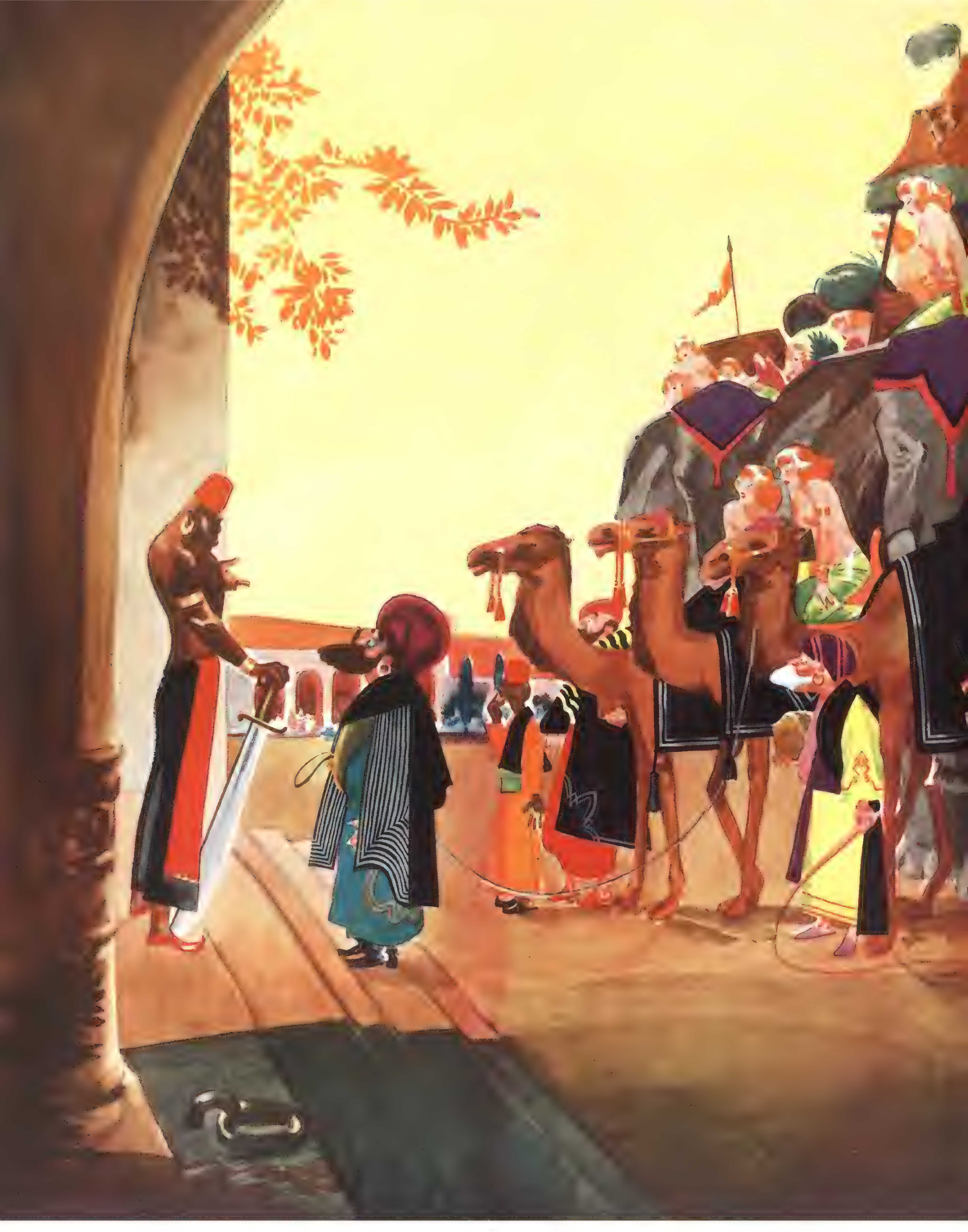
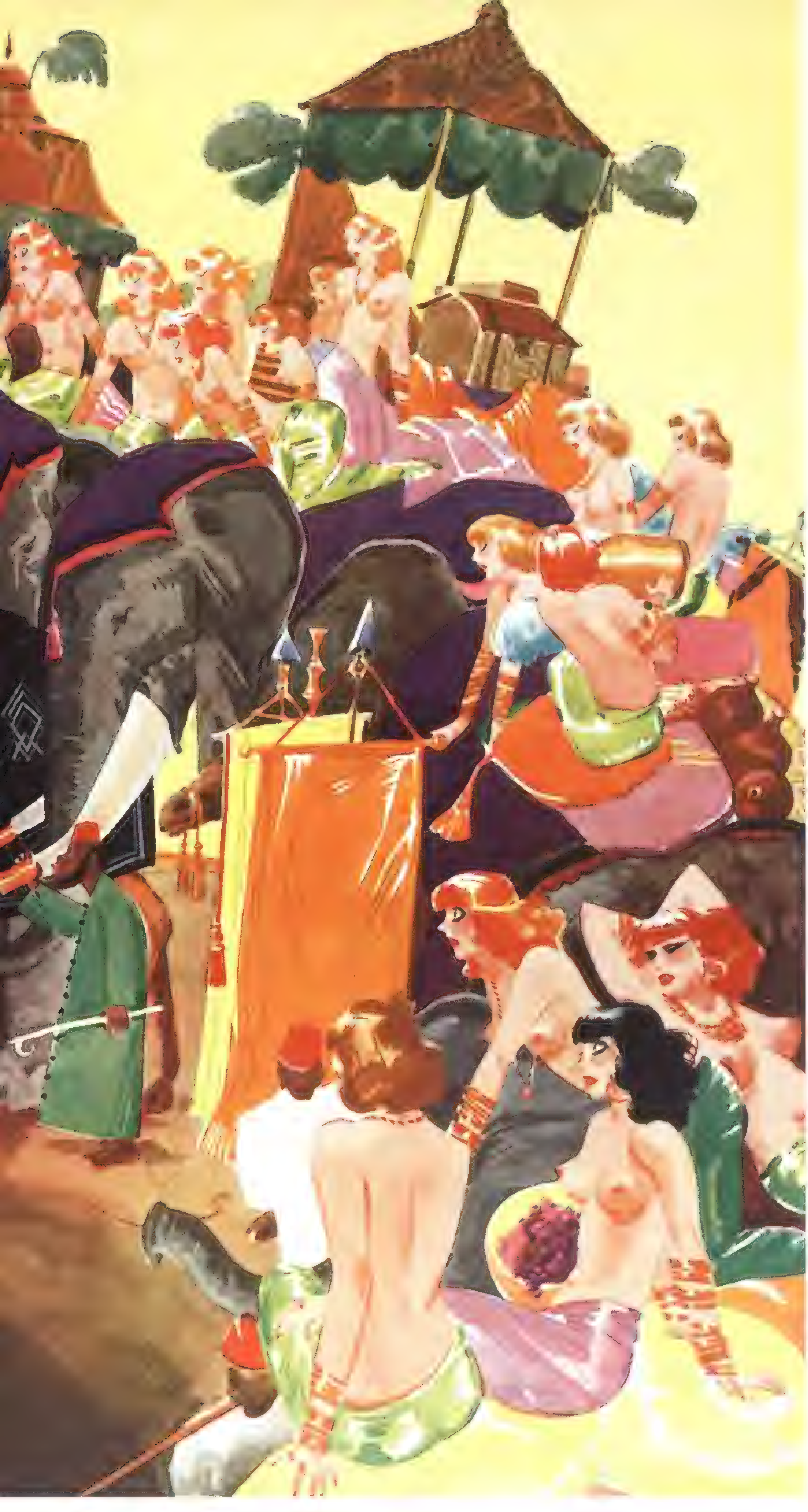

Gilbert Bundy

"Why, Mrs. Madison!"



"Sorry, buddy—you'll have to deliver them at the trade entrance"



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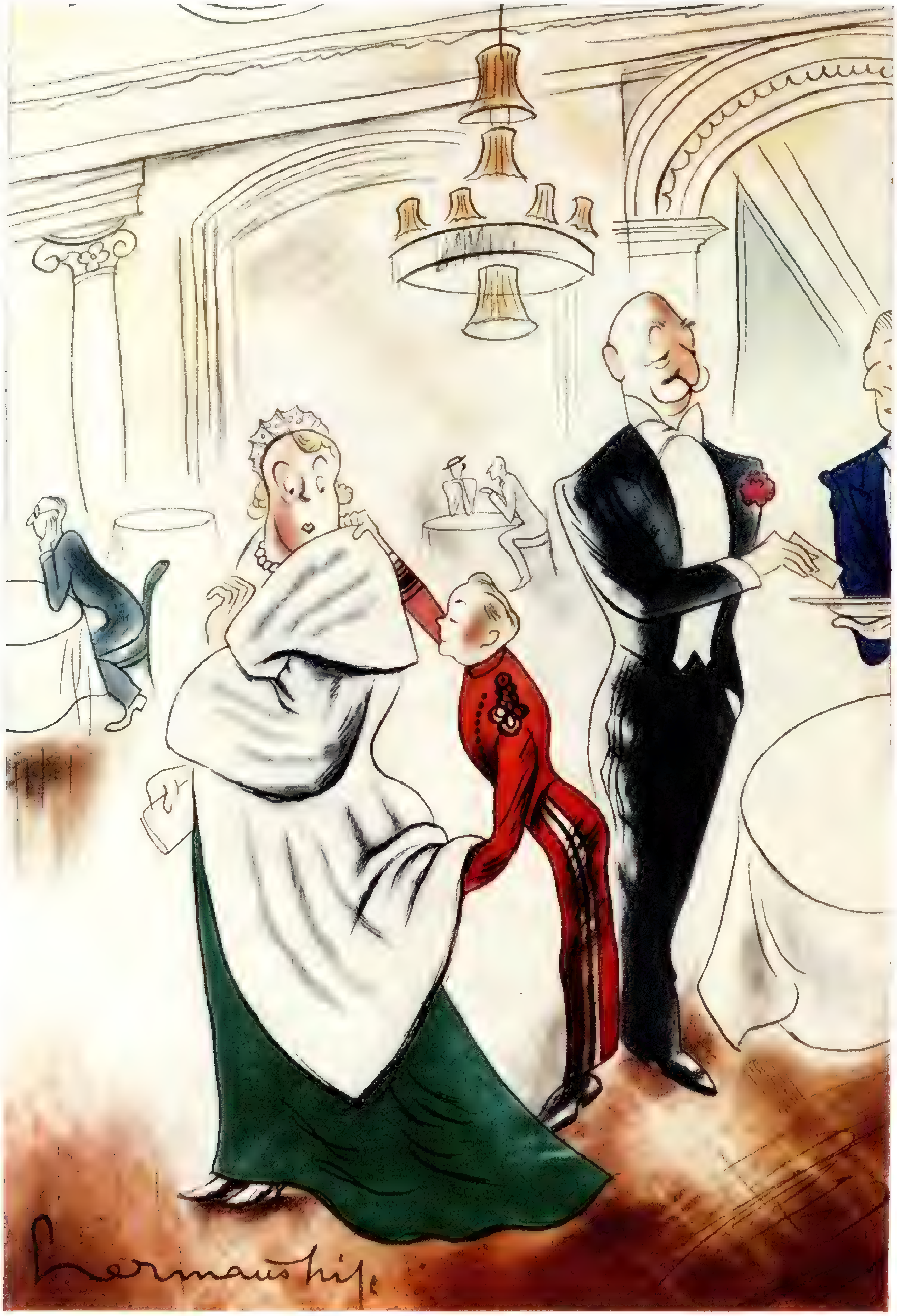

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score of crackbrained ideas, from riding her to hounds and getting her up as a pig to win the championship of England.

Meanwhile Astarte shifted from one foot to another and flicked her trunk about uneasily. The mahout, if he was one, spoke to Ferdy, but Angela was also speaking to him. No mahout stood a chance against Angela when shé was excited. It would have taken a muezzin.

"That elephant," I said to Fanny, "has probably been chivied by every kid in every village between here and Marseilles. Just off the boat too."

"Never mind. The Elephant is a Sagacious Beast. I read it in a book."

"It probably wants some water."

Evidently it did. At that moment the breeze blew across from the swimming pool; the elephant sniffed it and began to shamble off very quickly in that direction, the little mahout running beside at the double.

"Oh, look! It's going right through the roses," cried Angela, running 'round to head it off.

She just got 'round in time. "Shoo! Shoo!" she cried; standing there in her vivid pyjamas and waving her arms like a windmill. Her terrier, Kittiwake, a dog I have not mentioned before and hope never to mention again, cut in beside, yapping like fury.

"Get that dog away," I shouted, knowing how elephants dread the creatures.

Of course it was too late. What with Angela's squealing and the dog at its toes, the poor brute lost its nerve, swung round, knocked the little Hindoo down, and trod square on his back.

Then there was Hell to pay. The man lay still as death. The elephant raced unheeded through the grounds, spreading ruin everywhere. The whole party looked twenty years younger, which didn't suit them.

I found the man was not dead. He'd taken the foot between his shoulders, and his ribs were obviously in a bad way. Two cars raced off in different directions to find a doctor.

We got the poor chap into the house. Pretty soon a doctor arrived and said he'd come through all right, but he'd probably be delirious, and anyway he must'nt be allowed to speak for fear of damage internally. Meanwhile I'd got the gates shut. Thank heaven the place was walled all round! Otherwise the wretched elephant would have devastated every vineyard for miles. Nobody knew what on earth to do with it. Ferdy was terribly upset.

"Can't we get hold of a rifle?" he said. "I'd better shoot the damned thing."

That struck me as a bit extreme. In the end we began making arrangements for the Marseilles Zoo to take it over. Still, it looked as if some days must pass before we'd get it off our hands.

"It had better not stay out in the blazing sun," I said.

"Why not?" said Fanny. "It's hot enough in India, isn't it?"

I neglected to reply. Fortunately there was a little yard, a sort of secondary stable yard, that would do very well. We got the little gate open that led into it: I repressed a proposal for a general drive, took a loaf of bread and pretty soon managed to get on terms with the creature.

I must say, I found her a very nice beast. She followed me in; I showed her the cool of the biggest loose box: she enlarged it a bit by pushing down the partition, and very kindly helped me to clear away the debris. My two lead pencils, who had persuaded me into allowing them to look over the wall, were a good deal impressed by this.

"What a good wife she'd make him!" called Beth.

"Has she said she'll be yours?" cried Fanny.

"They're a well matched pair," added Beth.

The elephant and I took no notice of all this.

The next thing was to scour the hillsides for someone with some hay left, or some standing grass he'd sell, or a supply of cotton cake, all as rare as gold in the Midi in April. Still, we managed to collect enough before nightfall, and by this time everyone was taking it a little easier, except perhaps Angela, whose garden was a wreck, and Ferdy, who was responsible for it.

Just before dusk I decided to stroll out and have another look at the elephant, which had a good deal of fascination for me.

I leaned on the half door, looking in. The big creature stood, placid, comfortable, gigantic, filling the dim stable with an almost tangible emanation of power and ease. It could have broken the place to bits, I imagine: however, we had had a word together on that point, and I felt pretty sure it wouldn't do so.

I heard a pattering, and looked 'round. My two tormentors had come into the yard.

"Hullo, Be-mine!" they said.

"Ssh!" I replied, "This animal doesn't like your twittering."

They were amenable, and we continued to stare at the elephant in silence, Beth on one side of me, Fanny on the other, all leaning on the half door, much as people lean fascinated, on the rails of pig sties.

As it grew dimmer, the elephant seemed to increase in size and quietness and power.

"It is really rather impressive," said Beth in a whisper.

We continued to stare.

I became aware of a light pressure, the touch of a shoulder against my left side, where Fanny was. Very shortly afterwards there was a touch a little higher up: the touch of a head leant against me.

This was very gratifying. I had thought, earlier on, that Fanny had the deeper nature.

But the next minute I was amazed to feel another touch, similar to the first, on my right side.

"You are both leaning against me," I said, in a tone of the utmost restraint.

"Be mine," said Beth.

"No, be mine," said Fanny.

"I should hate to disappoint either of you," I said.

"You asked me first," said Beth.

"That's washed out," said Fanny.

"It certainly is," said I.

"We shall have to talk it over rationally," said Beth.

"Well, go and do it somewhere else," I said, "or you'll upset the elephant."

"I think he ought to choose," said Fanny.

"I can't tell t'other from which," I replied very candidly.

"He ought to know us better," said Fanny, "Then he'd choose me."

"Let's make him ask us over to his farm," said Beth. "He can make up his mind there."

But I find it excruciatingly difficult.

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taking a close-up slowly tilting the eye of the camera from ankles to calves, calves to knees, knees to thighs, thighs to hips, more hips, then hips to waist, waist to bosom, bosom, neck and silly grin. American audiences don't object to that. They seem to like it. Religion is considered a delicate subject and is almost never referred to in the newsreel. Racial questions are seldom permitted to appear. Feeling in the South is so strong that negroes and whites are not shown together in the same picture, though the last Scottsboro trial was covered and shown throughout the country.

Scenes of violence and horror are objected to by the audiences, though cameramen frequently come back with their film one long horror story. When the Akron broke away from her moorings at Los Angeles, three men hung onto the mooring ropes until exhausted. When they fell, their bodies struck the ground and bounced back into the air seven or eight feet. Those pictures were cut from the reel. When General de Pinedo crashed last summer at Floyd Bennett field, the newsreel cameras got pictures of his plane bursting into flames and de Pinedo struggling to get out, writhing and twisting in the cockpit of the burning plane. That part of the film was not shown. Film from Cuba last summer showed the mobs hacking and slashing the bodies of slain government soldiers. It showed the actual murder of a government official where the mob was not content with killing him but set his body up again for the pleasure of shooting it down another time, and then doing the whole performance a third time. That part of the film was cut. When police club women and trample men under horses' hoofs at Communist demonstrations, the newsreels get the pictures but they also get a request from the police not to show the film. The police contend such treatment is necessary, but to show the pictures would excite law abiding citizens against them.

What goes into the newsreels is dictated by the intelligence, the interests or the prejudices of the editors and the owners of the newsreels, just as a newspaper owner controls the news published in a newspaper. Newsreels owned by a man whose newspapers advocated preparedness would be expected to run many pictures of battle-

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ships, bombing planes and army maneuvers. If anything favorable to Hitler could be put into a newsreel picture, it would not be found in a newsreel whose editor was prejudiced against Hitler's policy. An editor who still thinks a fat women's race is a fine newsreel story would not be expected to give space to a crusade against child labor. In this limitation the newsreels are no better or worse than any other news organization.

Some subjects by their nature are not newsreel subjects because they have no pictorial value. But when such subjects make the headlines, the newsreels have to present them one way or another. For instance—"America Goes Off the Gold Standard" or "Congress Defies the President." Though these are not easy to dramatize and to present in picture form, the ingenuity of the editors usually finds some method of satisfactorily presenting them. The newsreels would like to present "Congress Defies the President" by showing the President cowering behind his desk while the Congressmen shook their fists or thumbed their noses at him. Congressmen might be willing to co-operate with the newsreels in making such a picture but no one has ever suggested it to the President—so "Congress Defies the President" is usually presented by interviews with the leaders of Congress and a short talk from the President.

Controversial subjects are not avoided if both sides can be presented. Contrary to public opinion the newsreels were not malicious in presenting the prohibition leaders. They spoke for themselves. The newsreels even gave them extra footage. Cameramen flocked to prohibition conventions and meetings of the W. C. T. U. The drys always wanted to talk and theatre audiences always wanted to see them. Few heard what they had to say. A prohibition leader talking is certain to be a laugh riot. Ella Boole finally realized this and refused to talk for the newsreels and it is rumored that the W.C.T.U. passed a resolution against allowing their executives to be photographed by newsreel men.

Certain celebrities are sure-fire hits in the newsreel. Audiences sit up and take notice when Roosevelt appears on the screen. Al Smith knows how to act before a camera and what to say and when to stop talking. Aimee Semple McPherson is a natural; whether she is moaning that her personal troubles always get into the headlines, or merely trying to save souls on sin-infested Broadway, she makes the reel. Jimmy Walker was a good newsreel mayor and LaGuardia promises to be his equal. Lady Astor is always good, so is Ramsay MacDonald, Mrs. Pinchot, Mrs. Coolidge, Will Rogers, G. B. Shaw and Nicolas Murray Butler.

Society leaders and débutantes make no impression on newsreel editors. Society women either refuse to co-operate, or they are wooden in pose and gesture. Débutantes always ruin a picture. In beauty they can't compete with the bathing girls who still crowd into the reel, breeding prevents their being alluring and a self-consciousness keeps most of them from being charming. Authors, painters and such, no matter how famous, don't get into the newsreel because they are not considered of national interest. That sounds a bit strange, but a best selling novel gets a circulation of perhaps 100,000 and that is a small percentage of the millions who see the newsreel weekly.

Wrecks make good pictures, but the railroads don't care about having pictures of their wrecks appear in the newsreels. If it is a big wreck, a call for the wreck clearing crew may be sent out before a call for ambulances. Anyhow when the cameramen arrive, cordons of railroad guards are busy keeping anyone with anything that looks like a camera from getting near the wreck. Consequently, most wreck pictures are "stolen" or obtained by outwitting the railroad guards. Last summer a passenger car was smashed while standing at a station platform. Thirty-nine people were killed. The wreckage was hastily cleared and the smashed car taken miles away from the station and hidden in a freight yard in another state. But the cameramen found the car and stole shots of it from the top of a water tower. In a wreck that occurred last January, railroad guards tried to keep cameramen from getting pictures. The wreck occurred before daylight; when the cameramen set out flares to give light to make their pictures, the guards snatched the flares and beat the cameramen with them. Railroads like to have pictures taken of their fast trains and of celebrities arriving or departing at their stations.

Football managers are also fussy about newsreel cameras. Slow motion cameras are not allowed on some fields because the film would allow their plays to be analyzed and their signals recorded. Knute Rockne feared cameramen would be hurt if they took their pictures on the field. This solicitude for the safety of the cameramen developed after a newsreel film made on the field showed that one of his famous victories was won by a player who carried the ball out of bounds on his victorious run.

At a Kentucky Derby, newsreel film proved that the judges had awarded the prize to the horse that lost. That incident ruffled the judges. Their verdicts must be final, so the cameras could no longer be located on the finish line. Cameramen can shoot above or below the finish line, but not on it—the horse the judges say is the winner must be the winner.

One of the great mysteries in the newsreel world is: Why won't Lindbergh talk for the newsreel? Lindbergh has been friendly to cameramen. He has even co-operated with them so they can get good pictures. They know he keeps his word. If Lindbergh says he will test a plane at a certain field at a certain hour, cameramen know he will be there and will do what he said he would. But he won't talk. Why? No one knows.

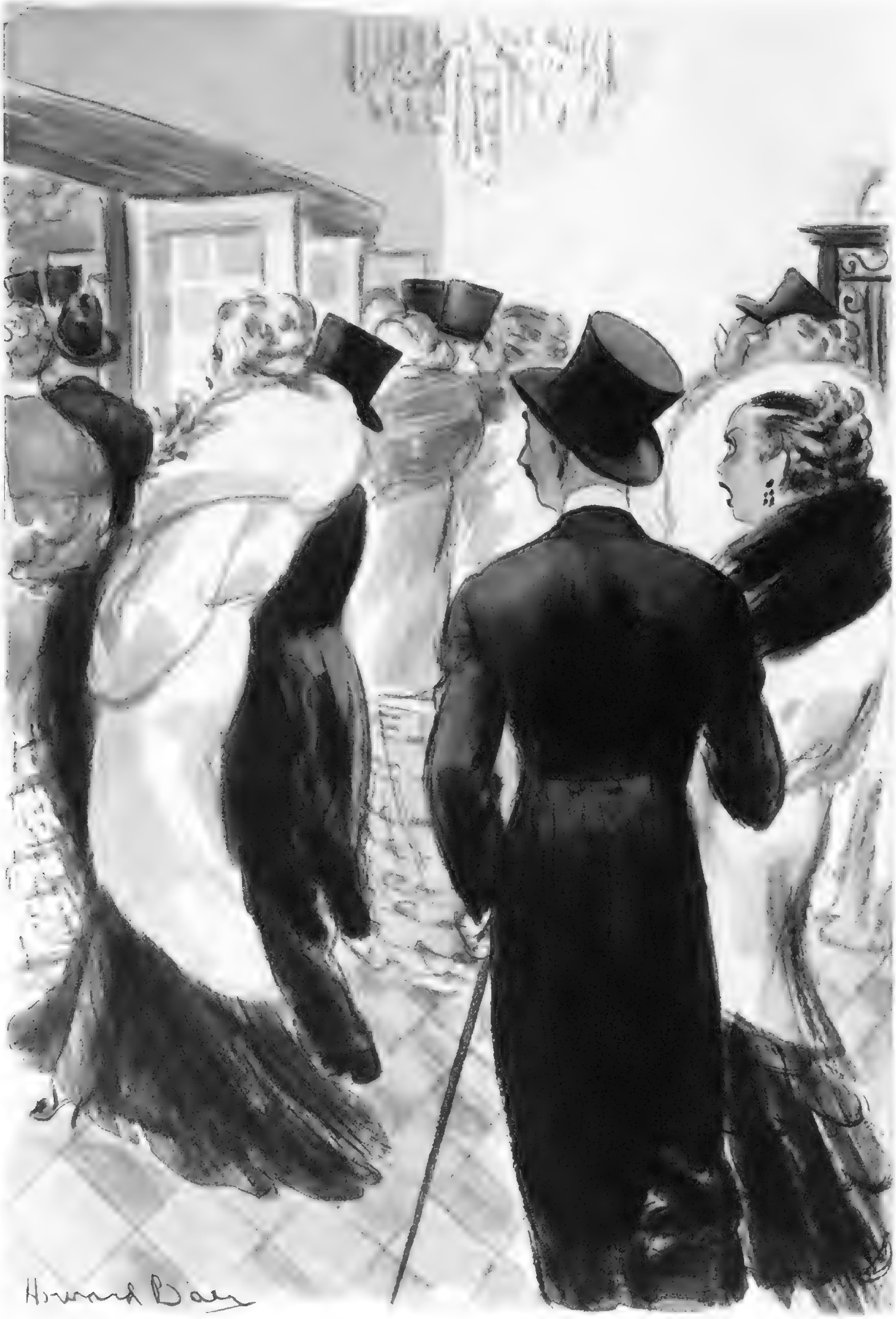
But Roosevelt will talk. Frequently he has summoned the cameramen to the White House to get their co-operation in presenting to the people some particular message. Every important issue of his program has been presented through the newsreel. He has told the people what he was going to do, why he was doing it, how he was going to do it and what he hoped to accomplish. He has discussed war debts, foreign policy, disarmament, the gold policy, banking reform, farm relief, bonus payment, Russian recognition, welfare and relief work, the N.R.A. and the various aspects of his recovery program. In the past year, the President has appeared on the screen more times than any movie star. His appearances outnumber those of Clark Gable, Mae West, Garbo, Dietrich and Douglas Fairbanks combined.

Regular attendants at the newsreel were able to discuss the President's appearances before he took office and compare it with how he looked after he had his first battle with Congress, and again how he looked at the launching of the N.R.A., and how badly he has needed each vacation and how he has recuperated on his trips to Maine and Warm Springs. Mrs. Roosevelt, newsreel observers say, stands the strain of her position very well.

In America there are five companies producing two reels every week: *Paramount*, *Pathe*, *Universal*, *Fox Movietone* and *Hearst Metrotone*. Each of them has some connection with a large motion picture company or some news service. *Fox Movietone* and *Hearst Metrotone* formerly operated with one production staff but recently have separated into two organizations. After much ballyhooing as to the merits of the new organizations, their productions have simmered down to much as they were before except *Movietone* is backing Lowell Thomas as an off stage voice while *Metrotone* stakes everything on Edwin C. Hill. *Universal* has numerous newspaper connections and is a part of the Universal Pictures Corporation. *Pathe* is a part of the RKO. *Paramount* is a part of the Paramount Pictures Company and is allied with the photographic service of the Associated Press.

Competition is keen. Each company has cameramen scattered throughout the country to get pictures. Air mail, specially chartered planes, speed boats and speed-mad drivers rush the films to the laboratories so their company can beat the competitors in getting their picture on the screen. Fast mail boats have delayed sailing after scheduled time to get films to European branch offices. Recently one man was drowned when a newsreel plane was wrecked while attempting to get the King Alexander assassination films off the S. S. Washington, 650 miles off the North American coast. All the big news stories are covered by each company. Their reels differ in the special subjects, photography and technical variations. *Pathe* likes pictures that excite emotion and is the only reel that tries to influence public opinion by editorializing. *Universal* likes oddities and news that can be told in flashes with Graham McNamee's voice off-stage offering explanatory comments. *Fox* and *Hearst* seem to like action pictures. *Paramount* gives special emphasis to news and to treatment of social subjects.

Newsreels are so popular now that the movie-goer must see them whether they are liked or not. There is no need of suffering in silence at bad subjects. A little hissing now and then, a few well placed bronx cheers will reach the ears of the editors. Applause at good pictures means more pictures of that type. The public can have the type of newsreel it wants, if the public asks for it.


Howard Baer

"Naw, that's not his wife, that's real ermine"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Nominating Louis Paul's novel, The Pumpkin Coach, as a logical subject for the Pulitzer Prize

by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

TOPS

THE PUMPKIN COACH. By Louis Paul. (Doubleday, Doran & Co., $2.50)—An odd, beautiful and heart-warming story of a Samoan boy's adventures in America. Literary Guild selection for April. Reviewed in this issue.

RATS, LICE AND HISTORY. By Hans Zinsser. (Little, Brown & Co., $2.75)—Dramatic story of the part typhus has played in history. Reviewed below.

THE POWER TO LOVE. By Edwin W. Hirsch, M.D. (Knopf, $4.)—The best book on sexual matters available in English. Reviewed below.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MONTAIGNE. Arranged by Marvin Lowenthal. (Houghton, Mifflin, $3.50)—The story of the family, childhood, marriage and career of the greatest and most charming of all intimate autobiographers, selected from the "Essays" and arranged in chronological order. Mr. Lowenthal has newly translated many passages and has filled in the matter usually expurgated. A brilliant idea, superbly executed.

R. E. LEE. By Douglas Southall Freeman. (Scribner, Four volumes complete, single volume, $3.75)—The final two volumes of this monumental work is *the* definitive life of the great Confederate general. The story of the Battle of Gettysburg in Volume Three is the most complete and vivid yet attempted. Complete accounting of a gentleman.

RECOMMENDED

SEA LANES. By Martin D. Stevers and Captain Jonas Pendlebury. (Minton, Balch, $3.75)—The story of ships and the conquest of the sea from the earliest days to the modern ocean liner. Illustrated with maps, charts and photographs. The romance of navigation is caught in a narrative wherein nautical terms and technique are made understandable to the layman.

NO QUARTER GIVEN. By Paul Horgan. (Harpers, $2.50)—The story of a composer, his wife and his women against a background of the bohemian set in Santa Fe and the artistic set in New York. Somewhat glutted with incident and characters, but lively and full of digs at yearners in the arts. By the winner of the Harper & Bros. prize.

MOSCOW CARROUSEL. By Eugene Lyons. (Knopf, $3.50)—For six years Lyons was one of the best of American correspondents stationed in Russia and one of the most sympathetic toward the Communistic experiment. In this dispassionate and extremely interesting series of notes on things seen and heard, Lyons says about all that can be said for and against Soviet rule, not by way of comment but by simple exposition. Reviewed in this issue.

THE AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC GAME. By Drew Pearson and Constantine Brown. (Doubleday, Doran, $3.)—The inside stories of stupidities, frailties, accidents and hazards in the business of conducting our foreign relations. Funny, satirical, gossipy and entertaining, by one of the authors of *Washington Merry-Go-Round*.

THE MAN ON THE BARGE. By Max Miller. (Dutton, $2.50)—Another series of sketches of quirks in human nature by the inimitably pleasing author of *I Cover the Waterfront*.

MR. FINCHLEY'S HOLIDAY. By Edward Canning. (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.)—The hilarious comedy of an office drudge who starts out on a holiday but, instead, gets mixed up in a fantastic series of adventures. A friendly humor pervades the book.

PERSONAL HISTORY. By Vincent Sheean. (Doubleday, Doran, $3.)—The memoirs of a young newspaper reporter from the days when he was a very collegiate collegian at the University of Chicago, through his experiences as a reporter in New York, in Europe, in Africa, the Near East and the Far East. Youngish and naïve, but charmingly frank, idealistic and honest.

* * *

A YEAR ago last month the first story Louis Paul ever wrote, *No More Trouble for Jedwick* appeared in ESQUIRE. At the time Mr. Paul was very broke and he had seen days on end when he was as cold and as hungry and as penniless as William Saroyan. Never, however, has he made literary capital out of his personal misfortunes. He has paid serious attention however to the very difficult job of learning how to write, how to give form and substance to an idea, how to pin a character to the printed page and make him breathe and move and think and act like a human being, how to project his dreams in a logical and credible world of imaginary happenings.

Since the publication of *No More Trouble for Jedwick* Mr. Paul's star has been shooting skyward with a velocity that is astonishing. First the *Jedwick* story won the O. Henry Memorial Prize Award for the best short story published in 1934. Then his stories began to appear in a variety of magazines. In February he had stories in no less than five current periodicals. And now his first novel, *The Pumpkin Coach* was selected by the Literary Guild as the April book for its subscribers. It is a logical candidate for the Pulitzer Prize: it meets the founders specifications to the letter that the novel should "convey the whole atmosphere of American life" in a wholesome manner.

The Pumpkin Coach is quite unlike any novel you ever read before. It is one of those books which sensitive, appreciative, observant young men who are grateful to be alive and happily hungry for beauty, sometimes wish they had the time and ability to write. It is a novel which is representative of a generation which is not lost, strayed or stolen, a generation very aware of itself, disillusioned in some things perhaps but wise enough to cherish the deepest and most satisfying illusions—that life is good though brief and that it offers beauty and moments of happiness even in disappointments.

The story is that of a Samoan boy who comes to America to live as an American, to earn his livelihood here, to be assimilated as an American citizen. He has been educated on his indolent island by a Catholic priest, who has taught him to read English and to speak it, after a fashion, and who has given the boy a good start in the appreciation of literature and the other arts. The boy has read American books; he has seen pictures of our cities. America is to him a paradise. It is a land of excitement, adventure, struggle, glamor, beauty.

This is another way of looking at things. Most of us in the cities when we get fed up with the competition in an industrial civilization, fatigued by crowds, jumpy with the drain upon our nervous energy by the demands made upon it by our jobs and our obligations, think it would be a swell thing to run away from it all, ship to the South Seas, get us a native girl, wear a jockstrap, and live the lazy life forever in the shade of palm trees and on the food that may be had without much labor or struggle. But to Uan Koé, the Samoan boy, such a life is monotonous and unexciting; paradise to him is San Francisco and New York.

So Mr. Paul brings such a boy, a clean,

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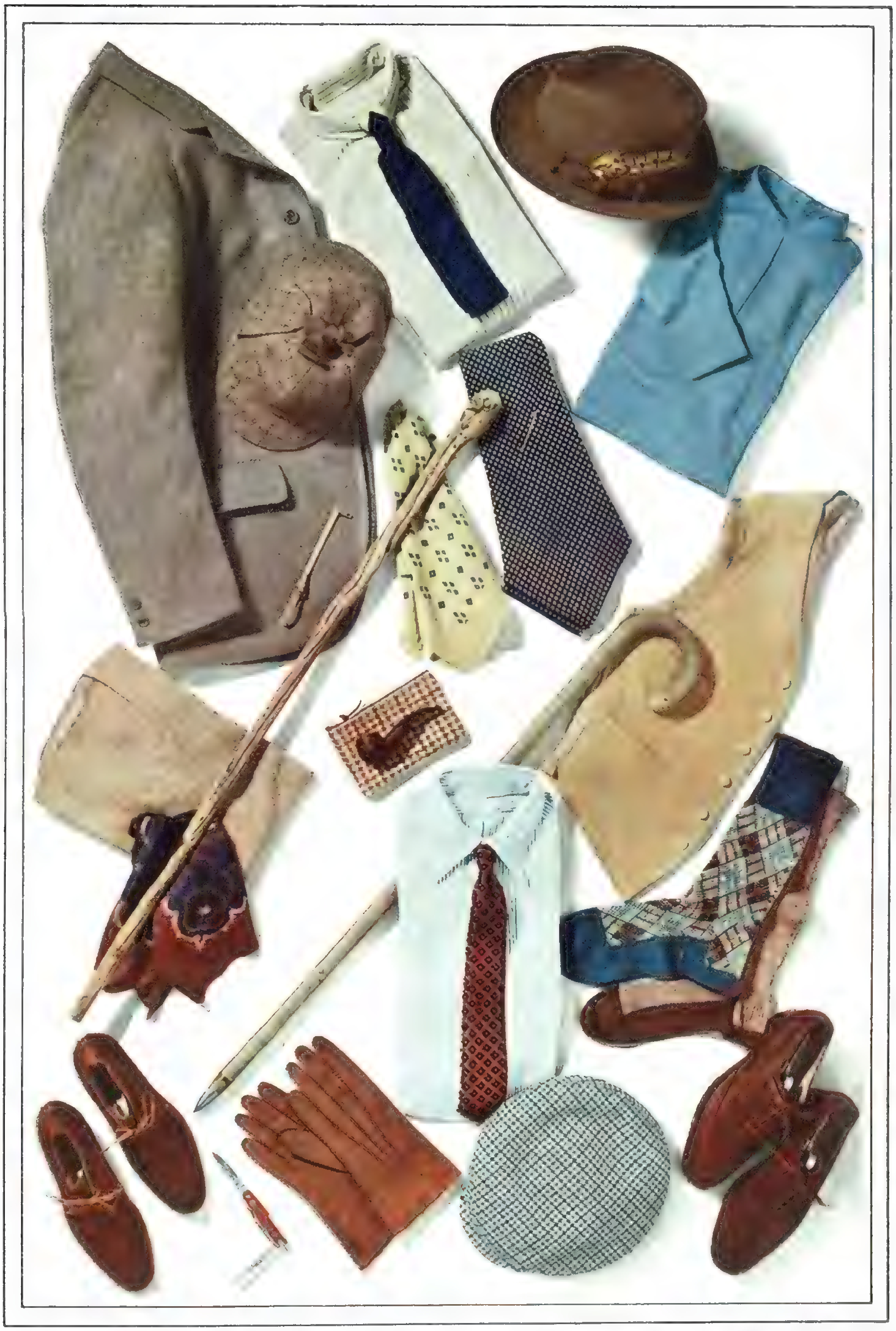
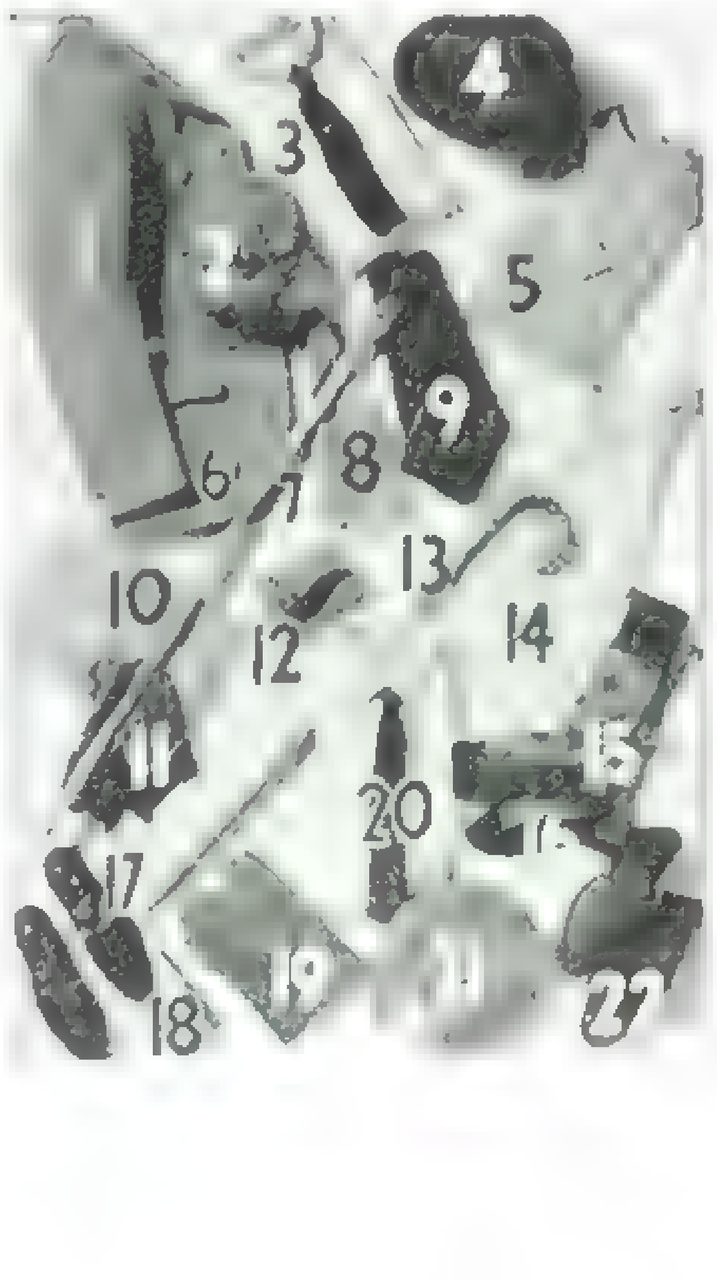


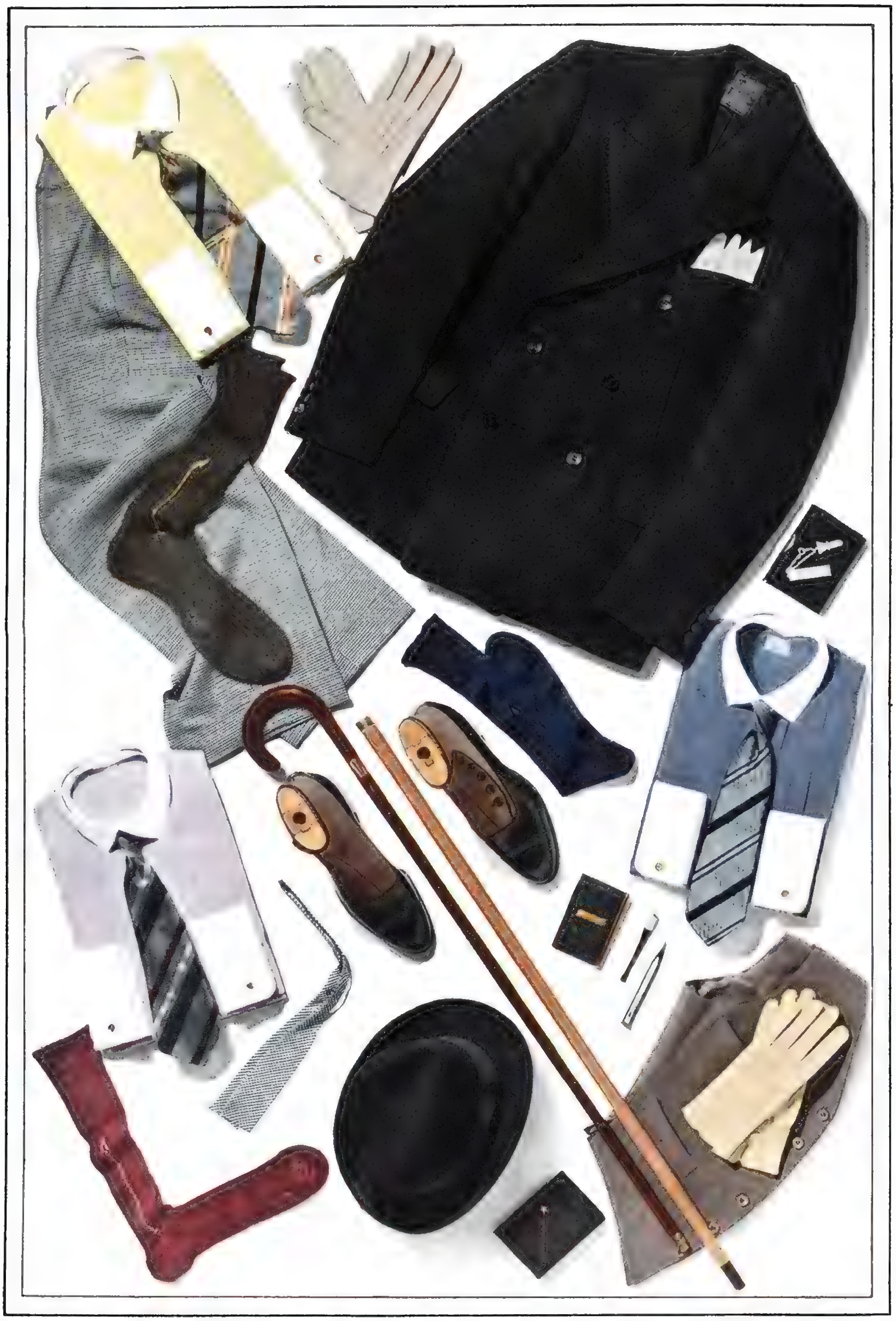
DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSENOW

FOR INFORMAL COUNTRY WEAR

1—A brown Harris tweed jacket.
2—Deer stalker tweed hat.
3—A striped Cheviot shirt with round collar, a blue knitted tie and a gold collar pin.
4—Rough felt hat with tweed band and feather plumage.
5—A silk and wool riding shirt.
6—Leather watch guard strap.
7—Scotch fir cane.
8—Printed cotton handkerchief.
9—Wool riding stock with gold safety pin.
10—Tan sleeveless sweater.
11—Foulard silk handkerchief.
12—Dunhill pipe and tweed tobacco pouch.
13—A white ash cane with a metal pointed tip.
14—A yellow chamois waistcoat.
15—Blue, yellow and red plaid wool hose.
16—Brown wool hose.
17—Brown suede shoes.
18—Country knife.
19—Red capeskin gauntlet gloves.
20—Striped flannel shirt with Foulard tie.
21—Checked cap.
22—Brown wing tip country shoes.

(Send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire, 40 E. 34th St., N. Y. C., for sources of articles photographed)





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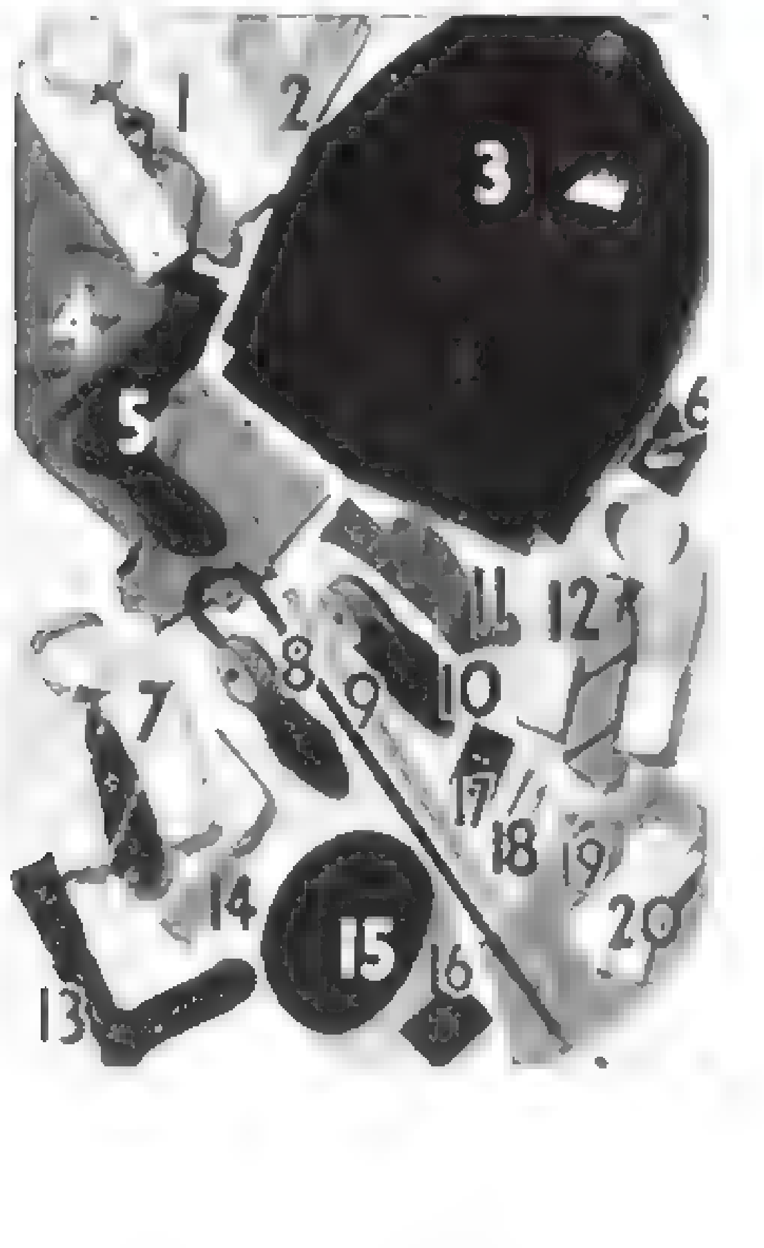


FOR SEMI-FORMAL TOWN WEAR

1—Yellow shirt with white starched collar.

2—Grey mocha gloves.

3—Double breasted black jacket.

4—Shepherd checked trousers.

5—Grey hose with yellow clocks.

6—Black antelope cigarette case and silver license holder with automobile key.

7—Lavender pleated shirt with white starched collar.

8—Snakewood cane with gold band.

9—Malacca walking stick.

10—A pair of black shoes with grey cloth button tops.

11—Blue clocked hose.

12—Blue pleated shirt with white starched collar.

13—Lavender hose with clocks.

14—Shepherd checked bow tie.

15—Midnight blue homburg hat.

16—Black antelope bill fold and a white pearl stick pin.

17—Blue address book.

18—Black enameled pencil and a black cigarette holder.

19—Single breasted grey waistcoat.

20—Yellow buckskin gloves.

(Send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire, 40 E. 34th St., N. Y. C., for sources of articles photographed)

Echoes of the Marsh

Continued from page 65

the water was a writhing mass — rusty congos, long moccasins, a black and scarlet horn snake, king snakes, whippers, another serpent sonnette, all making for the camp.

He climbed into the bunk and watched snakes swarm into the pirogue. Some swam to the bunk but he routed them with his stick. The thatch was full. In the dimming light he could see parts of their dark bodies.

The wind had been blowing in gusts but now it was a fierce blast. Without warning the camp was carried away. The boy clung to the sides of the bunk. If the posts driven into the ground held and the water covered it he was lost, but if they gave and the bunk became a raft and floated, he had a chance.

Something round, cold, passed over his bare arm. He realized what it was. He felt snakes crawl over his legs. The bunk was full of them. A weight was on his back. Maybe it was the big serpent sonnette. Something furry nestled by his face. It was an unclean animal and smelled bad.

This was no hurricane, merely a fierce gale from the south that blew the sea before it. During the night it subsided.

The boy clung to the bunk. His whole body ached from being in one position, but he dared not move and disturb his bunkfellows. Several times he dozed in spite of himself. Finally the lullaby of the dying wind was too much for him. He slept. When he opened his eyes the sun was shining. In his sleep he had done what he had not dared to do when he was awake; he had turned on his side. The water had receded. His bunkfellows had gone; not all, for he could feel them under the thin mattress where they had gone for warmth and comfort.

He sprang out of the bunk and looked around. He tasted the water. It was salt. There was no food that he could eat raw. He could have knocked down a marsh hen, but he had no matches, and no dry wood. On the edge of the bayou a log had come to rest. Looking to see that no snake lurked under it he sat down to wait for his father. He hoped that he would bring some food and a jug of fresh water.

THE SOLDIERS AND THE OYSTERS

Tit Frank's father returned from Bayou Cypre Sec with a load of oysters. Tit Frank started to remove them from the pirogue but his father signed him to stop.

"Take a couple of bucket for us to eat but leave the rest. Tomorrow you will go to the Fort and sell them to the soldier."

"Mais, Pape, the Fort is ten mile up the river and I can't paddle that far in a loaded pirogue."

His father looked at the sky, at the clouds scudding across the blue.

"Tomorrow the wind will be east or sout'-east. You can sail fair wind and come back fair current."

"And if I meet a ship what throws big wave?"

"You will go soon to make the Fort before the ship what leave town pass. If one from below pass you, tant pis. We got to have monnai for grub."

Tit Frank was up before day. The wind was east, although it had been blowing from another quarter when the prediction had been made. He stepped the tiny mast, unfurled the sail, and trimmed the load. He put the only bucket that they owned aboard for a measure, and their oyster knife to open samples for the soldiers to taste. Then he went to his father for instruction.

"Allons voir. You got 'bout six bucket. Each a two-bit will make dollaire and a half. Stop to Nicole on you way back. He sell more bon marché than Prosper. Buy for two-bit coffee, sugar, grease, rice, flour, twenty cent tobacco, and a picayune candy for you. No. More better you buy match."

The boy enjoyed the sail up the river. He caught a few bananas ripe enough to eat, and a big apple that was only partly rotten. There had been no food in the camp and he was hungry. He opened a few oysters. They were fine and salty.

He arrived at Fort Jackson at noon. Negro soldiers garrisoned the post. A crowd of them sat on the wharf, their legs hanging over the water. He admired their jaunty caps, their gorgeous uniforms, the colored stripe down their trousers. He steered the pirogue to the wharf, and grasped a piling.

"You want to buy oyster?" he asked.

"Dey good? Salty? How much?"

Without waiting to know the price, they demanded that he pass up a few as samples. He put some in the bucket, also the knife, and sent it up.

"Dey sho is good. . . . De bestest I ever tasted. . . . We takes 'em all, boy."

When the last oyster was on the wharf Tit Frank said, "Please to put my monnai and knife in the bucket and pass it to me."

A big soldier with marks on the sleeve of his blouse rose to his feet and pointed down the river.

"Git! An' ef you ain't got when I count three, I'm goin' to pint one of those cannons at you an' blow you clean out of the water!"

Tit Frank took down his sail and headed for home. When he passed Nicole's store hunger gnawed his stomach and tears streamed down his face. At Prosper's he saw his father's skiff tied to the wharf. Good. He had faced enough misery for one day.

THE REBUKE

Jean Marie ruled his children. When he rose in the morning they rose, too, and stood before him to receive the orders of the day. The larger boys he chose to help him in whatever work he was doing, the smaller to go fishing, to go after oysters, to get wood and water, to pick morelle and chardon for greens and salad, or to do anything else that was necessary. The girls he sent to their mother.

Little Christophe was the hunter. Each morning he was given an old musket, a scant supply of shot and powder, and three caps.

"Be careful, mon garçon. Ammunition is very few in the house. We got nine mouth to feed so bring nine bird. If you make a fien I will tailler you' gogo."

In winter he could always get the required number of birds even if one of the caps snapped. He knew every small pond where duck and coot swarmed. In summer it was often difficult. Unless he could creep upon blue herons in a close flock, or rails feeding on a flat, he had to resort to strategem, such as driving young grosbec all in one tree before shooting. If that failed he had to draw on ammunition that he had saved. If there was no reserve, tant pis for him. A beating awaited.

One day a great hurricane swept over the marsh. Jean Marie saw the signs before it arrived. He knew that his camps would not withstand the wind and water. The pulling skiff and pirogues were launched, their more precious possessions and the children loaded, and they set out for the river.

When the storm was over they returned. Two boys were sent to cut ash poles, two to get palmettoes. He called Christophe and Ulysse to him.

"You two boy take a pirogue and go to the sea shore. Maybe you will find plenty plank there."

The beach was piled high with debris of the storm and a veritable treasure trove, planks, beams, pieces of furniture. The boys chattered with delight and worked like beavers.

They came upon a clump of roseau canes that extended to the water. Beyond a trunk was half buried in the rapports.

"Look!" shouted Christophe. "Maybe they got tousand million dollaire in it."

"Couillon; Pais ta geule. You think anybody like that will live where they got storm?"

At that moment they heard groans behind the canes. A feminine voice came to them.

"Seigneur, Sainte Vierge, aidez moi."

"A zombi," whispered Christophe. "When we go there it will grab us."

They fled to their pirogue and made for home at top speed. It was night when they arrived. They lost no time in telling their father.

"And you don' go to see?" he asked. "There are plenty house on the oyster bed to the west. Maybe it was some one. You think you can find the place now?"

"No, Pape. It is too dark, and it is loin, loin en haut."

"If the moon was shine we will go tonight, mais tomorrow we leave soon."

On the morrow they went. The boys led the way to the spot. Jean Marie walked beyond the canes. On the debris was a section of a roof. In the middle some shingles had been removed so that a hand could grasp the rafter underneath. To this a young woman had clung through miles and miles of raging sea. When the roof had come to rest, and she had escaped, she gave birth to a baby. In death she clasped the infant to her breast.

Jean Marie removed his latanier hat and crossed himself. The children crowded round him. Christophe and Ulysse fell on their knees and wept. They were overcome with the knowledge of what they had done, and expected a beating as well. Jean Louis looked at them, and there was no anger on his features. He looked at the victims of strange chance. If the roof had come to rest a few feet farther the boys would have seen them. He looked up at the sky.

"Fi, donc, Seigneur. You got no heart to let something like that happen?"

Happy Warrior

The roving polo goal hound who covers himself with glory and covers his team with defeat

by HOLMES ALEXANDER

SPORTS

He is late. Hurriedly the Player jumps out of the taxi that has brought him from the station and sets off at a jog toward the picket line. As he runs, his long, tan, camel's-hair coat parts at the knees to show a pair of starched white breeches and brown boots. At his throat is a smooth-wool muffler drawn up under his chin; on his heels are a silvery pair of blunted spurs that catch the sunlight as they bob beneath his coat-tails. He owns, perhaps, little more than these clothes on his back, yet today he has come to engage at a pastime that is, next to yachting and big-game shooting, the most expensive on the earth's expanse.

To say how he does it is not difficult, for the Player here considered is no man but a type, and one that becomes increasingly prevalent with the passing years. To know him, it is well to glance briefly back through history at a few of his spiritual ancestors. Once, perhaps, he was a wandering Viking, setting foot on the deck of any man's ship who would take him adventuring. Later, and before War lost its romance, he was a soldier of fortune, joining the colors of baron and king, travelling wherever there was fighting to be had, making of it his bread and board. And still later, he might have been seen out beyond the Mississippi in the Old West, riding from ranch to ranch as one of those itinerant broncho-busters whose specialty was taming wild horses, and who chose this restless, bone-crushing existence because they fed on combat and action. At least the Player's spiritual ancestors were always adventurers, always specialists at some thrill-producing trade, hurrying restlessly from one scene to the next, picking up a precarious livelihood in the process.

Indeed the chances are that the Player found his present beginnings in the Army or in the West. A skilled and dashing rider, he discovered in polo the colorful combination of speed, combat and horsemanship—a game as rough, as tough, as tearing as anyone cares to make it. Playing it cheaply on cheap horses he has learned to make up for lack of equipment by hard-hitting, hard-riding and team-work. He knows that high-speed polo is exclusively a rich man's sport and frequently yearns for the money to indulge himself at it. For a few years he plays it in odd hours, putting into it the labor of love, becoming an obscure but smashing performer. Then one day, perhaps, he plays a match against a team of wealthy sportsmen, sweeping the length and breadth of the field with the joyous fury of a man who glories in what he does. Probably he is on the losing side, for fast, agile ponies will offset the most sparkling feats of any single player, but after the game the opposing Captain approaches him with a suggestion.

"Join," says the Captain, "my team. I am anxious, naturally, to win as often as possible. With you at, say, No. 2, the team will be greatly strengthened. I will mount you, pay all your traveling, living and incidental expenses. You are my guest and my team-mate."

So the Player leaves the West or the Army and follows the Captain. Like his ancestor, the soldier of fortune, he has found a way to indulge his hobby. He does not do anything so mercenary as accept money for his services, but he lives on the fat of the land. He spends his time at fashionable resorts, he lives at palatial hotels, he visits at swanky mansions. Playing now on good ponies and fast fields, his game improves, his handicap is raised, he sees his name in sport columns, his picture in the snootier magazines. He takes on the glamour of the romantic warrior; he is, to sporting circles, the knight-errant in modern dress. Before games are festive luncheons with fair ladies casting lustrous eyes upon him. Afterwards are chummy times in the club-house locker-rooms with his team-mates and opponents. At the end of the first autumn season the Captain—or maybe another Captain—suggests that they go South or to California for the winter season. That suits the Player. He goes. Season after season, Captain after Captain, still he plays on, rushing from match to match, from tournament to tournament.

He is no lone wolf, the Player. There are dozens of him around and they increase as the popularity of the game increases. It is not necessary for him to find an outside income, but if he is enterprising, he may do so. He may become salesman for a sporting goods house, taking orders as he travels for mallets, saddlery and various equipment. Or, more likely, he may use his off-season and off-time for training, buying and selling ponies. Instead of wintering South, he may go West, buy up a string of twenty or thirty; school and condition them; and in the Spring come East where there is always a ready market in which his name and fame is an advertisement and a genuine trade-mark. It is no racket he is practicing, but a highly respectable business based on the sound principle of supply and demand. The only difference between him and any other tradesman is that he is among the few most fortunate of mortals whose work is their play, whose play is their work.

But the Player need not be in the pony-business to be typical. His essential quality is that he is a wandering, amateur adventurer, seeking not plunder but sport. Yesterday, perhaps, he played in a match a hundred miles distant and is late today because he paused en route to trade a few ponies or to linger over some luncheon. At any rate he arrives today at a field that is probably in New Jersey or on Long Island just in time for a big Sunday game. As he hurries from his taxi he sees that the steam-roller is just chugging off the field after its final roll, sees that the crowd has arrived before him—a tumbling mass of color that forms a rectangular frame about an oblong stretch of greenness, bordered with the fringe of the white-washed side-boards. On one side and at either end are the parking places, cars jammed densely in line with many spectators perched on the tops. And on the other side is the general admission grand-stand—hundreds of persons who know nothing at all about this game so recently become popular—save that it is a thriller to watch—are waiting for the start.

Reaching the picket-line, the Player sheds his top-coat and is handed a tight-fitting, quarter-sleeved jersey, red but for a large 2 across the back. He sits down and rubs some resin into his knee-grip, for the starch in his breeches will make them slippery; he dons a big, plushy pair of knee-pads, for most minor injuries in polo are knee injuries; he puts a glove on his left hand only, for crack players say that the right hand must be bare to keep the delicate touch on the mallet; he jams a red pith or cork helmet on his head, takes a mallet which some one has handed him, stretches for the stirrup of a pony which the special groom at his service has led out.

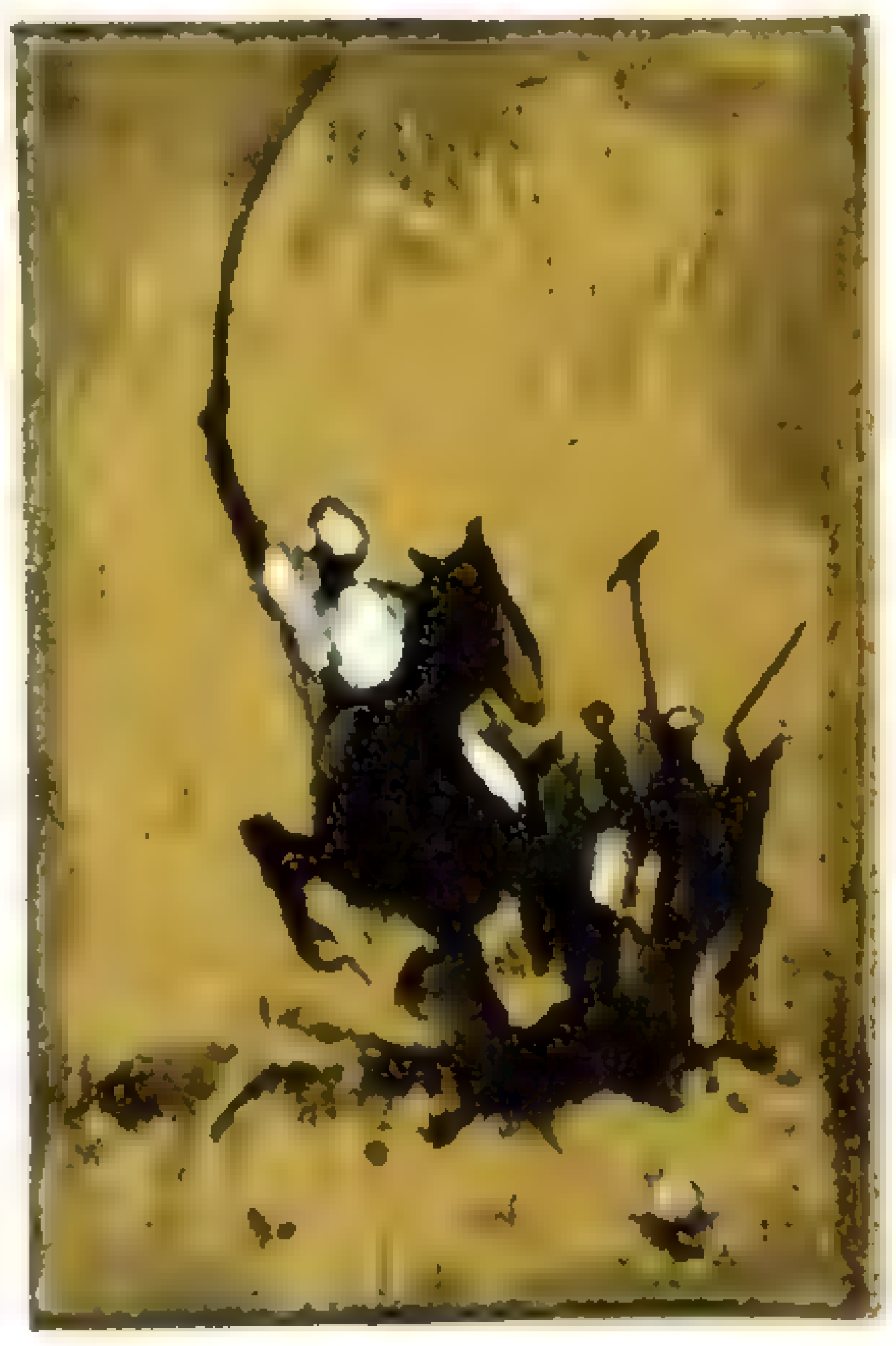
Until he has nudged his pony over the side-boards into the green oblong, the Player has had no time to be nervous, but even his long service in the saddle has not dulled the edge of that pre-game emptiness he never fails to feel beneath his belt line. Too much he knows about polo to be unaware or indifferent to its dangers. A pony crossing its legs at full speed; a careless or excitable opponent wheeling or stopping on the ball as you charge down upon him—one bad fall, one hard smash-up, and there is not likely to be another. He will, the Player knows, forget such things when the scrimmage starts, but there is always this moment of apprehension beforehand. He is momentarily his own ancestor drawing a long breath before the charge. Every battle—every season—sees some broken body carried from the field to return no more. This time, he muses, it may very well be his own.

Cantering to mid-field for the opening throw-in, he wishes he had had time to warm up. To be suddenly five feet off the ground with one's legs twenty-some inches apart and a four-foot stick in one's hand offers a new environment. It requires an attuning of muscle and aim to catch the rhythm of the new equilibrium, to adjust one's strokes to it. The Player swings his mallet to the beat of the pony's hoofs—skimming the grass at an imaginary ball. Two forward shots and two back ones, one for each side of the pony—these are the four basic strokes of the game. Only one—the mallet-side back-shot—lacks a certain muscular rhythm, and as the Player tries it he feels a familiar twinge in his back—a not uncommon ailment to incessant riders. Years ago he has wrenched the ligaments there and a hard day in the saddle yesterday has loosened them up. The push-motion of the back-shot aggravates the injury. He will endeavor, he thinks, to avoid making the stroke.

In line for the throw-in he watches the referee's arm. The two teams—his own Red, the opposing Blue—jockey for positions in the line. The luck of the toss may mean a quick goal. The referee's arm shoots back, the ball bounces into the melee.

Only a few spectators—those who have played the game themselves—can follow and appreciate the rapid-fire precision of its teamwork. Not even basket-ball, and hardly ice hockey, surpasses polo in the necessity for man-to-man co-ordination. The swift-changing tide of battle, the ever-switching direction of play shifts a team instantaneously from defensive to offensive and back again. Each man must be able to play any of the other three positions on the field, and automatically to dash into new responsibilities and a different style of attack.

Yet each of the four positions is distinctive in its technique and its duties. Our Player is at No. 2, which corresponds in base-ball to the "clean-up" position in the batting order. No. 2 is usually the hardest hitter, the most aggressive ball-follower. Ahead of him at No. 1 is a position corresponding to the lead-man in the interference of a football backfield. In the early history of the game No. 1 did not even carry a mallet, being asked merely to clear the path for the goal-scorers behind him. He must then be a fearless, ferocious competitor, a tireless battering-ram who is able and willing to do at full-speed on horseback what an interference man does on the gridiron. At No. 3 must be another hard-hitter, but with more assortment of strokes than any of the other four, for his position is partly defensive. And at No. 4 is the non-stationary goal-keeper whose booming back-shots, taken in the shadow of the goal-posts and with an opposing No. 1 smashing at his shoulder, may often turn defense into offense. But in the heat of the fray a No. 4 may find himself in No. 1's position and must be able to play it until there is a chance to shift back again.



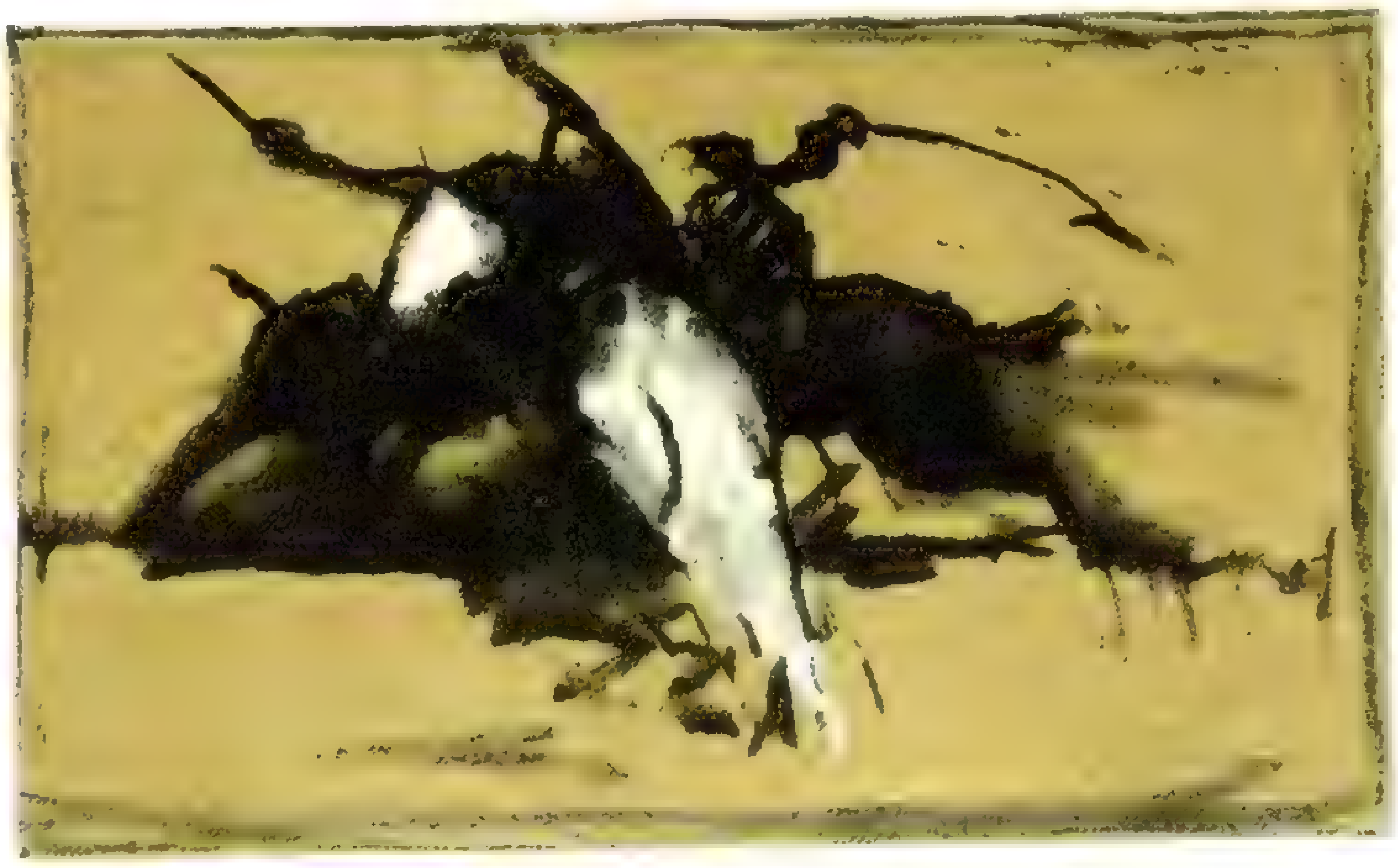
Very seldom is there a chance for a hard shot on the throw-in, for mallets must be kept down and all is at close quarters, but today the ball comes through to the Player and he finds elbow room to lace it up against the side-boards. It strikes hard, caroming into midfield. The Red 1 is frantically spurring goalward to stay ahead of the ball and to shoulder the opposing No. 4 out of the play. The Player is off with the crack of the mallet, racing for a follow-up shot with the enemy 3 hot on his traces. All the pre-game nervousness is gone now. From the steel at his heel to the cork cap at his head, he is a tingling thrill of elation. Surely no cavalry charge led by his soldier-ancestor was more enthrallingly vivid than this. The sweep of the wind in his face, the beat of his blood as it catches the rapid lilt of the pony's hoofs, the stretch of green before him with its beckoning white spot of a ball! Teetering in his stirrups he feels the rhythmic strain of unreleased energy shooting downward from his arm into the mallet. He sways his stick, pointing his aim. To catch the ball at the forward reach of his stroke, a clipped instant ahead of the pony's stride so that the forward momentum will carry it through—that is his play. His hardened, lithe body is a bent bow of power as he leans from his saddle. His clenched fist moves downward. Over on the side-lines the spectators see the sweeping arc of white as the ball takes to the air like a mounting swallow.

Mechanically as his shot rises before him, the Player digs in his toes to ride. A hard-hit ball, and one of his best drives, but it will not quite reach the goal. Ahead of him he sees his Red 1 and the Blue 4 racing for the ball. He sees them hover momentarily apart and then crash, shoulder to shoulder, each straining at top speed for position. He sees his No. 1 turn a darting glance backward to size up the play. No. 1 would like to score the goal himself and, if he sees the Player covered, he will try it. But the Player is still more than a length ahead of his nearest pursuer and cannot be hooked. He will have time for another shot. He shouts at No. 1:

"Leave it!"

Woe betide the poloist who ignores that signal, given a hundred times a game. No temptation quite so teasing as that white, round target, set invitingly against its green, beckoning background. But in polo the man behind is the man in command, and a team will tolerate anything but the heinous offense of hogging the ball. Driving relentlessly against the Blue 4's shoulder, No. 1 rides obediently over the ball, and the Player pounces upon it with another zooming shot that carries not only between the goal-posts, but back into the first line of parking spaces where it strikes splinteringly against a windshield.

A whooping cheer of applause and laughter rolls over the oblong amphitheatre, accompanied by a tooting of horns. The goal boy waves his colored flag; a digit appears on the score-board under the Red sign, and the Player continuing past the goal touches his cap in apology to the girl in a canary-yellow hat who sits in the front seat of the damaged car. He sees her wave an approval and going back to the next throw-in he is not thinking entirely of polo. This would not be the first time that one of his shots driven into the crowd had lead to interesting friendships during his vagabond life. He will, he resolves, pause at that car after the game and see what's what. Meanwhile it will do his chances no harm if he



Continued on page 114

John Barleycorn, Esq.

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else. Indeed, in the present period of readjustment after the Great Chaos when everything was cut down to coloring matter and fusel-oil, it is hard for genuine, complete-bodied whiskies not to seem "over-personalitied." Hence "revised editions" have their useful place, along with straight straights and blends of straights. You pays your money and you takes your choice! And certainly the different companies offer worth-while arrays of solo and ensemble liquors for an exploring thirst to get busy on.

To make sure that brands repeat themselves in character and quality as per label, there has to be a taste-control: some gustatory monitor, generally located at headquarters, who checks on the distilleries and warehouses under his overlordship. The other day I snooped in upon one of these experts, just as he was smacking his lips over a glass with a resoundingness that would have made any soup-sucker green with envy. Really it was remarkable that a man spending his days appraising whiskey in glasses culled from invertedly-pendent rows and rows of them, could put such action, such passion, such detonating smackage into a single sampling. But great tasters are like that. This one—Scottish, with a broad, rich Glasgow accent—expectorated into a cuspidor and turned, with the bearishness of engrossment, to accost the invader of his many-bottled lair, high above New York. Apologizing for not having come in a bottle, I explained that I was interested in whiskey. Particularly American blends.

He gave a restive glance at the unfinished business he was in the midst of. Then suddenly asked:

"Arrre ye Scotch?" (Superb, the roll of that *r*.)

"Descended," I confessed.

It helped. Letting bottles and papers wait a moment, he discussed Tasting, from the point of view of one who had apparently tasted everything there was, in all countries; and even without the accent I'd have been fascinated. As it was, I was hypnotized.

On the subject of "wheeskey" he pointed out that that so-called strong liquor was actually one of the most delicate liquids imaginable—a living thing, sensitive as orange juice or milk: so subtle in flavor factors and developments and tendencies and possibilities, you couldn't hope to know it in a rush. As for blends, mere percentages didn't tell the story; what counted was the individualities represented in the mixture, a minor amount of a major whiskey being worth more to the bouquet than a seemingly generous percentage of some nondescript stuff. In fact, by the time I disburdened him of my presence so that he could resume his lip-smacking tasks in peace, I had come to realize that whiskey is just a perfume. Only, instead of rubbing a drop behind the right ear-lobe and a drop behind the left one, you dispose of, oh, quite a number in a region midway between those two points.

And how may a mere amateur judge the liquor he is thus disposing of? Well, in the first place, by the smell-bouquet if good, noxious miasma if bad. Next, by the taste, which, especially in the case of bourbon, should ring crisp, and clear like sleigh bells. Finally, mellowness, recorded by state of feelings in back-room region of mouth.

There are those, too, who go so far as to measure circumference of head next morning. If normal, splendid. If unable to accommodate hat because of towel filled with ice, there may be complaints regarding quality of whiskey. Or possibly quantity.

As to the age at which bourbon qualifies as good liquor, opinions vary. And so do bourbons. At a triangular tasting bee which I participated in recently, two bottles were set on the table with the announcement that one was a four-year-old, and the other a six-monther. The gag was to pick which was which, judging by mellowness. We picked, unanimously. And it was the six-months old!

Such contraryings of the calendar are due to differences in the condition of the liquor when it comes from the still. That is to say, some bourbons are better born than others and more precocious. In addition, methods of aging are not all alike; improvement may be accelerated, at extra expense, by the use of half-barrels which give greater get-together between liquid and charred oak. Essential, however, is some sort of protection against the ups and downs of climate; and this is managed nowadays with thermostatic efficiency, storage atmosphere being kept at an even 75 or 80 degrees.

Indeed, there's no bunk like the old bunk that whiskey was made better in ye goode olde daysies. I happen to possess among my whatnots a curious barrel-shaped bottle with the raised-lettered inscription:

DISTILLED IN 1848
Old Kentucky Bourbon 1849 Reserve
A. M. BININGER & CO., 338 BROADWAY

If I read it aright this means that Old Reserve had been aged in the wood for the lengthy space of one year, as compared with the minimum of four years required by our present bottled-in-bond system. Nor could the original liquor have been any too good if produced in 1848, because not until eight years later were the foundations of modern distilling science laid by Pasteur with his eon-making discoveries in fermentation.

Today Blue Grass is still Blue Grass, and the equally famous limestone water gushes and gurgles in Kentucky's geologic subcellar. But bourbon (pronounced *berbun*, after the name of the Kentucky county) is made with a bio-chemical precision such as the one-time Messrs. A. M. Bininger & Co. of 338 Broadway would never have dreamed in their most julepy imaginings.

The procedure of transforming the fruit of the plant called maize into something to drink—something totally unlike the corn likker of moonshiners—is as follows:

1—*Saccharifying the mash.* In plain English turning the corn into something which can be distilled. This trick is done with barley malt, grains of barley which have been moistened and adroitly kidded into sprouting rootlets and the start of a stem. Just when they look like miniature onions that have gotten presumptuous in the kitchen closet, their ambish is squelched by a drying process, but they're left restless and yenny. In this condition they are mixed into the mash and by their effective fidgets transform its starch into sugar.

2—*Fermentation.* With the aid of special yeast—either propagated by the distillery's own private breed of yeast cells (and gawd help you if you let yeast get promiscuous!) or supplied from some expert yeastery—the corn sugar is fermented into what is known as "beer." A slower method, claimed to produce finest results, is the old "sour mash" process, whereby the corn, before being sugared, is first soured by scalding with residue left in the stills: a sort of endless chain system.

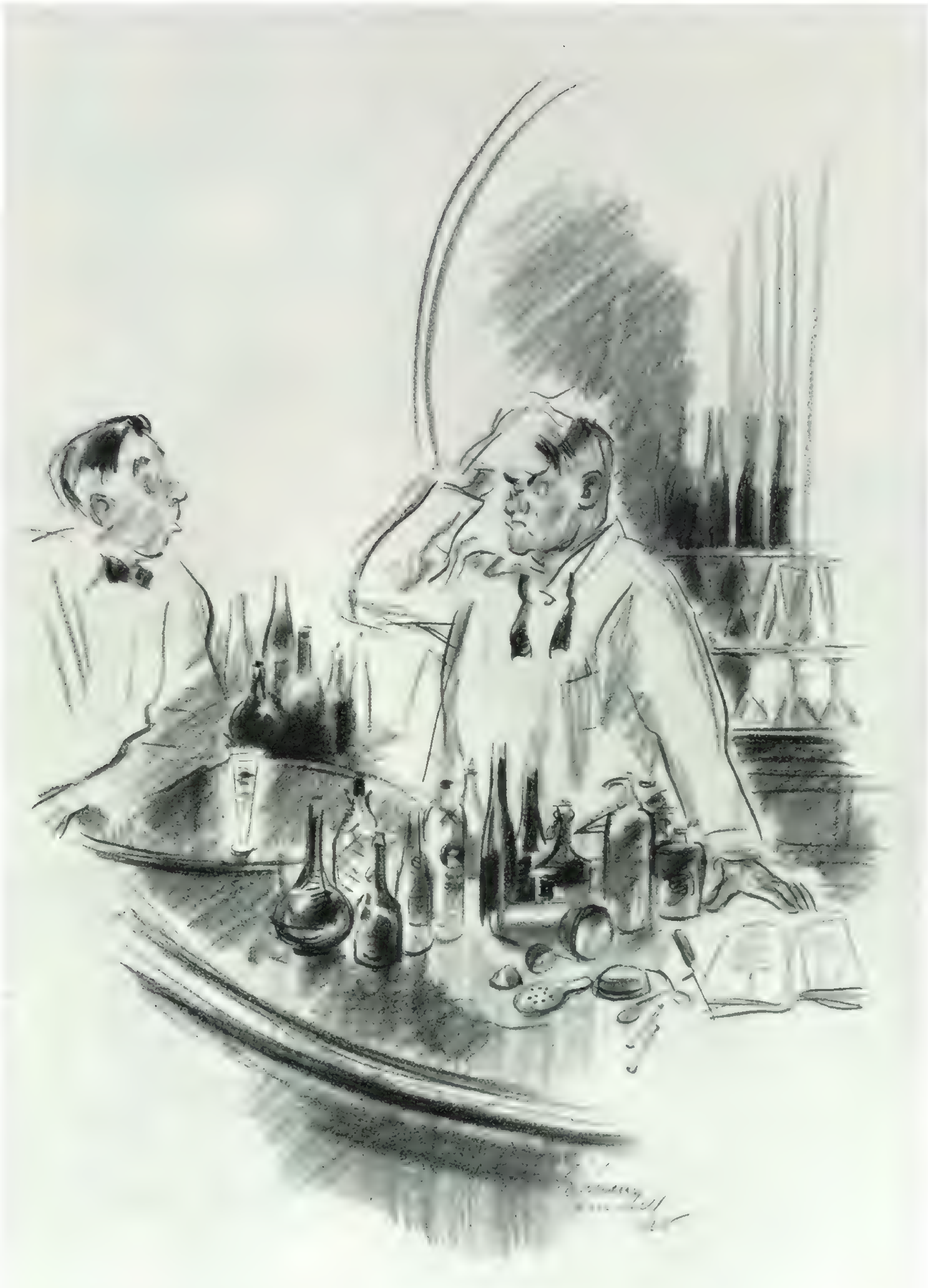
3—*Distillation.* A pot-still does its stuff to the "beer" (no relation to Pilsner) and out comes "low wine" re-distilled into the final product—whiskey the color of gin.

4—*Maturing.* Bourbon, like all other whiskies, gets its complexion and no little of its flavor from the wood. The latter, consisting of Arkansas white oak, charred, draws out any chemical undesirables that the distilling and re-distilling have left in. Bonded bourbon, once it matriculates in the warehouse under government supervision, can be graduated therefrom only at the end of four years or later, the government guaranteeing it to be 100 proof.

As a matter of fact, *all* details in connection with the production and aging of whiskey are under Uncle Sam's eye or that of his delegate, known as a storekeeper-gauger: who, armed with a Manual, two inches thick, containing regulations for everything from how much water is allowed to be put into the mash with a given quantity of corn, to what to do when the staff mouseress has kittens—well, it's a business that has considerable attention paid to it!

Consequently, even bourbons unblessed with the word "bonded," have their ethics. Some I've tried are surprisingly good. For, admitting that four or six months is less than the ideal sojourn in barrel, one must recognize at the same time, that the absorptive zeal of the wood tends to taper after initial blotterism. Besides, these non-graduates are economical; the purchaser isn't asked to pay a four-year board bill, with extras for leakages.

And yet—and yet there are people who, for the sake of sentiment and possibly a bit of a thirst, will go out and buy the doggondest, finest, grandest old bourbon, regardless of price just for the sake of that Kentucky FEELING. One pint and you're a full-skinned colonel; any more and you find, suh, to your amazement that your glass rests against the semblance of a goatee.



"She ordered it because it had a cute name"

Seven Games of Solitaire

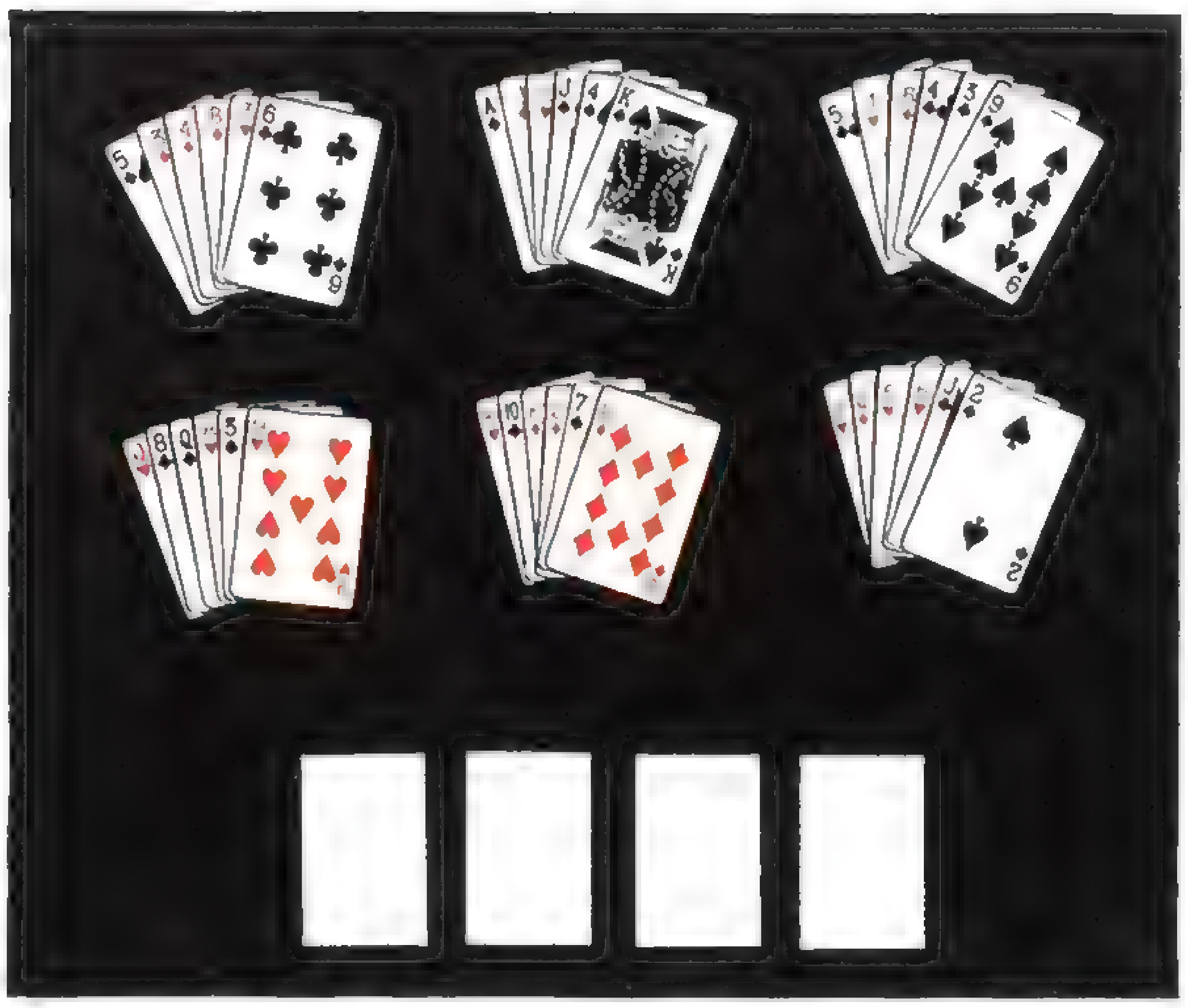
by PAUL W. KEARNEY

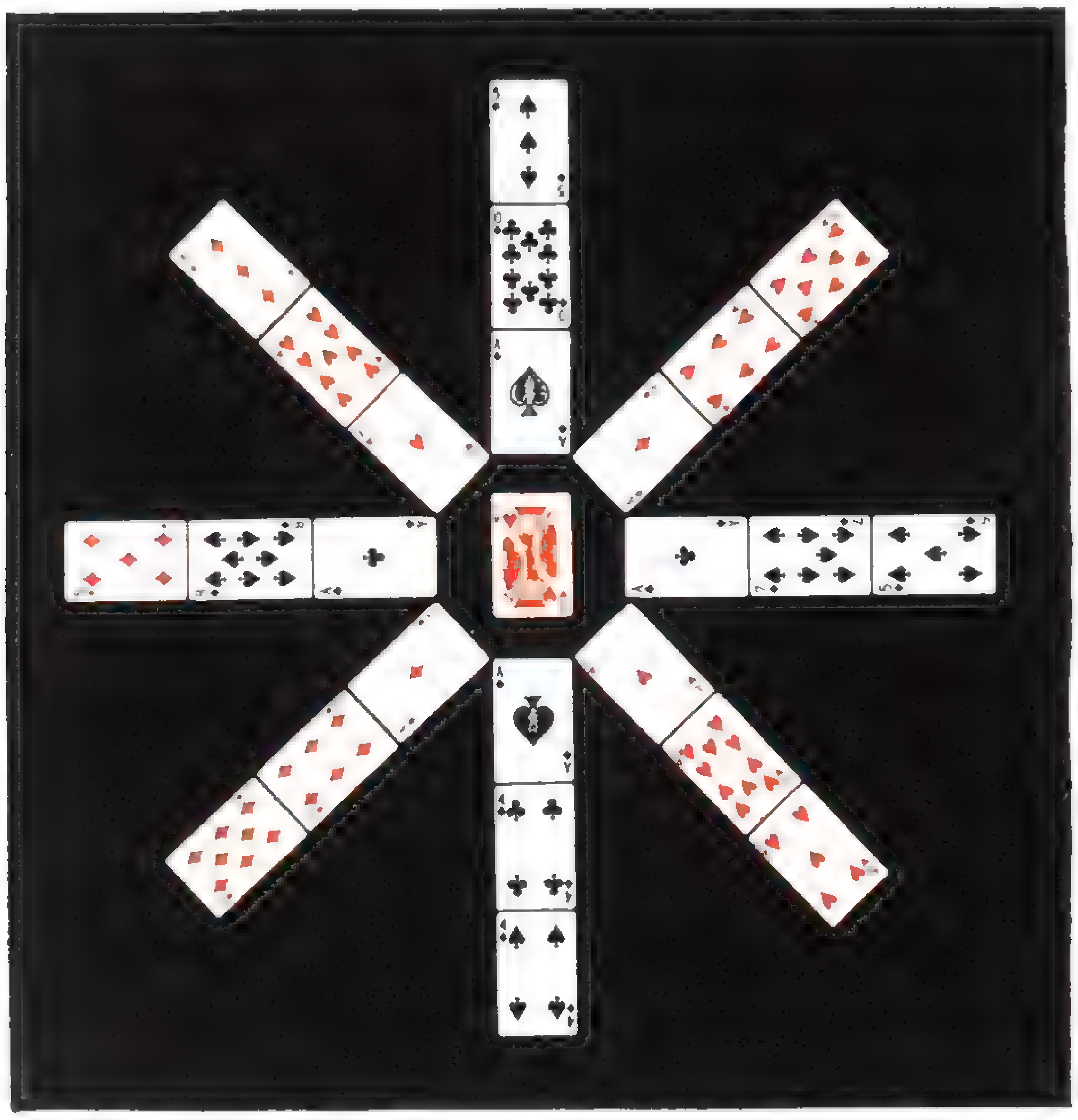
A great help if you get stuck on a desert island, also of use in hospital, jail and the home

FLOWER GARDEN

For one deck. Build up on the Aces in sequence and suit. Build down on the exposed cards of the Beds in sequence but regardless of suit. This is probably the best single-deck game in captivity and a good example of the pure-skill type.

Deal six packs of six cards each, arranged as illustrated to form the Garden Beds. You now have sixteen cards left (the Bouquet) which you can lay out on the table, face up, or hold in your hand as you prefer. In any event, you can study them to your heart's content, thus cutting yourself off from the luck alibi. All you do now is follow the rules. Bouquet cards can be played on the Foundations or on the top card of any Garden Bed. But the unwritten law is that once you've removed a card from the Bouquet, you cannot play it back there again. However, exposed Garden cards may be moved from one Bed to another or played on the Foundation Aces which are placed, as they turn up, as indicated by the blank cards in the illustration. A King in the beds, incidentally, can be moved only to a vacancy caused by clearing off some other Bed or, eventually, to its proper Foundation pile. The system is to move your cards back and forth so as to clear off cards needed for the Foundations, continuing this jockeying until you've built the Aces to Kings. All of which spells Judgment with a capital "J"!





SHAH OF PERSIA

For two decks. Build up on the Aces in suit to Queens. Marriages (building down in sequence but in suit of alternate color) may be made on the outer or Auxiliary circle only. A Reserve card cannot be played until the removal of the Auxiliary in that column releases the former.

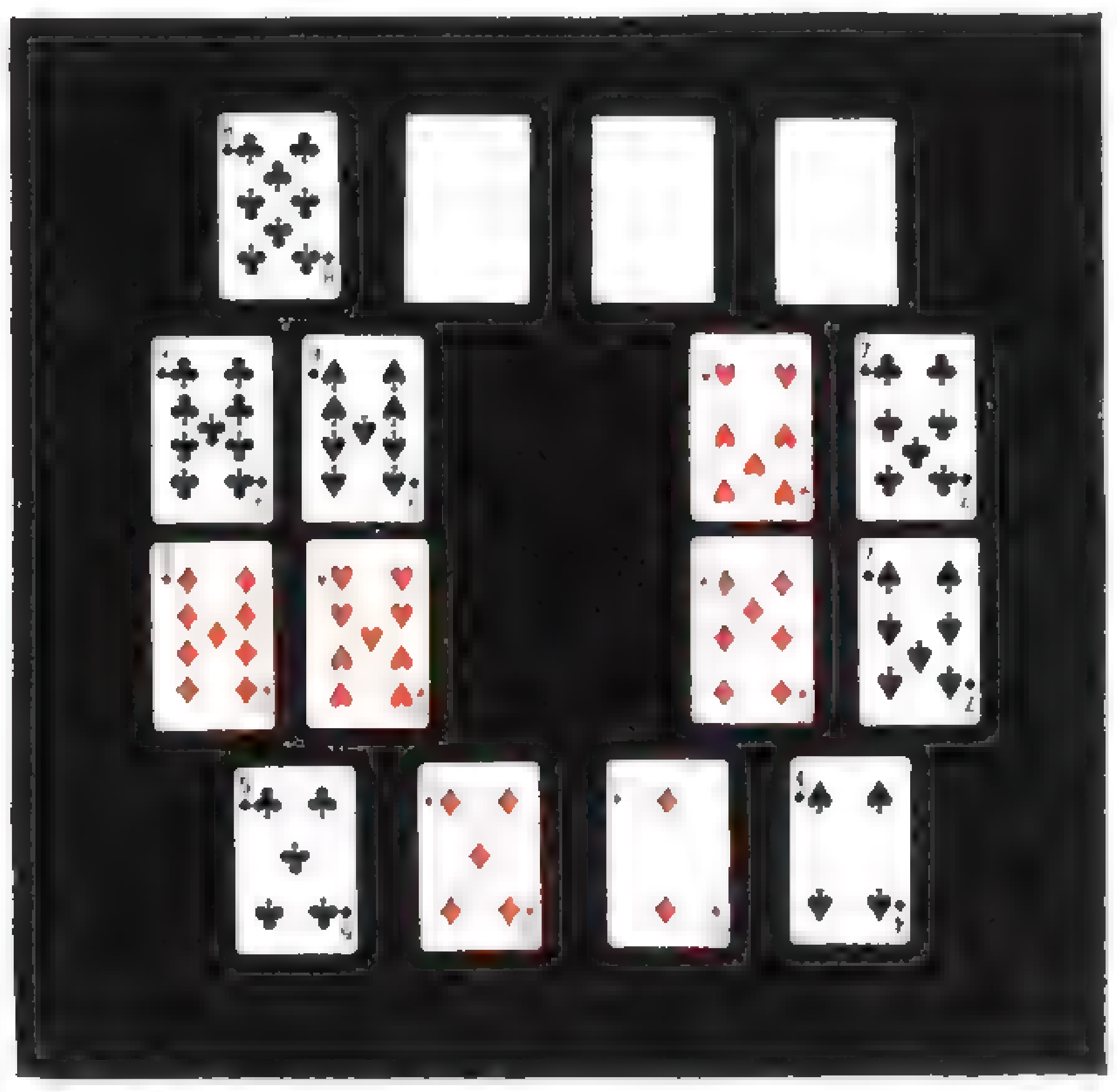
Here is a tough one! Discard seven Kings from a double deck, placing the eighth in the center as Shah; then place the eight Aces in a circle around the Shah to form the Foundations. Now deal another circle outside of the Aces of eight more cards from the pack, examining the board for possible plays and refilling resulting vacancies from the hand.

Another circle of eight cards is then dealt, completing the Reserves; possible plays made and vacancies refilled as before. Then a third circle (not illustrated for lack of space) is dealt, completing the Layout: this final circle comprises the Auxiliaries. The remaining cards are held in the hand, face down, and dealt as needed.

Plays are now made according to the rules: Remember that you may make marriages on the outer circle only—that is, Reserve cards cannot be married among themselves but can only be used to build up on the Aces or down on the Auxiliaries. And you cannot do that, even, until the removal of an Auxiliary releases the next card in that column or spoke.

When the three cards in any column are played off, leaving a vacant lane to the Foundation, you can start a new spoke with any two cards from the Auxiliary circle. Then you must deal the next two cards from the pack to those newly vacated spaces.

Those who find this form too simple (?) invoke the rule requiring all marriages to be in the same suit rather than in alternates.



OVER AND UNDER

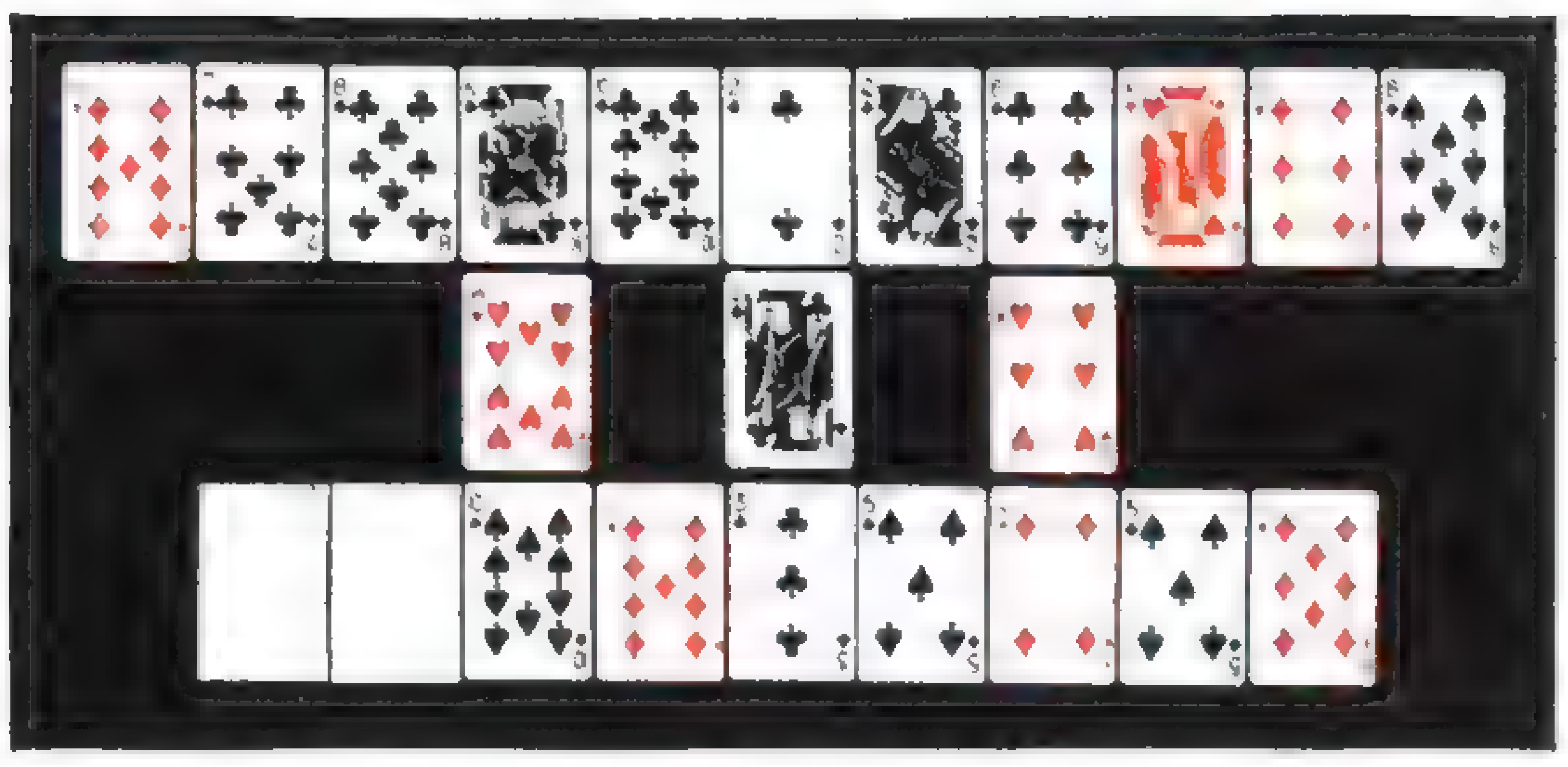
For two decks played separately. Build on the Left Foundation in suit and ascending sequence. Build on the Right Foundation in suit and descending sequence. Place discards in rotation in four piles.

Here, for a change, is a double-deck game in which you don't shuffle both decks together but play them separately. And it's tough!

The first card dealt is the Key Card, placed on the table to start a row of four piles of two cards each. As they appear, the other cards of this same denomination will go in this row unless the Foundations have been built up to receive them.

The Key Card also determines the Foundations, so we'd better look at the illustration for further light. The first card dealt in the diagram was an 8: therefore, the four cards one point higher will constitute the Left Foundation Square as they appear. Although they would never come out all at once, we've put the 9's here for the sake of clarity. In the opposite or Right Foundation Square will go the four cards one point lower than the Key—in this case, the 7's as they appear. And upon both Squares you build according to the rules.

Unsuitable cards as dealt are placed below the Layout in four separate Talons or Stock Piles, always in rotation from left to right. Builds are made as you go, and when the first deck is exhausted, the second is dealt. Eights (or whatever the Key card was) still go up above unless they can be properly played below on a Foundation, and the routine is the same throughout for the second deck. If you manage to play off all the Key Cards to their respective Foundations, you win. And if you win, you're good! So good that you'd better put all the Key Cards in one pile instead of four, just to make it harder.



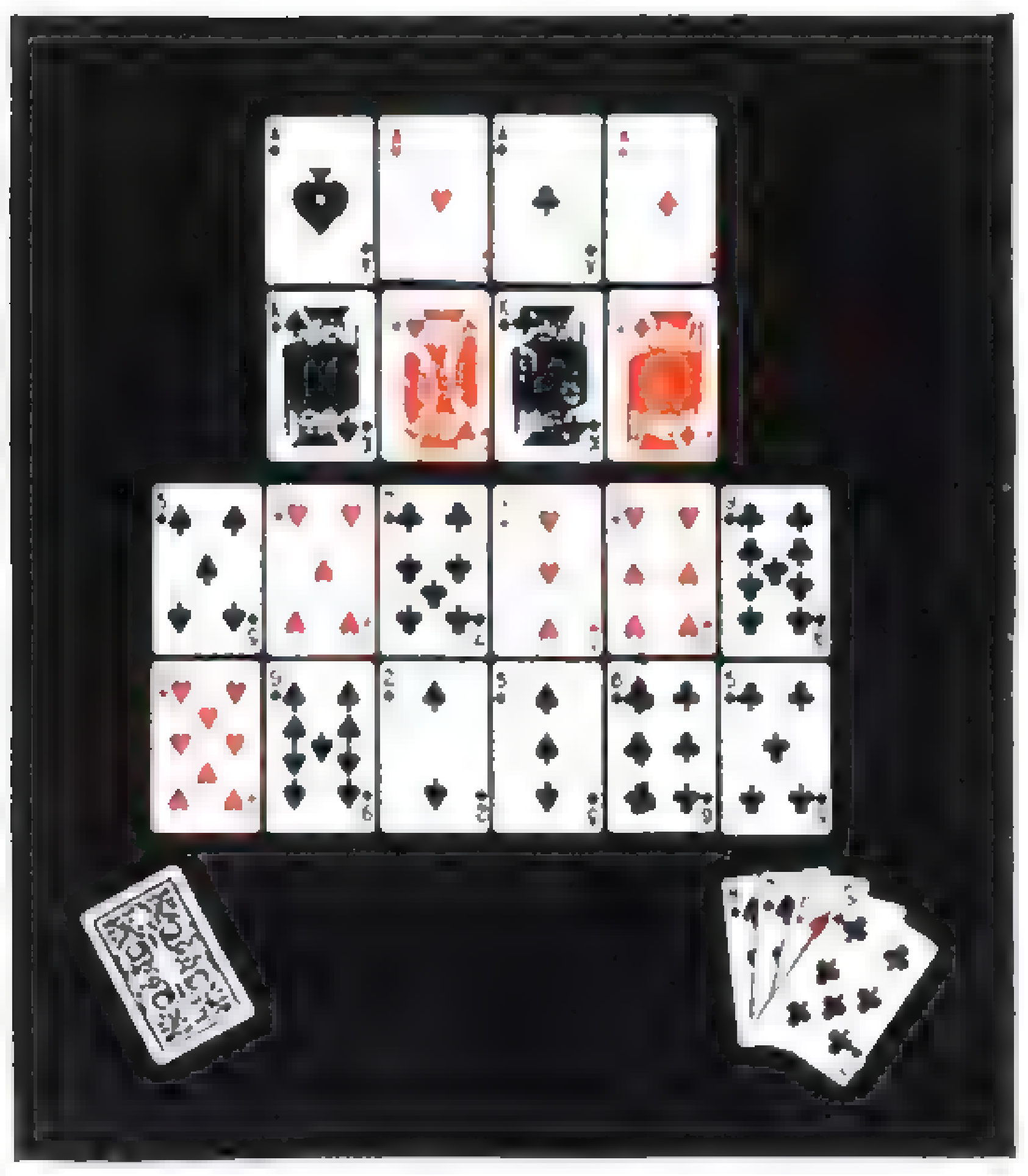
QUEEN OF ITALY

For two decks. Build up on the Foundations in alternate colors. Build down (marry) on the Auxiliaries in alternate colors.

This is a good game calling for close concentration. First, deal eleven cards from the pack in a horizontal row constituting the Reserves. Only the extreme right-hand card (8 Spades in illustration) of this row is playable, each move releasing the next card to the left. Now deal three cards below this row as shown—examine the three and determine which of them will soonest release the end Reserve. Select this for the first Foundation and move it over to the left (directly under the 9 Diamonds in the picture).

The two remaining cards are now transferred to a third row as indicated by the blanks in the illustration, and seven more cards dealt to this row, making nine Auxiliaries. Following the diagram, it is apparent that the 6 Hearts would soonest release the available Reserve (be built in alternate colors, remember!) so this 6 is moved down under the 9 Diamonds. As they appear, the seven other 6's (or whatever the Foundation proves to be in your game) will go in this row to be built upon in accordance with the rule. The other two center cards (10 and J in the picture) now come down to the blank spaces in the third row and the remaining Auxiliaries are dealt.

Possible plays are now made, vacancies in the Auxiliary row being refilled from the hand—Reserve vacancies, of course, being left open. Auxiliaries cannot be married among each other, all plays to this row coming from the hand; neither can Reserves be played to Auxiliaries—they go on Foundations only. The object is to build each Foundation card on up through its family of thirteen, and every effort must be made to clear away the Reserves. One re-deal permitted.



LEONI

For two decks. Build up on the Aces in suit to Kings. Build down on the Kings in suit to Aces. Only the exposed card of each Auxiliary pile is available but any card in the Reserve pile is playable.

Leoni combines several types of routine with an interesting result.

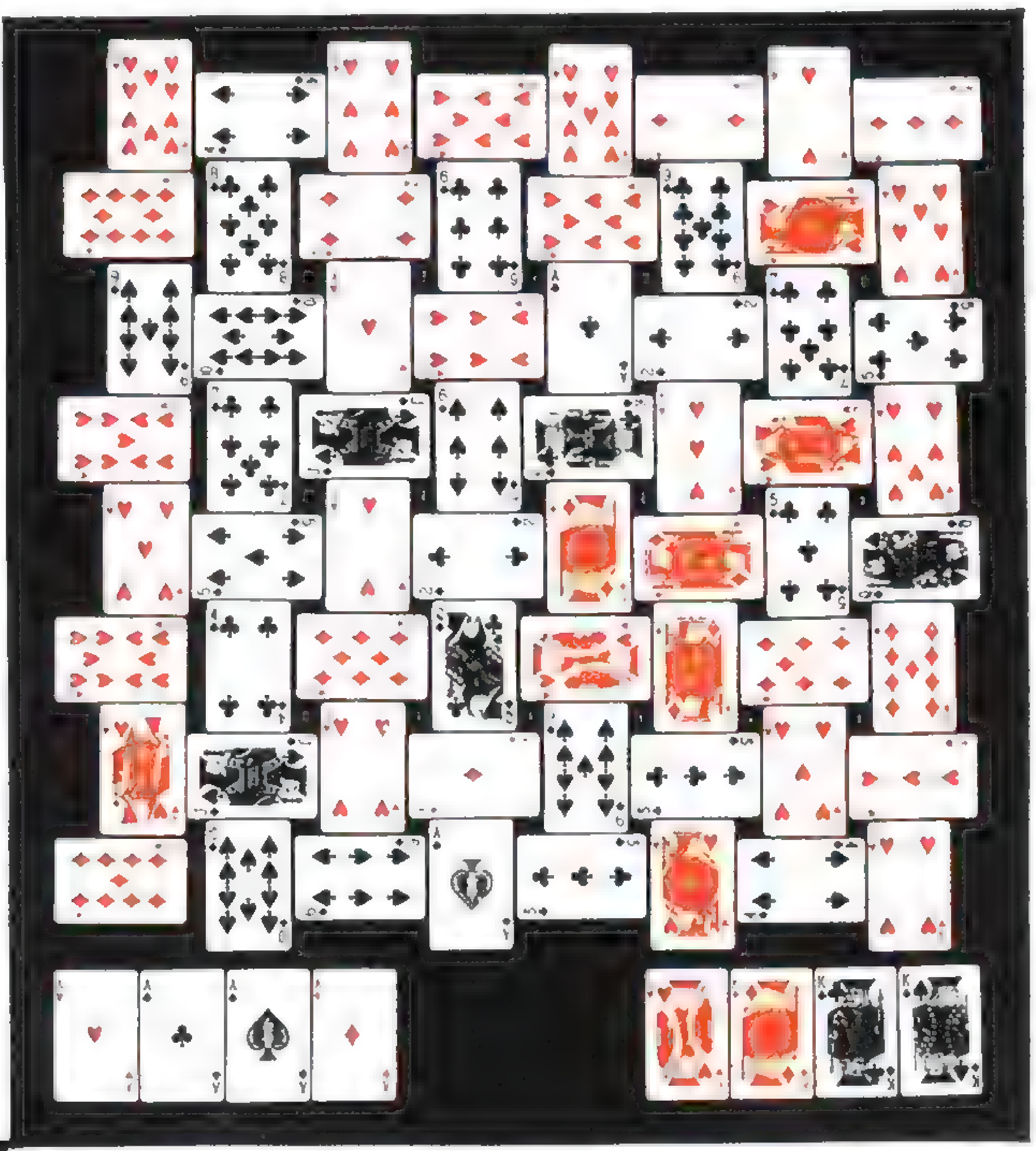
Withdraw from the pack one Ace and one King of each suit and lay them in rows as shown. The balance of the double-deck is then dealt into thirteen piles in the form illustrated but in this manner:

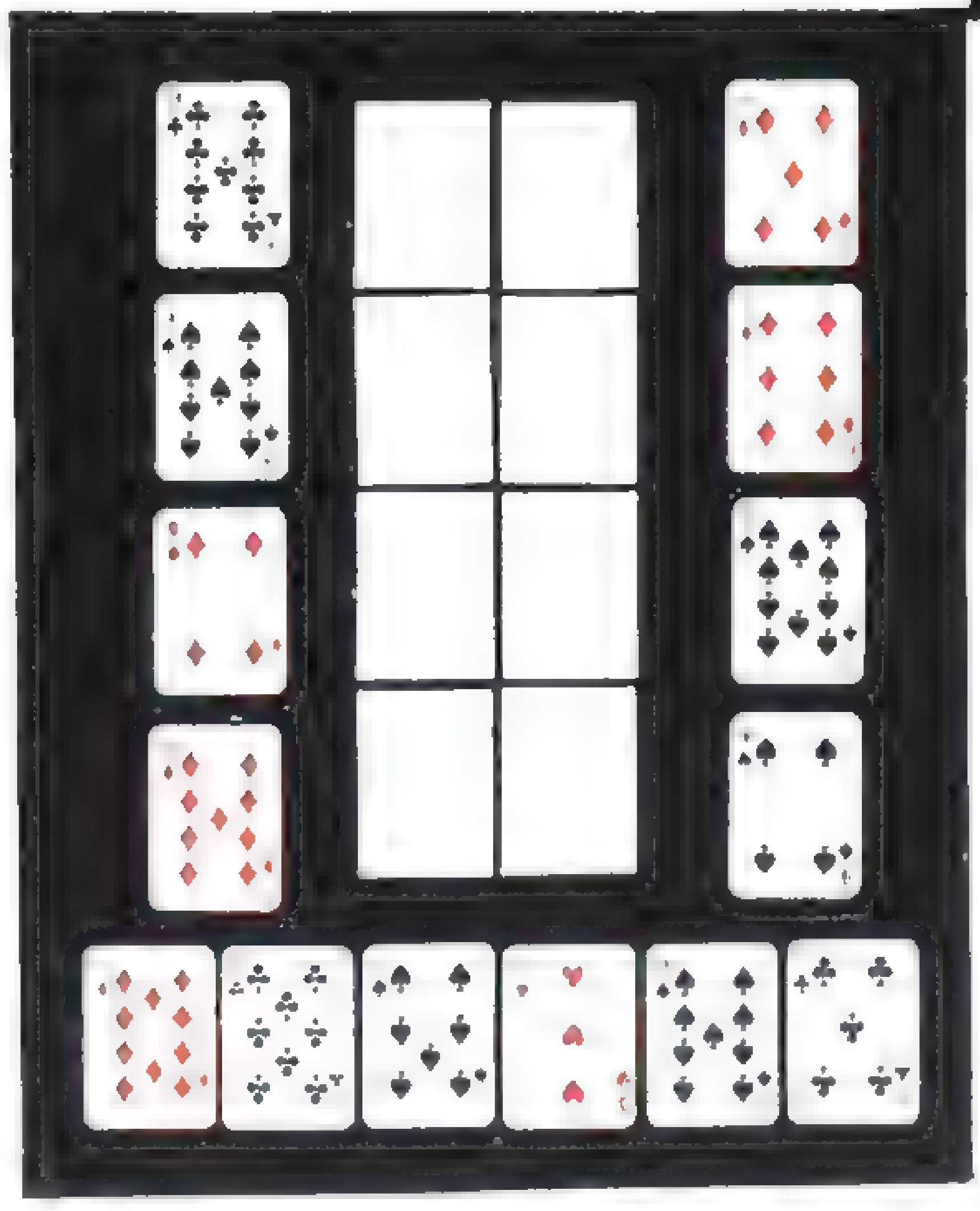
As you deal (from left to right) you count, and every time a card dealt corresponds to the number called, that card is placed aside in an Exile Pack and its place refilled from the hand. Starting with "One," you lay down six cards in a row as you count, the seventh starting a new row. Every thirteenth card goes into a pile of its own, fanned out as shown. And if as you count "four" a Four turns up, you put that aside, face down, and deal another card in its stead. (J counts 11; Q, 12; K, 13.)

The pack exhausted in this manner, examine the available cards and make all possible plays. Then pick up the top card of the Exiles and, if not suitable for play on one of the Foundations, slip it under that pack whose numerical order (from left to right) corresponds to its pip value. Referring to the diagram: if the first Exile turned up should be a 3, it would go underneath the pile topped by the 7 of Clubs in the illustration. Then remove the top card from that pile and slip it under its correct numerical pile (as indicated by the denomination), continuing this routine until you find a card that can be played on a Foundation.

After playing it, and any others which may be suitable, the next card in the Exile pile may be drawn: played if possible; or placed under its numerical pile as before. This same procedure prevails throughout.

If it happens that all the cards of a packet are of the same denomination but of different suits, you may transfer the top card to the bottom of that same pile, continuing until a suitable card for play is uncovered. After the Exile pile has been exhausted you may pick up the remaining Auxiliary packets from right to left in order and, without shuffling, re-deal once.





LA NIVERNAISE

For two decks. Build up on the Aces and down on the Kings in sequence and in suit. As many cards in each of of the Line piles may be studied as there are vacancies in the Flanks.

Deal two vertical columns of four cards each (called the Flanks) with space enough between for two Foundation columns as indicated by the blanks. As they appear in dealing, one Ace and one King of each suit go in these columns.

Then deal a horizontal row of six piles of four cards each: the Line. Only the top or exposed card of these piles is available for play, each move releasing the card beneath.

At this point make any plays to the Foundations which show, always giving preference to a Flank card rather than a Line card. You will soon learn that Flank vacancies are precious, so cultivate them early. Indeed, if you can't play a Flank card from the original layout (after a Foundation appears), shuffle the deck and deal again, for you haven't a chance!

The play proceeds from this point by dealing four cards at a time to each of the Line piles. Make your plays at the completion of each deal (full round) but do not replace cards played from the Line until an entire pile has been exhausted. Then refill with four cards from hand. After the hand has been dealt you may pick up the Line packets in rotation from left to right and, without shuffling, resume dealing as before. This can be done twice. In planning your plays you are entitled to examine the Line piles in accordance with the rule above—which doesn't make the game any easier.

JAPANESE RUG

For two decks (shuffled into one). Build up on the Aces and down on the Kings in sequence and in suit. A card is available (playable) only when it has at least one narrow end exposed.

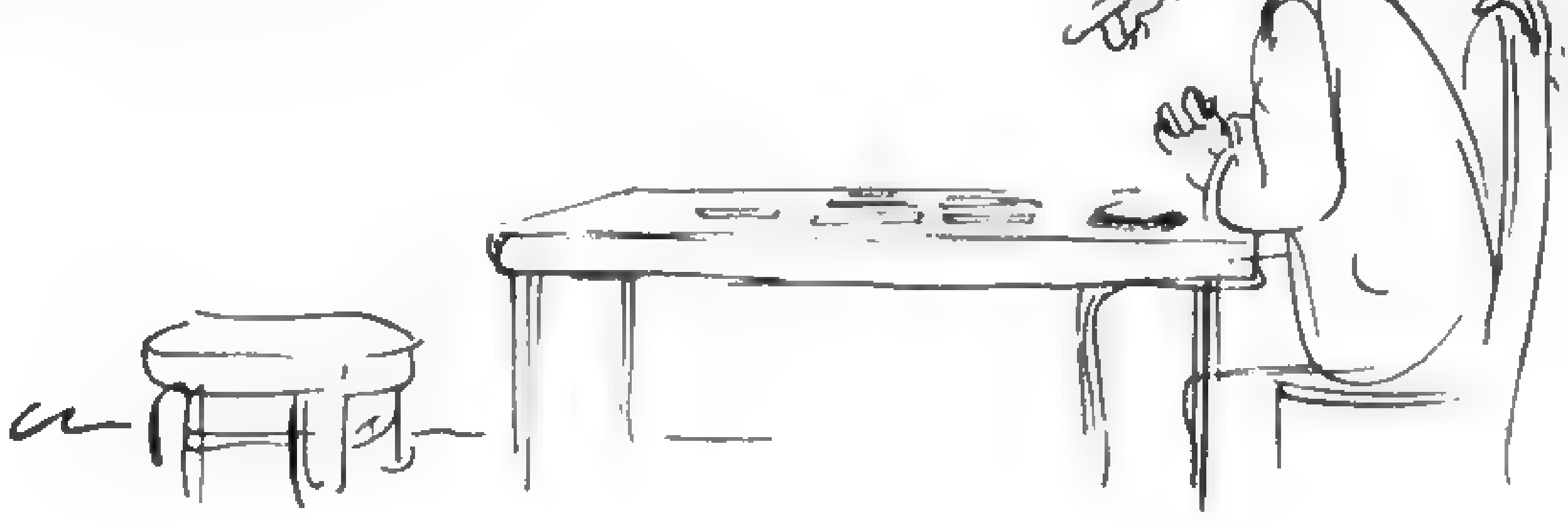
This is no game for a small apartment. But if you have the necessary space, it is an interesting specimen of the skill-judgment type.

First withdraw from the pack one Ace and one King of each suit, laying them in a horizontal row at the bottom of the board as shown. Then, following the illustration, deal eight rows of eight cards each, every other card placed horizontally.

The only available cards are those with at least one narrow end exposed: for example, playable cards in the illustration would be the 10, 6, 9, 2 Hearts and 3 Diamonds in the top row, and all others in the layout similarly "exposed." Naturally, plays made during the course of the game will later expose other cards inside the layout.

All available cards in the original set-up are played on their proper Foundations according to the rules, and when no further plays are possible, cards in hand are dealt singly. Suitable ones are played where they belong; unsuitable ones are set aside in a Stock Pile, the top card of which is always playable. You may also build up or down (in suit) on this top card—a very valuable crutch which you'd better not overlook.

Those with the stamina necessary to make this layout twice can have a second deal when the first is blocked.



Hail the Ailing

Continued from page 86

morning. Before the laddies agree on the number of handicap strokes to be given and taken in leveling the match to a good betting proposition there always is someone who complains of a horrible sleepless night, neuritis, indigestion or a hangover that interests him more in a pistol, a priest or aspirin rather than a golf game. The trusting sucker who is in good health and spirits is unsuspiciously charitable toward the infirm competitor. By the time the match is over the gentleman who was sorely afflicted at the first tee is the picture of health and prosperity. The prosperity is due to the recent transfer of funds from the pocket of the person who didn't appreciate the psychology of a smart golfer.

The way the subconscious minds of the high-strung stars work is about like this: The star figures he can make every shot perfectly. Therefore if every shot isn't made perfectly something is wrong with the star's physical condition. It is one of those very simple Q. E. D. matters. It is so simple that the boys themselves don't definitely figure the mental factors in this game. The tricks the mysterious mechanism inside the skull pull on a fellow who is actually playing a game against himself, when he is in golf competition, are the tricks the stars instinctively try to duck.

The rather high-strung master of golf shots who goes into competition with a five-star, strictly Grade A valid alibi enters the lists with a decided advantage over himself and many of his competitors. When a shot goes wrong he reasons, "well, what the hell can I expect when I am just barely able to walk around this pasture?" He remains numb and dumb which is perfect as a status for good golf. The competitor who begins a championship feeling in the pink can dump a few sour shots and in amazement at this unexpected inability to control the ball, become panicstricken.

You had a great illustration of this during the last year's National Open. Olin Dutra went into that tournament after he had been compelled to stop off on his way from California en route to Merion and spend the greater part of a week being doctored. In the early stages of the championship Dutra hammered his tee shot at the eighteenth into the woods at the left of the fairway and dangerously near out of bounds. Out of that forest he played a shot in a million. His ball lit on the edge of the green and he nudged it into the hole for a three. Had he been expected to win and gone into the tournament rated as a clinical exhibit of physical perfection, he would have figured, probably, on getting safely out of the jungle into the fairway, banging his third to the green and getting down in two more putts. No one can say what these boys think in championships because the boys themselves couldn't tell you most of the time precisely what passed through their minds. But the chances are that, in this instance, Dutra's subconscious, when he saw that ball on the wrong side of an avenue of trees so close together they looked like a leaf-topped picket-fence, worked something like this:

"I'll give the bleeding little barstard a bang and if it doesn't get out, it's because my belly hurts so."

That "bleeding" and "barstard" are imported words the young pros bring home with them from England, and those are just the words young Dutra would say—not guess words put in with poetic license.

While Dutra's case had the happy end, ponder on what the able and iron-gutted Gene Sarazen was up against in the same tournament. Gene was the outstanding advance selection for the title. Sarazen's temperament is such that he confidently considers himself under control at all times. If he felt sick he wouldn't play. When someone beats Gene, to Gene it is simply the fortunes of warfare because the other man happened to be better than usual, not that Sarazen was far off. On a battle plan that called for his playing his own game and letting the other fellows play him, Gene hit the eleventh hole on the last round, where a creek snakes around a green set back in a bosky dell that's quite beautiful, but not to little Gene, the Roving Roman. To get a safe four, Sarazen took an iron off the tee for a short, straight and sure shot. The tee shot went into deep left field and before Gene picked his ball out of the cup he had taken seven sad whacks at it. The guy who figured he had to win, he was the peer of the field, and would win, by conscious effort was defeated and the other hombre, who sat on a locker-room bench rubbing his belt, looking nervously toward the "gentlemen" sign, and thinking "Ay tank Ay go home," loped in a subconscious winner.

Again, to make the case one of circumstantial evidence that will stand up when the jury sits around the three-story glasses of scotch, ice and bubbles in the locker-rooms, let's consider the situation of Paul Runyan in the last National Open. Little Poison was the most heavily backed player in the book made by Jack Doyle on this championship. Now you may not be inclined to think that carrying a load of someone else's money on the outcome means anything much to pugilists, baseball players, football performers or hockey athletes. Maybe it doesn't. But it's inclined to have considerable effect on the play of golfers, even though completely subconsciously. That's again, because the player is not only playing the course but all those disturbing ideas that jumble and jar around in his mind when he has the walk from shot to shot. Several of the leading golfers were asked, a short time ago, if they ever bet on themselves in championships, and unanimously they replied that not only had they never wagered on themselves, but that they couldn't recall a case of this among other stars they knew.

The Runyan kid is outwardly a glacial little man, proficient and thoroughly workmanlike. He plays with the detachment of the expert who comes to fix your radio. You have been diddling with it, with your two hands nothing but thumbs, and finally decide something complex is the trouble. The radio repair man fixes it always with such speed that you just miss a program you wanted to hear, but are in time to hear some inane ballyhoo you could do without. Runyan has the knack of easily making those shots you think can't be made. With no money being bet on him by a lot of friends, Runyan went through the winter tournament season like a streamlined train picking up a mailbag. With the strain of a reported $20,000 of well-wishers' currency on him at Merion, it seemed like Runyan wasn't himself. He appeared to nurse and try to steer shots, always a dangerous policy, but especially so when one does not hit a long ball—and Runyan is short but usually amazingly sure.

Later in the season when young Runyan was shooting for Runyan alone at the Professional Golfers Association Championship he was a different golfer than the Runyan at Merion, and he won that professional title.

Maybe you are beginning to ail yourself, after getting a load of this line on the merits of invalidism in golf championships. The old patent medicine advertising psychology may be working on you and you are starting to feel symptoms of some disease that will make you a champion. Then, perhaps, you'd like to be reminded of what happened to the healthy young fellow who has been one of the brightest playing stars of the last twelve months, Ky Laffoon. There never was a nearer perfect specimen of virile, keen young manhood prowled golf courses than that boy. What happened to him? He averaged 72/20/77 strokes for 77 rounds of competition to lead all the professionals in scoring for the year but won firsts only in a few sectional tournaments. He beat out Runyan in the year's standing by only eight one-hundredths of a stroke, although Paul played 22 rounds fewer in the lists of competition on which the averages were based.

Somewhere among Runyan's 55 rounds of tournament golf there must have been a putt that failed to drop by the margin of a hundredth of an inch. That brings you down to a space of about one-thousandth of an inch that determined who was going to be first and who second in the professionals' medal play standing for the year. That is the narrowest margin by which any lengthy athletic competition is decided. When the edge gets that fine you have some license to believe that the battles positively must be lost and won by some tiny twists in the cerebrum.

Apparently that is what the most successful golfers have concluded. Without deliberation, frequently by accident alone, the boys built up defenses against stage-fright by giving themselves satisfactory explanations in advance for anything that might go wrong. Don't get the idea that the stars who mention possible alibis ahead of time, either publicly or privately, do so because they are looking for an "out." There will be plenty of examples of the suspected alibier's unquestioned moral and physical courage put forth to refute and embarrass you. If golf were a game requiring that a 135 pound defensive fullback prevent a touchdown by throwing himself at the pistoning knees of a 200 pound ball-carrier of the opposing team, the golf stars wouldn't be looking for an out by stumbling and slipping over their own feet. They'd dive and grab and come to in the infirmary, just the same as the heroic collegians. However, golf necessitates nerve control rather than a willingness to die for dear old varsity. If the golfing stars can outsmart their nerves by getting into their brains the message: "I don't give a damn

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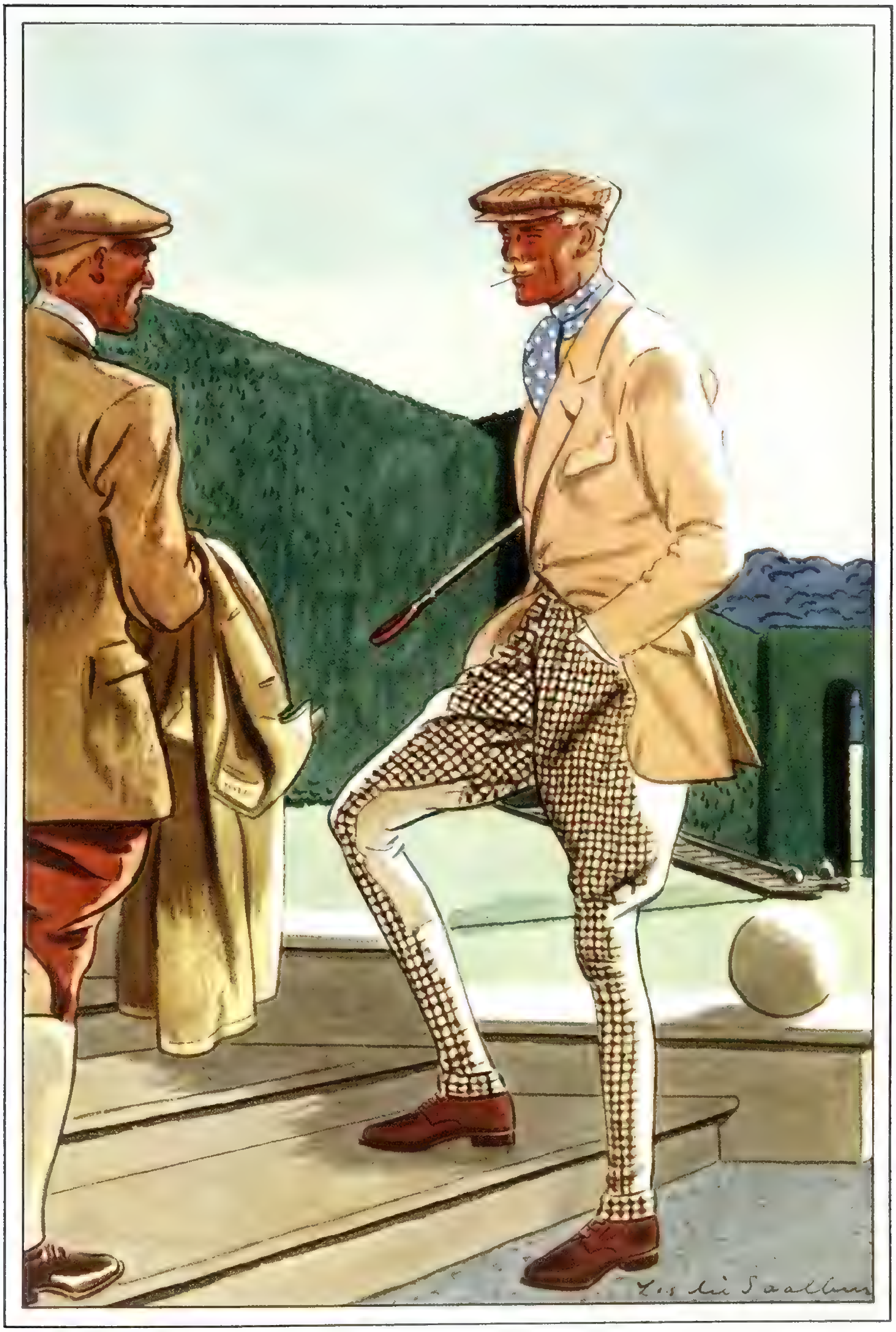
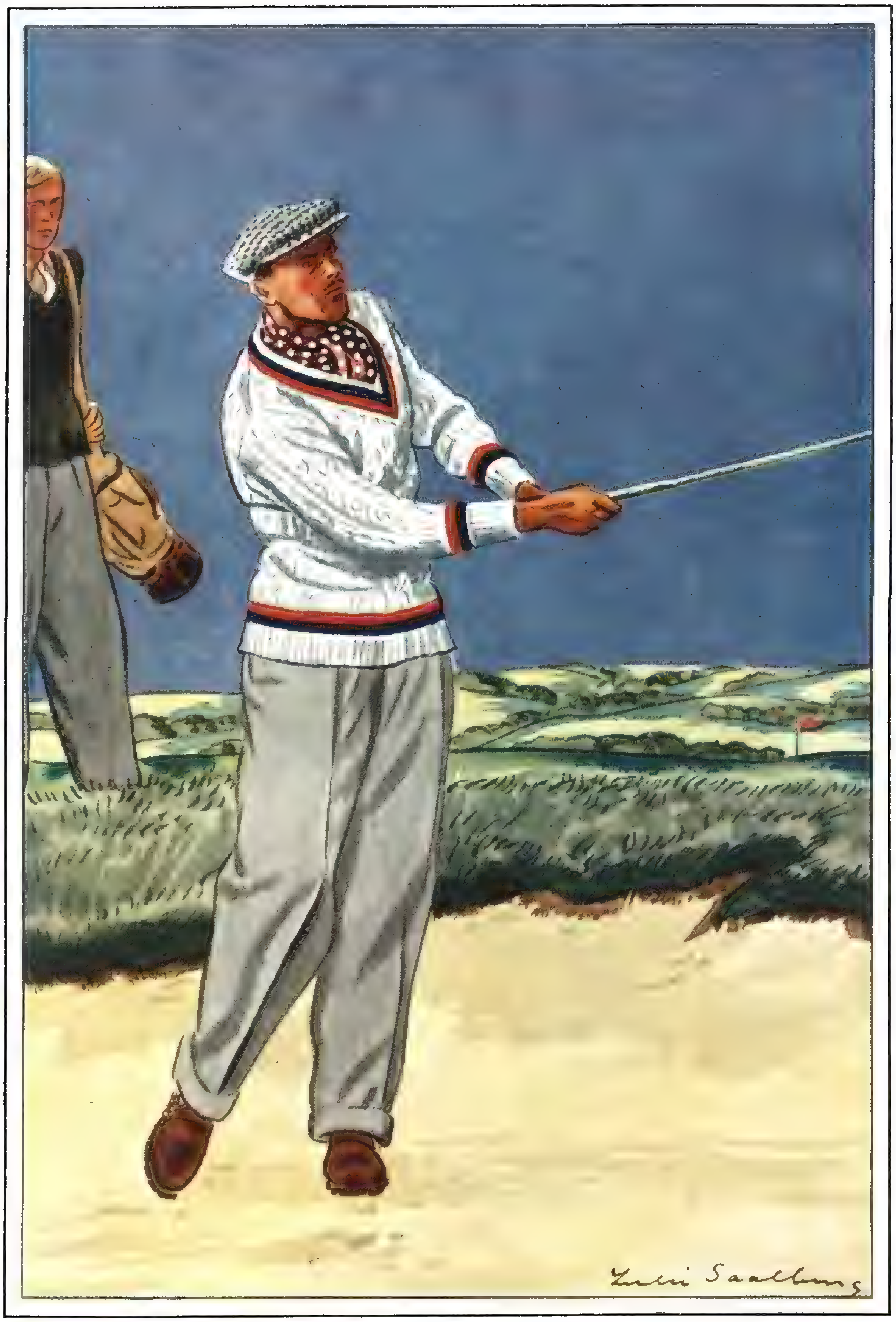


RECOMMENDED OUTFIT FOR COUNTRY RIDING

For country hacking and warm weather wear we show here a riding kit consisting of a single-breasted tan linen riding sack with twelve-inch side vents, and slanting flapped pockets, under which is worn a yellow light-weight silk and wool hunting shirt with a foulard polka-dotted riding stock, in combination with jodhpurs of light-weight tweed in a gun club check, with which are worn brown blucher riding shoes. While the one piece topped cap is similar in pattern to the tweed of the jodhpurs, it is not a match, nor, indeed, is the use of matching patterns for these two items to be recommended. With a checked pattern in the jodhpurs a plaid pattern is called for in the cap, like the Glen Urquhart plaid shown here. If a plaid pattern were selected for the nether garment, then a small check would be called for as the pattern for the cap. This outfit is also suitable for spectator wear at country race meetings.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



FOR THE FIRST WEEKS OF THE GOLF YEAR

You have a choice of explanations for the look on this golfer's face. It may have something to do with the sand trap, or it may be merely an expression that is a reflex to the rawness of the early Spring weather. In the latter case, we can only say that he asked for it—and he dressed for it too. His sweater is a very heavy cable stitch, and under it he wears, presumably, a heavy flannel shirt. Around his neck, in lieu of collar and tie, is a silk foulard square, worn thrown over at the throat in the Ascot fashion. The grey flannel slacks have a natural turn-up. Heavy wool socks are taken for granted. The shoes are of brown buckskin, in the monk front model with rubber soles and heels. The small shepherd check cap has a one-piece top. Incidentally, if it will make you like it any better, we can tell you that this particular sweater is one that was worn frequently at Biarritz last year by the Prince of Wales.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Hail the Ailing

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what you do, I am out of this anyway," that is the intelligent thing for them to do.

The ordinary sod-walloper starts out too full of hope. He has dreamed of the ease of making perfect shots. When the miserable shots he actually makes come off with distressing frequency he goes to pieces like Humpty-Dumpty and all the King's pros and all the King's clubs can't put him together again.

Many of the professional golf instructors whose work on their pupils is most resultful, appreciate that the most formidable handicap to their labors is the supreme optimism of their patients.

At rare times, when the astute instructor believes that he may not lose his job by so doing, he succeeds very well with the pupil he welcomes in this manner:

"By Allah's beard, sir, as a golfer you stink! Could I graft on to you the head of Jones, the shoulders of Dutra, the arms of Sarazen, the hands of Armour, the fanny of Hagen and the legs of Smith, you, as a golfer, still would stink. The best I can do for you is to make you assail nostrils pleasantly, to some, like camembert, instead of what you really stink like, which is something I could not imagine if it were not for you."

Having put the customer into the right mood, then the customer can go out on the course and rejoice in anything that happens because anything that can happen will be received as an unexpected improvement.

That this policy is sound has been demonstrated in highest golfing circles. Having plenty of masterly shots in your bag, of course, helps to win, but some championship observers are starting to figure that if you can give yourself a good out to account for anything that might happen, you are in.

Week in Chelsea

Continued from page 51

that I'm that kind of a guy. Some guys, like this Nichols fellow, who did the magic act and was also the juvenile, was a nice guy, but he was always on the make. And I don't approve of that. I think when an actor comes into a town like that, he ought to behave himself and leave the girls alone. Because otherwise the way it always winds up is the same way. You get some kid in trouble and show business gets a black eye.

Me, I don't play it that way. But still in Chelsea, I couldn't help it. There were a lot of pretty girls and they kept making eyes at me and sending me notes asking me for dates. So what could I do? You have to be polite, don't you?

And that's a funny thing too. It was those two things, the contest and the dames, that got me into my jam in Chelsea and that got me fired from the company. Although I didn't really get fired. I could have stayed there but when I found out the way things were, I just didn't want any part of it, and I told Earl Lee King that he knew where he could stick his job.

It really started about the third day we were in Chelsea. The contest was going pretty good, the most popular girl contest, I mean, and there were two girls fighting it out for the lead. One of them was Inez Harris, whom I don't know anything about, and the other one was Agnes Hawk, who was as nice a piece as I've ever seen.

Nichols, this kid magician in our show that I was telling you about, was giving the Hawk doll a play so I kept away from her, because that's the kind of guy I am. I never butt in when any of my pals are making a play for a doll. But this day I got a note from her.

It read, "Hello, big boy with the beautiful eyes. Aren't you ever going to give a girl a break? Why don't you meet me tonight after the show? I'll be waiting for you. Love, Agnes."

Well, that was kind of a screwy note, considering that I didn't even know the girl well. But still if the poor kid was nuts about me it wasn't her fault. So I thought I better meet her and give her a break.

I was feeling pretty good that night. During the show, while Nichols was doing his specialty, I ran up and said, "Oh, Mr. Nichols," and he said "Yes?" And I said, "Are you Mr. Nichols?" And he said "Yes, certainly I am." And I said, "Well have you got change of a dime?"

Now, that's a pretty good joke, to just come like that, out of the air like. But Nichols didn't think it was funny.

He was a nice kid, but kind of a sap.

And when I met Agnes, after the show, Nichols saw me walking away with her, and I think he was burned up.

Anyway, the rest of the week I ran around with this Hawk kid, who turned out to be pretty hot stuff. She was O.K., that kid, and we had a lot of fun together.

One thing we used to laugh at was the way this Nichols guy kept chasing her and wouldn't leave her alone, although he should have known she was my girl. But he and she would be together most of the afternoons, and sometimes for a while at night.

The way she explained it to me, she told me what was she going to do with the poor guy. He kept chasing her and asking her for dates, and she just didn't have the heart to say no to him, she said.

Well, myself, I'm a broad-minded guy, I am not jealous or anything like that because I've been around too much, and I know too much. So I didn't say anything. But it was a laugh at that.

The day before we left Chelsea, a Friday night that was, I went out with Agnes after the show and we had a pretty good time except she seemed to be worried and finally she bust out crying. I asked her what was the matter and she told me it looked like this Inez girl was going to beat her in the popularity contest and it broke her heart because she really wanted to win.

I thought to myself, what a sucker you dames are, making all that fuss over a contest which maybe you might not even get any prize in it, but I didn't say anything except I told her that if she really had that contest so much at heart as all that, why, I might help her out a little bit, if she were nice to me.

And she was nice to me.

And I helped her.

And the next night, at the finish of the contest, she suddenly showed up with a whole box full of votes and she had almost twice as many votes as the other girl and she won, and she was made the most popular girl in Chelsea.

After the show was over, I started out to keep a date with the kid, but Earl Lee King stopped me and said he wanted to talk to me. I told him I'd see him later but he said no, he wanted to talk to me now. So I said all right, and waited around for the mob to disappear.

We were playing in a pool room that week in Chelsea. There weren't any theatres or halls in Chelsea, so Earl Lee King had hired the pool room, which was in back of the general store. The pool table had been shoved on the side and some boxes and benches put up, and in one end of the room we had hung up some curtains which Earl Lee King had, and that made a stage. Except that the curtains didn't open all the way, so on the two sides it was dressing rooms.

We didn't change costumes or anything like that so it was O.K. because, even if they saw us in the wings or in the dressing rooms, it didn't matter, because we were just standing around.

And at night we used to bring our cots out, and sleep in them. Earl Lee King had five army cots, and we put them around at night and that is where we slept. All of us except Earl Lee King and his Mrs. They put their cot behind the curtain and that made it a private room for them.

And sometimes at night we would hear things, like the Mrs. giving Earl Lee King hell or things like that, but we didn't pay any attention to that.

This Mrs. of Earl Lee King's didn't like me, anyway, because I never gave her a play, or tried to monkey around with her and besides she was a lousy cook, and about the only things that she could cook on that oil-burner of hers was eggs. And she used to ask me what I had against eggs anyway. And I used to tell her I didn't have anything against them but a person got tired of having eggs two and three times a day.

"Well, they're cheap anyway," she'd say.

And I'd say, "When I joined your lousy show I was told I would get eight dollars a week and board, and just eating eggs and sleeping in a hall all the time don't sound like board to me."

And she'd say "Well, you'll eat these eggs and sleep in that cot and like it."

And there was nothing I could do except eat the eggs. And sleep in the cot.

So we didn't get along so good.

Anyway, that night after the show, and after the mob cleared out, Earl Lee King says to me, "Joe," he says, "there's a very funny thing happened tonight. There were about twice as many votes brought in as were ever given out by soap or candy."

So I said, "Oh yeah? How can that be?"

So he said, "That's what I'm asking you."

So I said, "I don't know nothing about it."

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Week in Chelsea

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So the Mrs. said "You didn't happen to give that dame no tickets?"

So I said "What dame?"

"The dame you've been running around with all these nights," she said.

So I said, "I don't know what you're talking about."

So she said "You don't know what I'm talking about, huh? Come into a small town like this and take a poor little small-town girl and give her the works and you don't know what I'm talking about. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

So I said "What are you squawking about? There ain't no dames in the show except you. What do you want a man to do? I'm a man ain't I?"

"Oh, yeah?" she said, "I ain't never seen any signs of it."

"What's eating you?" I said. "Are you mad because I didn't give you the rush?"

"You and who else?" she said. "It takes a man to give me a rush."

"You keep out of this," Earl Lee King said. "I'm having this talk with Joe."

"That's what you think," his Mrs. said. "You think you're running the show too, don't you? But I hold the money and I'm boss around here, whether you think so or not. If you don't kick this lousy punk out of the show there ain't going to be any show."

"Aw, what's eating you?" Earl Lee King said. "He's all right. He's a good comic, only he got hot pants for this dame and he lost his head. He ain't going to do that no more."

"Yeah?" the Mrs. said, "that don't make any never mind to me. I don't want nobody in this show who can't leave the girls alone. And besides, I don't want nobody in this show who ain't got no respect for me neither."

"How do you mean respect?" I said. "You mean you want to be mamma to all of us?"

"You ain't got any right talking that way," Earl Lee King said to me. "Why don't you be smart and wrap up your lip? You can't get the best of it fighting with no dame."

So then she jumped on him and the two of them kept it up for a couple of hours.

And the way the whole thing wound up was I got canned. Well, like I told you, not really canned. They told me to blow. And the next morning I told Earl Lee King to pay me off and I'd blow. And he said he couldn't, because the Mrs. kept the grouch bag and she didn't want to give him any money. And I said if he didn't pay me off I'd stick right with the show till I got it, and he and his Mrs. had another fight, and they wound up by giving me a ticket to Columbus and five bucks. I didn't want no part of that lousy show, anyway. I took the train to Columbus.

But before I left, I began thinking things over, and I couldn't figure out how Agnes got all those votes because I only gave her about half of them and I don't think that sap Nichols would have had nerve enough to give her any. Especially since he wasn't getting nothing from her.

Or, at least, I don't think he was.

Or at least, she said he wasn't.

But just in case he was, to get even with him, I stole a suit of clothes from him, and a couple of handkerchiefs. And I also stole some shirts from Earl Lee King, although that really wasn't stealing, because they didn't fit me and the guy had robbed me and I was just getting even with him.

And when I got to Columbus I got to thinking the whole thing over and I thought I was probably wrong about this guy Nichols. He was probably just a sap, and I shouldn't have taken anything of his away with me, so I mailed him back the handkerchiefs. He never wrote to thank me.

Happy Warrior

Continued from page 105

should continue to shine. No heir to his romantic ancestors would be the Player, if he did not add a little flourish to his strokes under such an incentive.

And as the game progresses, he contrives to do so. Five times more in the first seven periods, he spans the length of the field on successive shots, much to the delighted edification of the crowd. His Captain, however, is less pleased, for it is a truism of the game that the man who strives to cover himself with glory almost invariably covers his team with defeat. Brilliant as is the Player's performance, his six goals added to two more by his team-mates are just equal to the Blue's eight as they leave the picket line for the final chukker. Too anxious to be always in scoring position, careful not to use his painful back-shot, the Player has failed to co-operate and even the dumpy little bond-broker playing opposite him at the Blue's No. 3 has been more of an asset to his respective team.

The throw-in this time is close to the side-boards where play at the last whistle ended. Near to the enemy's goal line, the Red team's object is to center the ball by back-shooting it to mid-field, but the Player rather than try the stroke that wrenches his back, attempts to dribble the ball in a cantering circle—the bone-head play of polo, unless it works. Coming fast from down field, the Blue 3, the dumpy little bond-broker, is screaming:

"Off the ball!"

No. 3, the Player knows, has the right of way. To stop or to slow down on the ball is an amateurish *faux pas*—and sometimes a death sentence. But the Player, eager to score, hovers one instant too long on the line. One thousand pounds of animal flesh, moving as fast as four hoofs can propel it, strikes just behind the saddle. A dizzy moment of flying through space, a screaming in his ears, the smell of turf and hot flesh and wet leather in his nostrils, a flash of bright shoes close to his eyes—and then he rolls over and gets up, unhurt.

But not so the dumpy little bond-broker. He lies still amid the stillness of a hushed crowd. His helmet has rolled off, revealing a face as pallid as the white-washed side-boards—save where a tiny trickle of red runs from the corner of his mouth. One of his legs is curled under him, and as the men lift him, they see a lumpy prong that has broken through the calf of his boot. The Player swallows hard and walks away.

"Internal injuries and a fractured leg," he will read in the paper tomorrow. But he need not read it to know that the little broker will never play polo again—to know, too, whose was the fault.

The referee drops a new ball in front of the Red goal, awarding the Blue team a free shot on the foul. His pony's fore-feet on the goal-line, the Player remembers that the rule of changing directions after every score has put the girl in the canary hat directly behind him. Vaguely he wonders if she knows enough about the game to realize the inexcusable quality of his foul.

With the whistle, the Player charges into the ball as it rises from the Blue Captain's mallet. A sizzling drive, breast-high. The Player bats it down with his stick, pokes it toward the side-boards, picks it up at a gallop and bangs it down-field, following fast. A clear field before him and the fresh pony he has changed to after the crash is romping away from its chasers. Here is his chance for a run of the field and a goal that will win the game.

But somehow the urge has gone out of him, the edge of his spirit is dulled by memory of the broker's face. He tops the ball on the second stroke and the Blue 4's back-shot changes the tide of battle.

Three times during the final chukker the Player gets loose with an open field before him, but three times he muffs his chance. The bell rings from the side-lines denoting the end of the period, but play will not stop till the ball strikes the side-boards or goes over into the end zone. Still there is a chance to break the tie without going into an extra period. Both teams work desperately to keep the ball in play.

Attempting to score, the Blue Captain slices one cross-field and following hard upon it, the Player hears his own Captain yell:

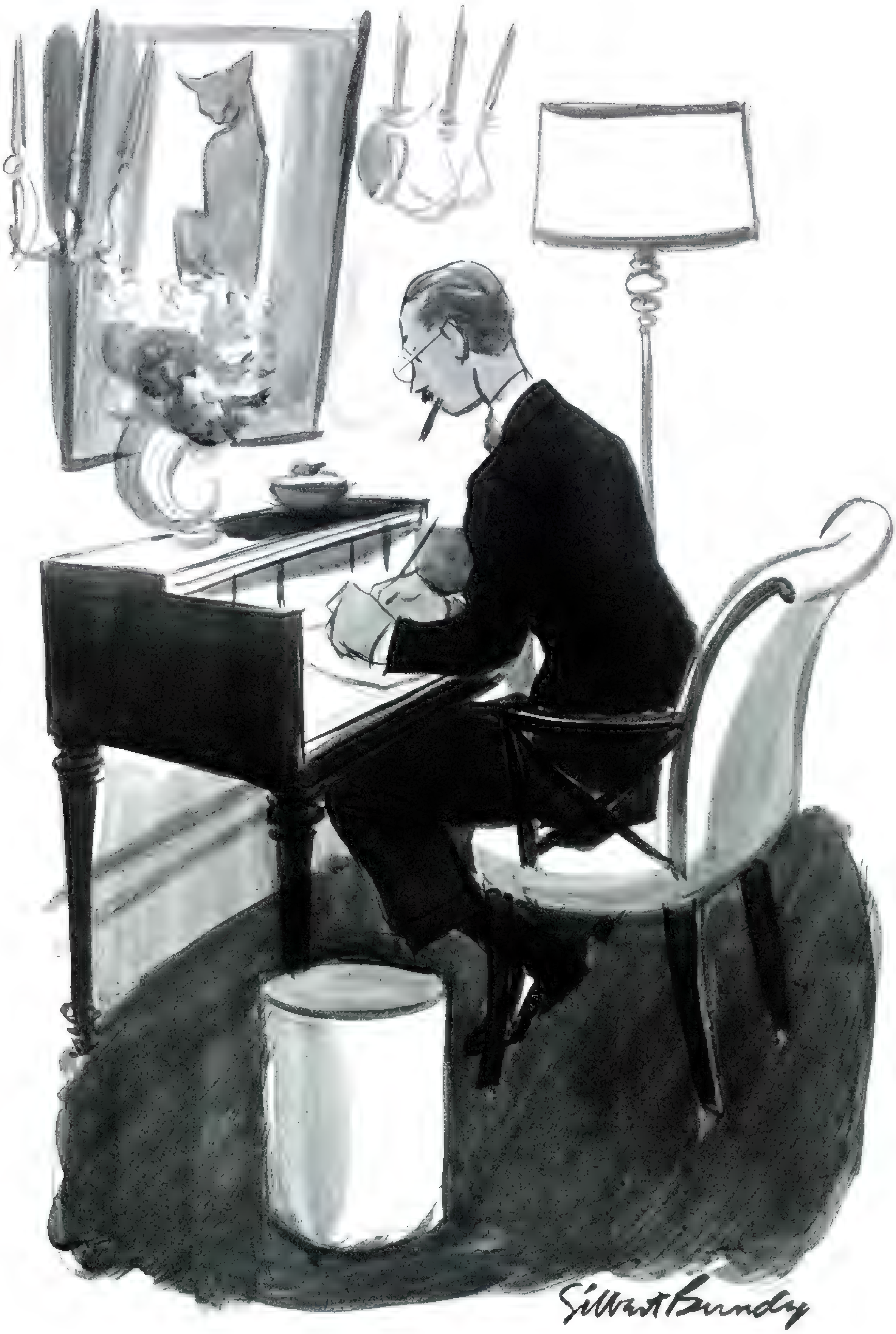
"Back it!"

Back it, of course. Pass it to the Captain, giving him a chance to run the field for a possible goal. But the ball is on his mallet-side and the Player dreads the torturous shot. Instead he will play it to mid-field under the pony's nose—a spectacular shot that will give him another effort to pick it up for a long run. He leans far out over the pommel, swinging in front of the flying hoofs. He hears the satisfying crack of wood against wood—then a strained silence—then a bellowing guffaw from the crowd.

He looks. His shot had taken a bad bounce. He had scored—but for the other side.

Unchecked, the pony gallops on. Not until he is over the goal line does the Player think to draw rein and when he does it is to find himself near the car with the smashed windshield. He raises his eyes to the girl in the canary-colored hat. She is bent over the steering gear—laughing. Instead of the hero, the clown. Well, thinks the Player, it's all part of the day's work, part of the game. It all might have happened to anyone on a polo field.

And tomorrow will be another day.



"Dear Voice of Experience: A couple fellows upstairs are having an affair with my wife . . ."

The Park Avenue Hill-billies

Continued from page 79

express a certain sense of excitement and joy which you simply do not find in most popular songs. (You find it in songs written by negroes sometimes, as in *Running Wild*, which is one of the few songs of 1924 you can still hear steadily on the air.)

Mr. Porter once wrote a ballet, unfortunately for the Swedish and not the Russian troupe. But, so far as I know, he leaves symphonic and operatic music alone. He remains the ideal amateur because he is versatile and adaptable. There is a rumor that *Miss Otis* was improvised for a charade or some sort of parlor game (Park Avenue parlor) and it turned out to be one of the best things Porter ever did, a sort of Frankie and Johnny of 1934, with just enough swoon in the music to make the ballad amusing. There was a rumor at the time that the recorded verses were only a small portion of the song, and that the others were hot. Sweet are the uses of Puritanism. There are moments when dirt is inappropriate.

Apparently Mr. Porter thinks so himself. The songs in *Anything Goes* do not deal chiefly with that enormously entertaining subject, The Way Babies are Born. They express the emotion more or less connected with this process in terms of hilarity and good humor, and are therefore a little more honest than some of Mr. Porter's hymns, and, pronounced by the hearty and free swinging Ethel Merman, *I Get A Kick Out of You* comes near to being as good as Miss Merman's other revelation, *I've Got Rhythm*—which was Gershwin's rhythm.

And there you have, more or less, all I have to say about Cole Porter. The talent is profuse, the technique almost flawless, and the sentiment sometimes pleasantly cynical, sometimes a little smeared with smut. The question about Mr. Porter is not whether he is ever going to believe in the themes of his songs—any composer who actually believed what most of his songs say would be a little bit less than a half-wit; the question is whether Mr. Porter will ever believe in his music, as Kern and Berlin and Arthur Schwartz believe in their music. Occasionally Mr. Porter does, and on those occasions, but no others, he is unbeatable.

A Sentimental Story

Continued from page 57

saw as an inconceivably terrible eternity.

Without sympathy. For, to him, each day was no longer that. It was pleasant with the drug of occupation; the quiet evening was a sweet solitude when the brain spat at circumstance and flaunted exquisite happiness in its face. How could a cell be a prison when its occupant no longer cared about the academic sophistry called freedom? And, thinking about it not too often, he dimly perceived the psychological complications of his projected murder. Two years from date he must murder a policeman. But it no longer had the force of logical desire. It was an unpleasant duty his high social intelligence ordered. He did not care to think a great deal about it. After all, why should humanity demand such a task of him? What had humanity done for him?

One thought things out, and became too smart in prison. One became like college professors and authors and government officials, men untrained in physical reason; when emergencies were thrust upon them, conditions that demanded actions, they were unprepared. They sat around trying to think themselves out of a burning building. And so when Morton and Ratoff captured a pair of shotguns and killed and blasted the prison gate wide open and eighty-nine men melted through its aperture as though by magic, Williams stared blankly up the wax polished corridor at the fleeing confusion, the inviting sky beckoning him to run, and, sighing at the spectacle of his own drugged will, remained. He later crumpled on the unyielding iron slats of his cell bunk and wept baby's tears of sheer futility, wept for the sight of Heaven that he had lost, and pitied himself the loss of his manhood. He had become a slave at last.

He leaned a child's cheek that night against the cold steel partition and told his friend in the adjoining cell of his sad and empty dreams.

"I got to kill a guy," he said.

"Yeah," Pinky agreed conventionally.

"You see, I get me ten bucks when I get out, and a ticket to the city. I know a place where I can pick up a rod for a sawbuck. I got tabs on this bull. Been on the same beat last three years. Ain't gonna be much to it. Two o'clock in the mornin'. Nobody around then. It's easier to kill a cop than rollin' offn a log. Just pick his corner and as he passes plug him in the back. Ain't nobody can ketch you by the time they find out what happened."

"Why you so nutty on the subject this cop?" Pinky murmured. "Supposen he did bean you. Cops is like that. Ain't right to go outn no jail sore, short timer. You stuck a guy accidental-like, you got ten years fer manslaughter, you done your rap like a man, and when you're out you're free. Gee, you can git yourself a girl and eat steak and wear nice pants. Why you so nutty you want to plug some bull who aready forgot you, probly, long ago?"

"Why you so nutty you want to rob banks?" Williams countered.

"Jeez, that's different! That's kinda makin' a livin'. I ain't never learn no trade. How'm I gonna live? But bumpin' coppers ain't makin' no livin', lessn you lookin' for a short-cut to a safe spot in hell."

"I never see a guy dumb as you," Williams said. "I gotta. He beaned me. He's probly beanin' guys all the time. It ain't right. Somebody's got to do it. You think I want to? I wush I'd took the run-out with Ratoff. I'd a been able to bump him. Now I got to wait."

"Gee, Williams," said Pinky emotionally, "you're jist like my own brother or somethin'. Jeez, don't do it. Wait for me. I'll be out the year after you. We kin have swell parties and all. Get a room together maybe. And if I pull a neat job and git in the money. . . ."

It was no use. Necessity is not only the mother of invention but prison keeper of the human will. The force that compels explains all things. Williams' explanation is good enough, if incomplete: I got to kill a man.

Then there is a crescendo business about a convict's last two years which is somewhat upsetting. Satisfied with his environment, loving his criminal friends in the miraculously uncritical fashion that only men conscious of their mutual shortcomings can, hardened and pleasured by the anodyne of bodily labor, tasting the exquisite satisfaction of perpetually unsatisfied hunger, super-sensitive to the subtlest sexual suggestion and bored by its filthiest manifestation, the marching months take on the dread of an approaching débâcle made excruciating by foreknowledge. Williams isn't peculiar. He has been made to love his slavery as the world in its time has taught all men to do, or perish.

But all his pals say, "How they goin', Big Feller? Mail a letter fer me."

"Hi. Think of me when—you know. I'd love to be outa your shoes."

"Be good. Ain't no chance for advancement in this here place."

"How long, Williams—eighteen days and a roll-over?"

"Write up and tell me what them Vitafome pictures sounds like."

"I could do your time with my head in a barrel."

"Send me a watch for Christmus."

"Don't git ran over by a horse-car, kid."

"Happy days, Williams."

"Lucky guy."

The Warden was a very nice man. It seemed, from what Wiliams gathered, that being nice men was characteristic of wardens. Systems were inhuman, often, because men made laws for other men to live by. But nice folk, often, were set to enforce stupid systems.

"Mm. Williams. Ten years for manslaughter. Remittance of three years for good behavior. Never been in trouble here. Sit down, Williams."

"Thank you, sir."

"Got a job, Williams?"

"Nothin' reel definite, Mr. Hartmann."

"Don't know what you're going to do when you get out?"

"I'll get something."

"Got people?"

"A aunt down in Texas."

"Here's your ten dollars, son. And your ticket. Made up your mind to stay out of trouble?"

"Yes . . . sir."

"I'm sure you're too sensible to have gotten in with some of these wise monkeys and clicks up here, kid. They've got no heart, no conscience, and no common sense. They kid you about the easy life of crime. If some bird on the outside come along and showed you how simple it is to get away with it, there'd be no argument. But these screwy specimens are all living examples of their own vicious stupidity. Go straight, boy. You've got character. I'm going to

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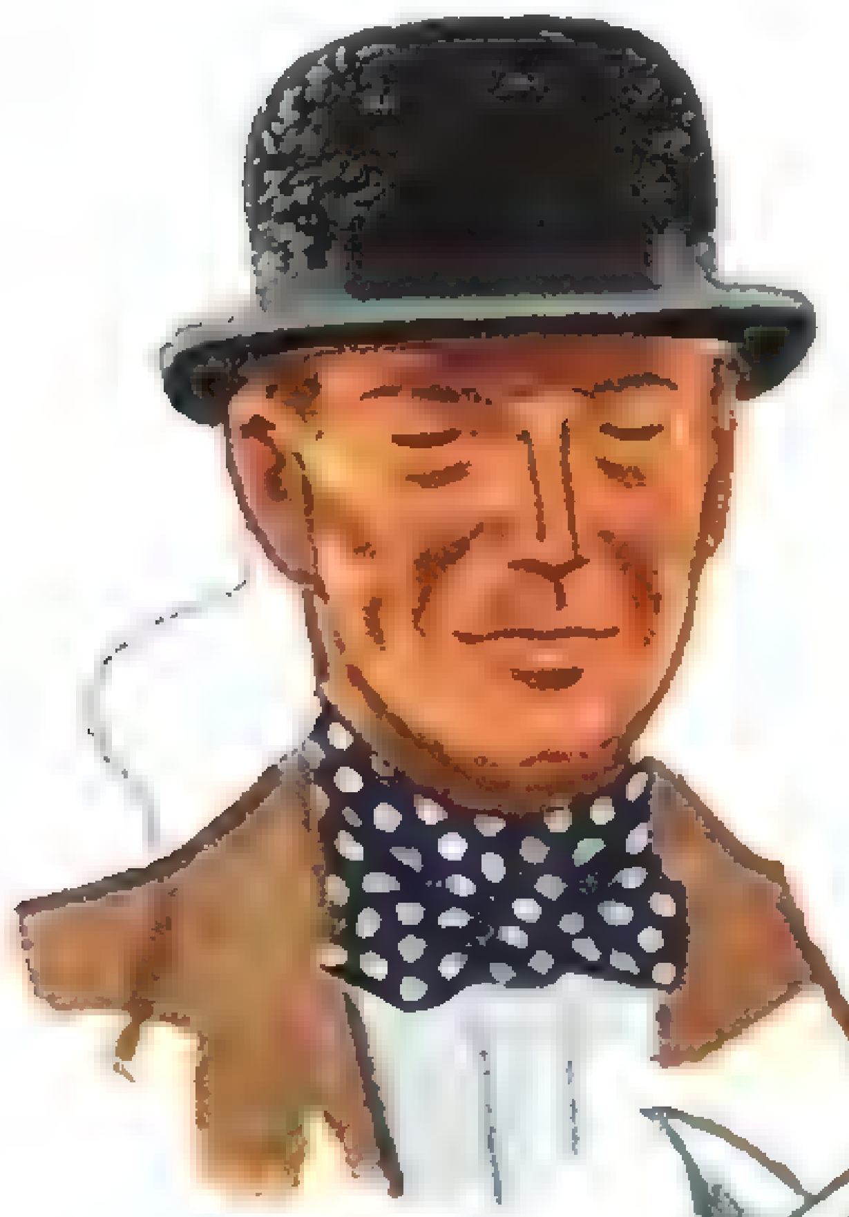
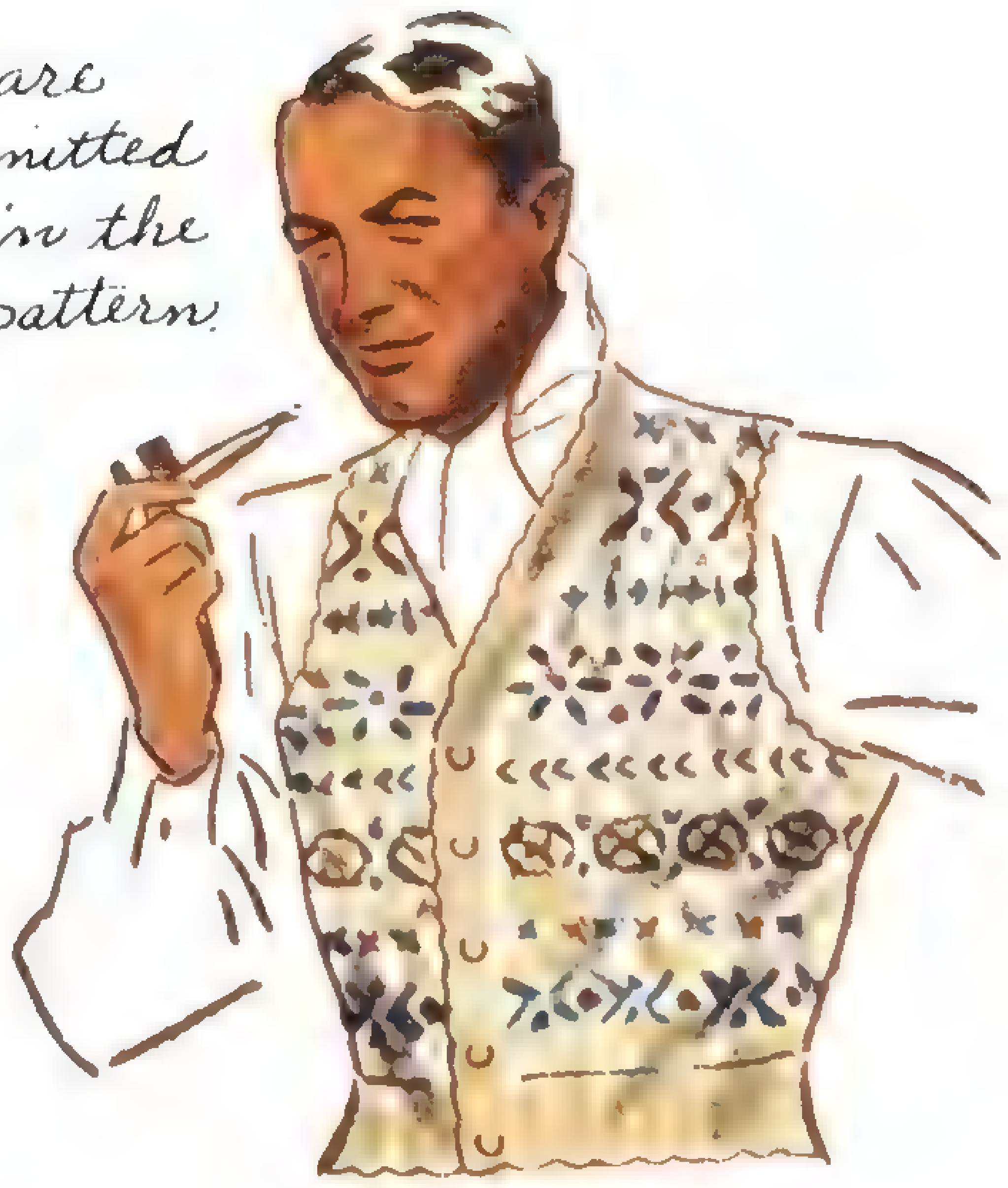
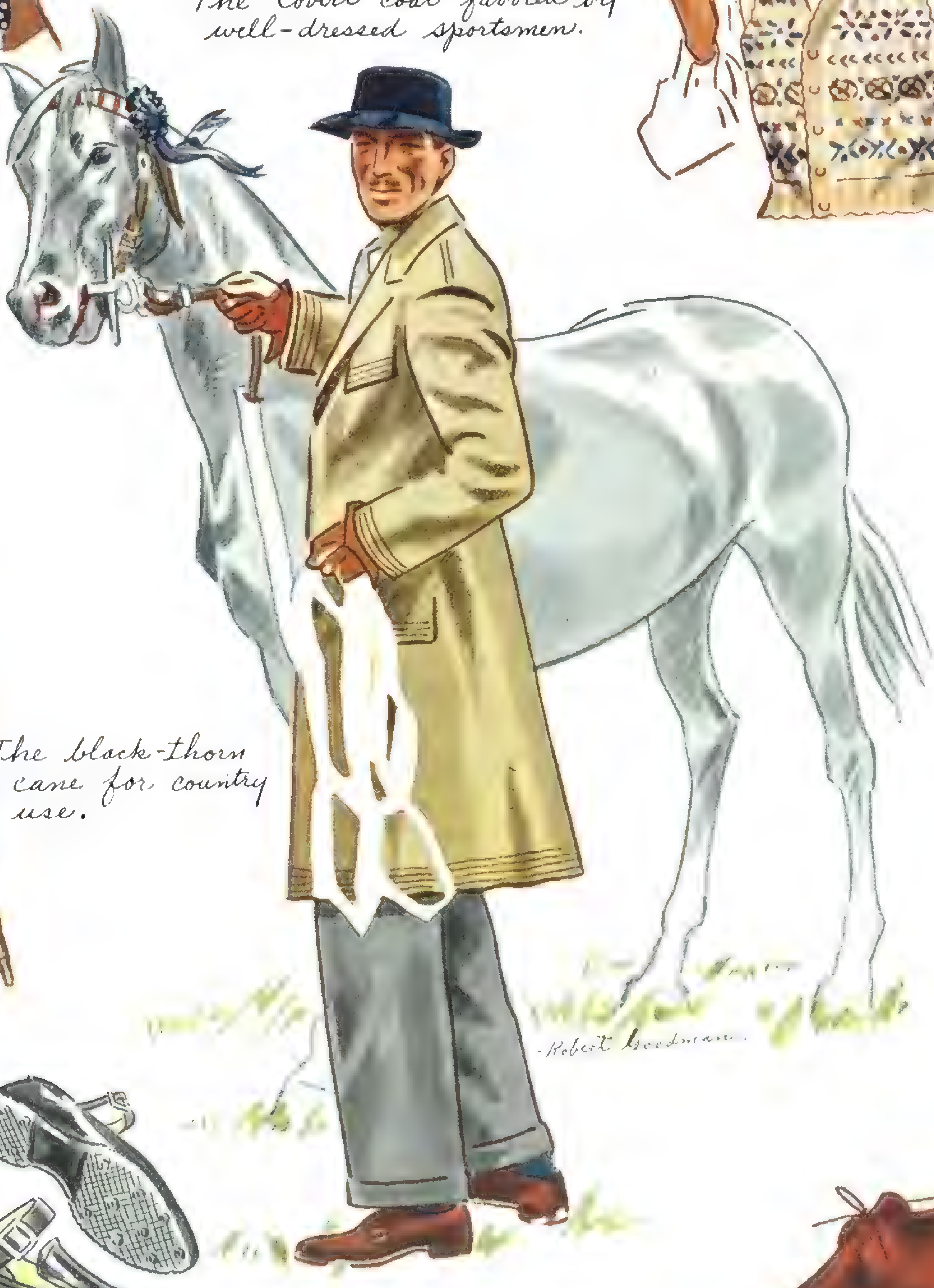


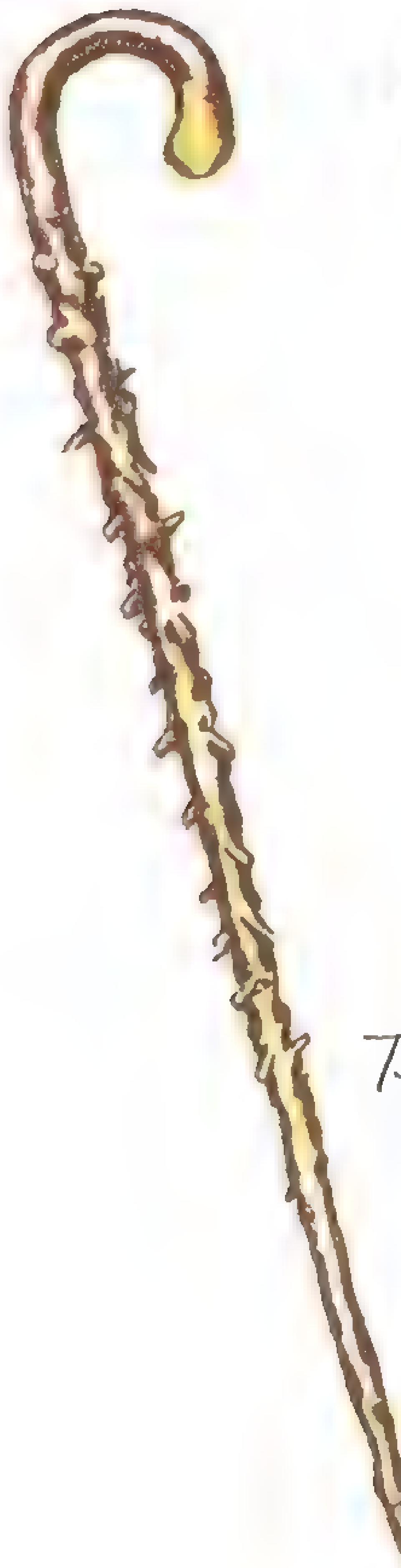
A new rough finish riding bowler and popular ratcatcher riding stock.

Sportsmen are favoring knitted cardigans in the Fair Isle pattern.

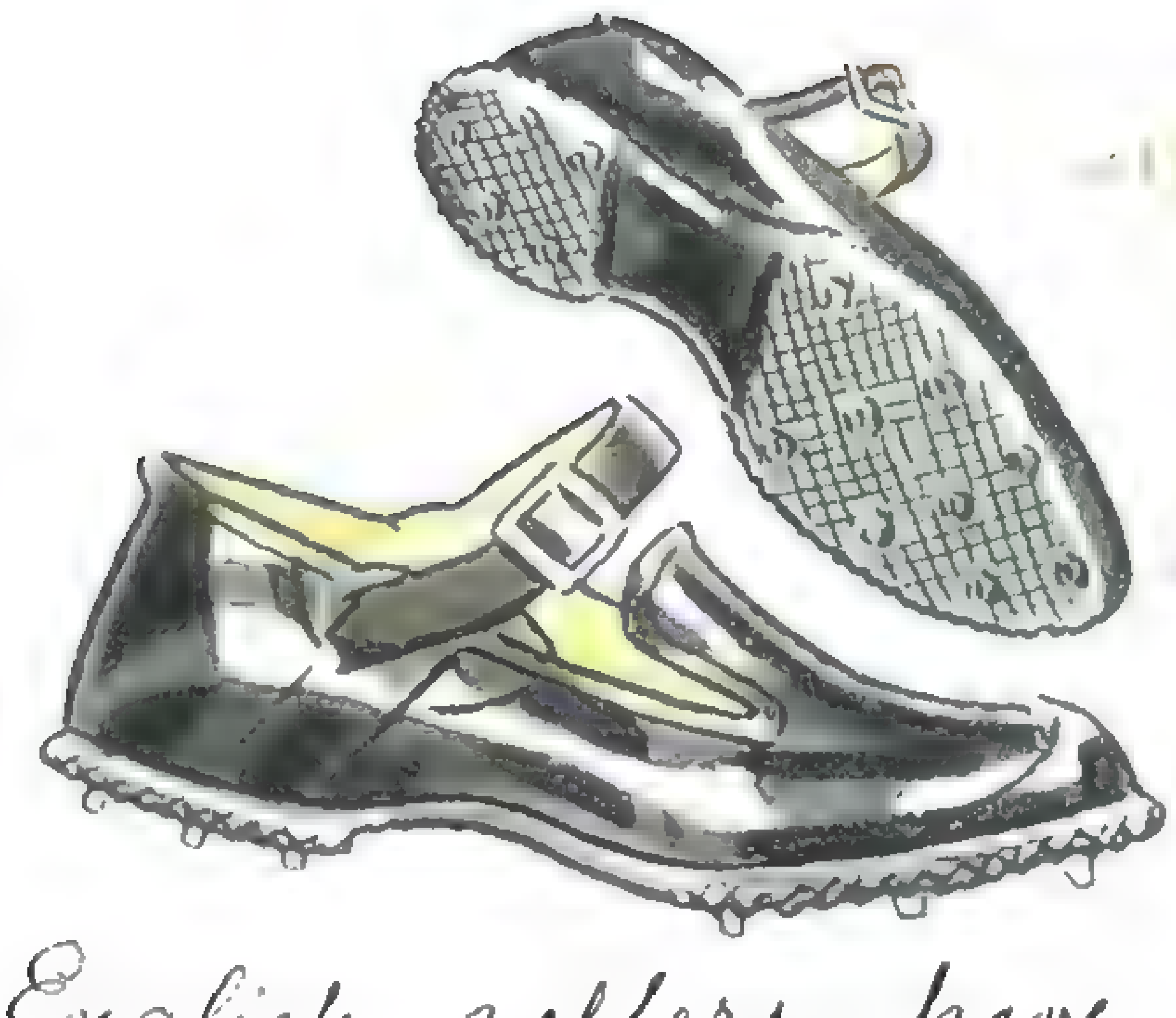


The dark blue "Pork Pie" hat— The Covert coat favored by well-dressed sportsmen.

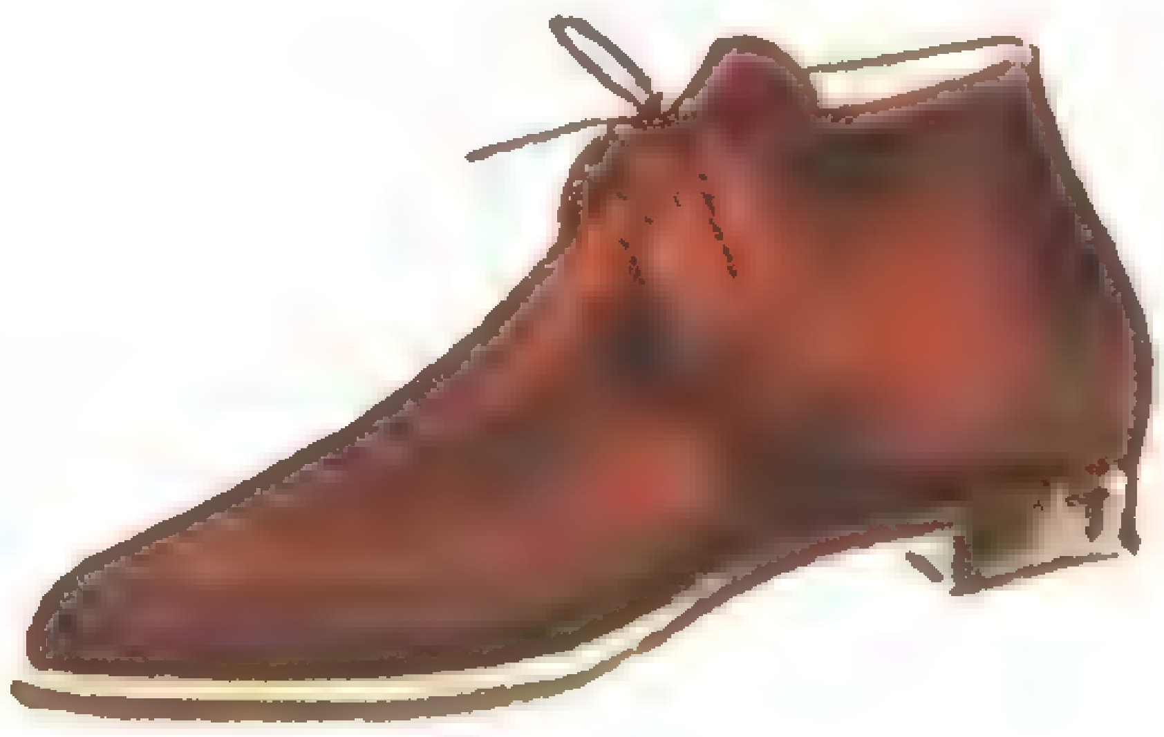




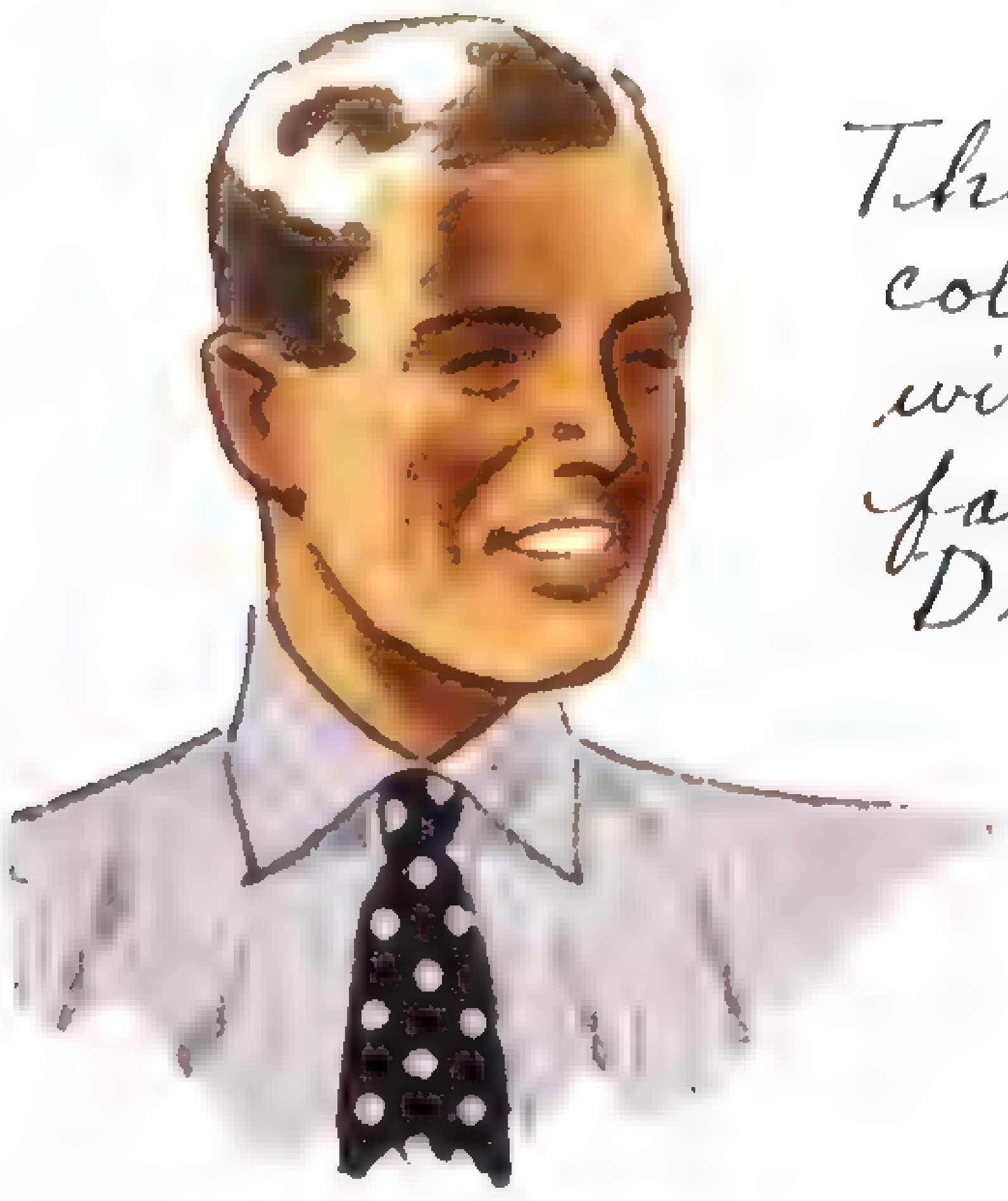
The black-thorn cane for country use.



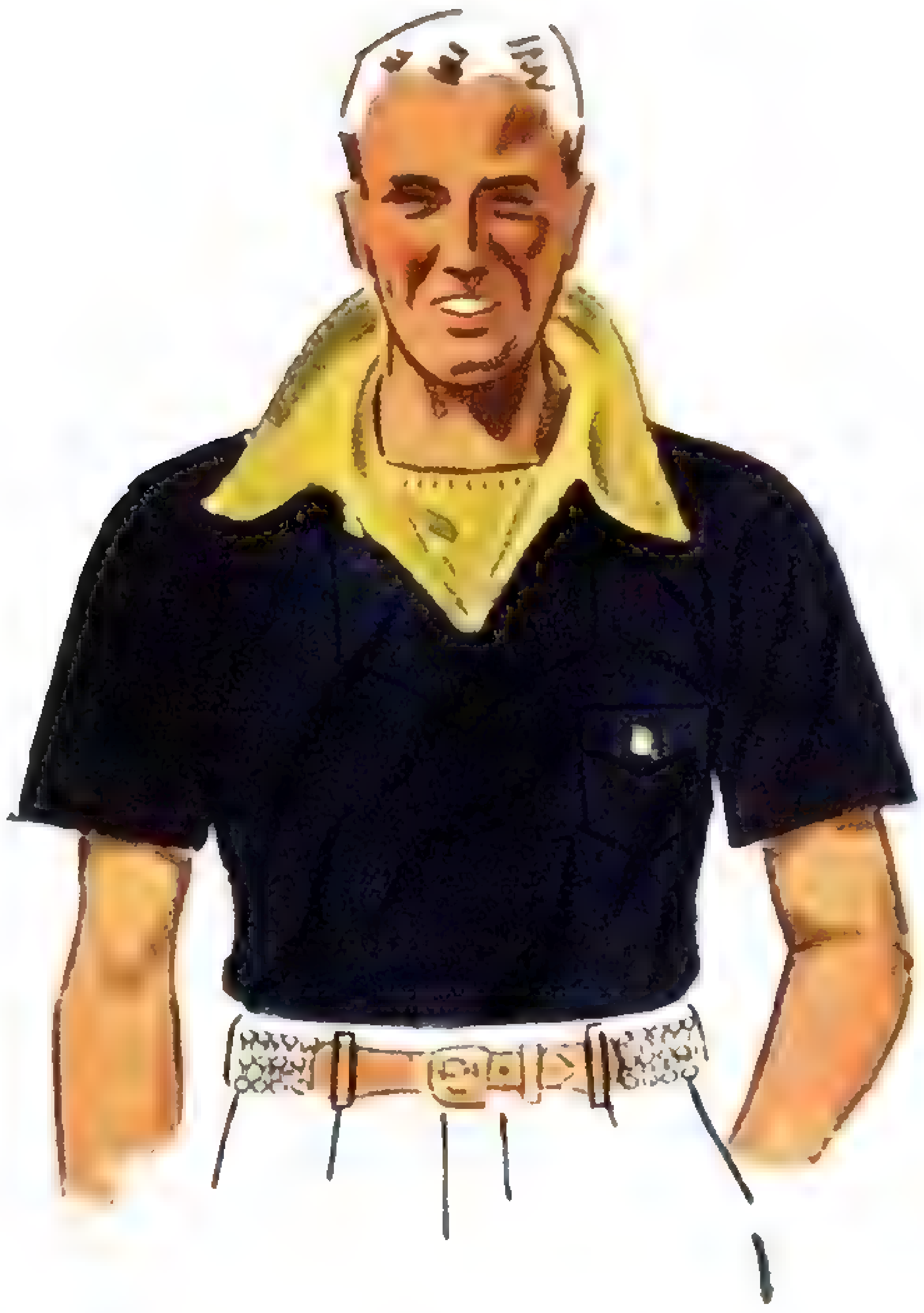
English golfers have introduced the new rubber with strap and soft hobnails.



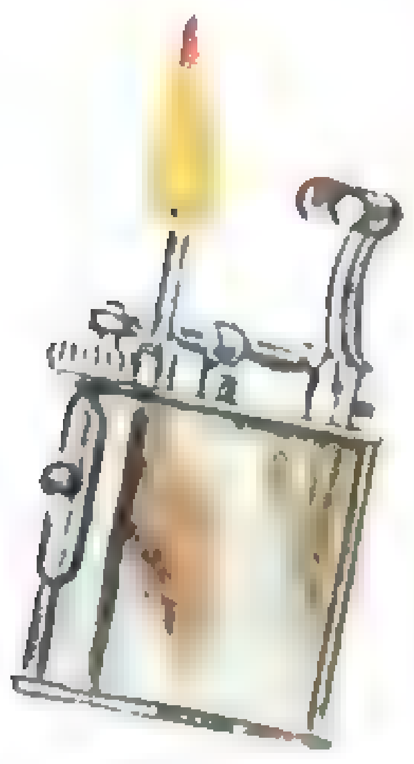
A popular brown suede country shoe.



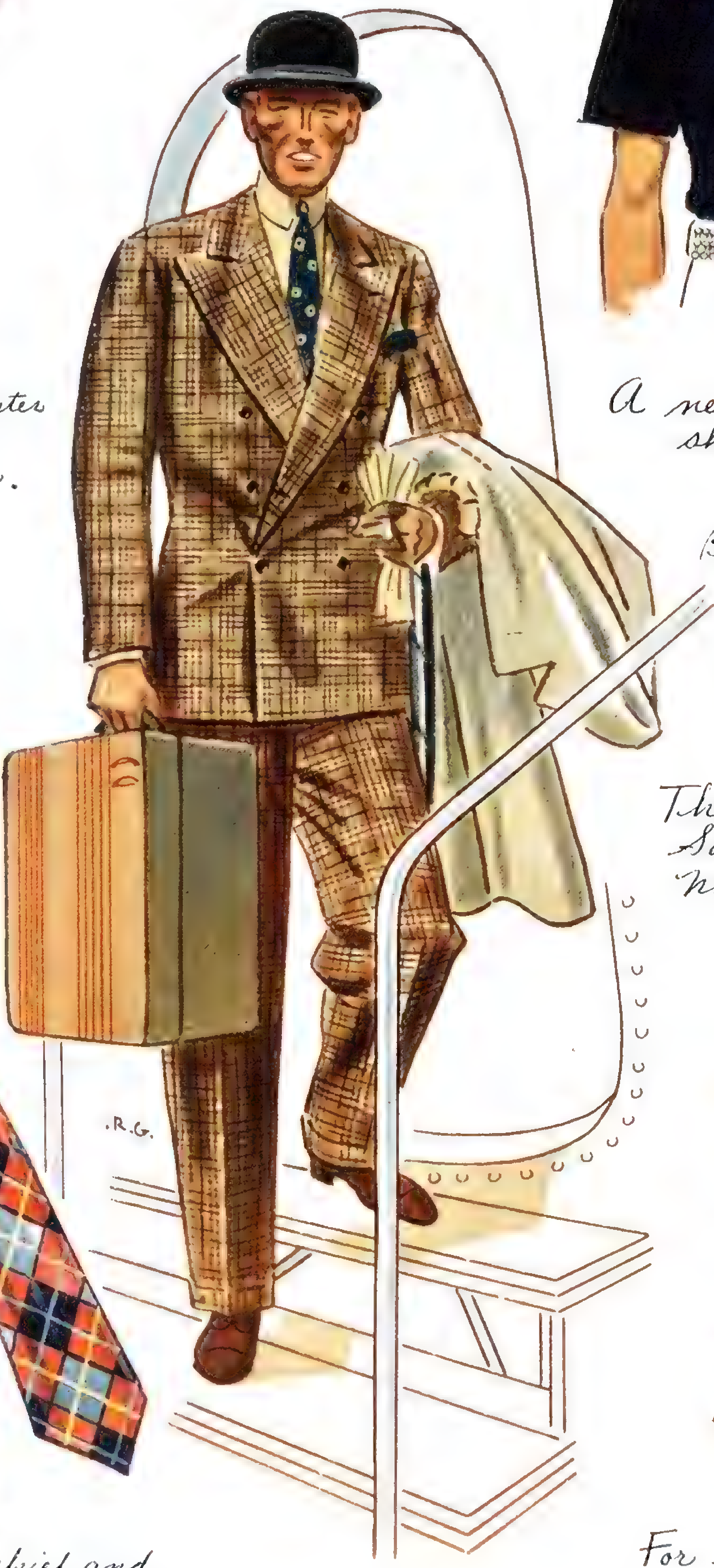
The widespread soft collar attached shirt with large knot tie favored by the new Duke of Kent.



A new English lisle sport shirt with contrasting collar and suggestion of undershirt - Brass blazer buttons

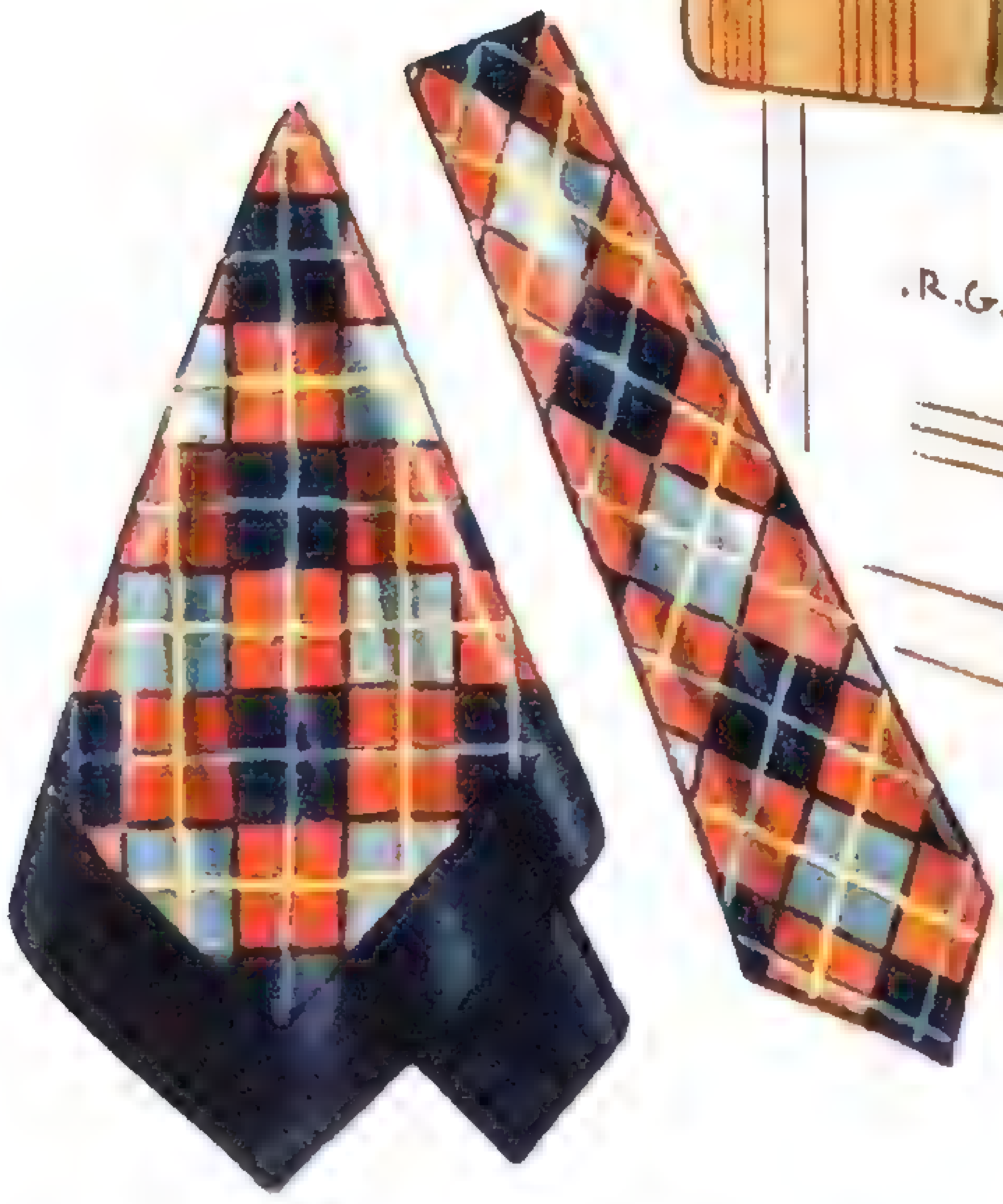


A new pipe lighter with sliding wick extension.

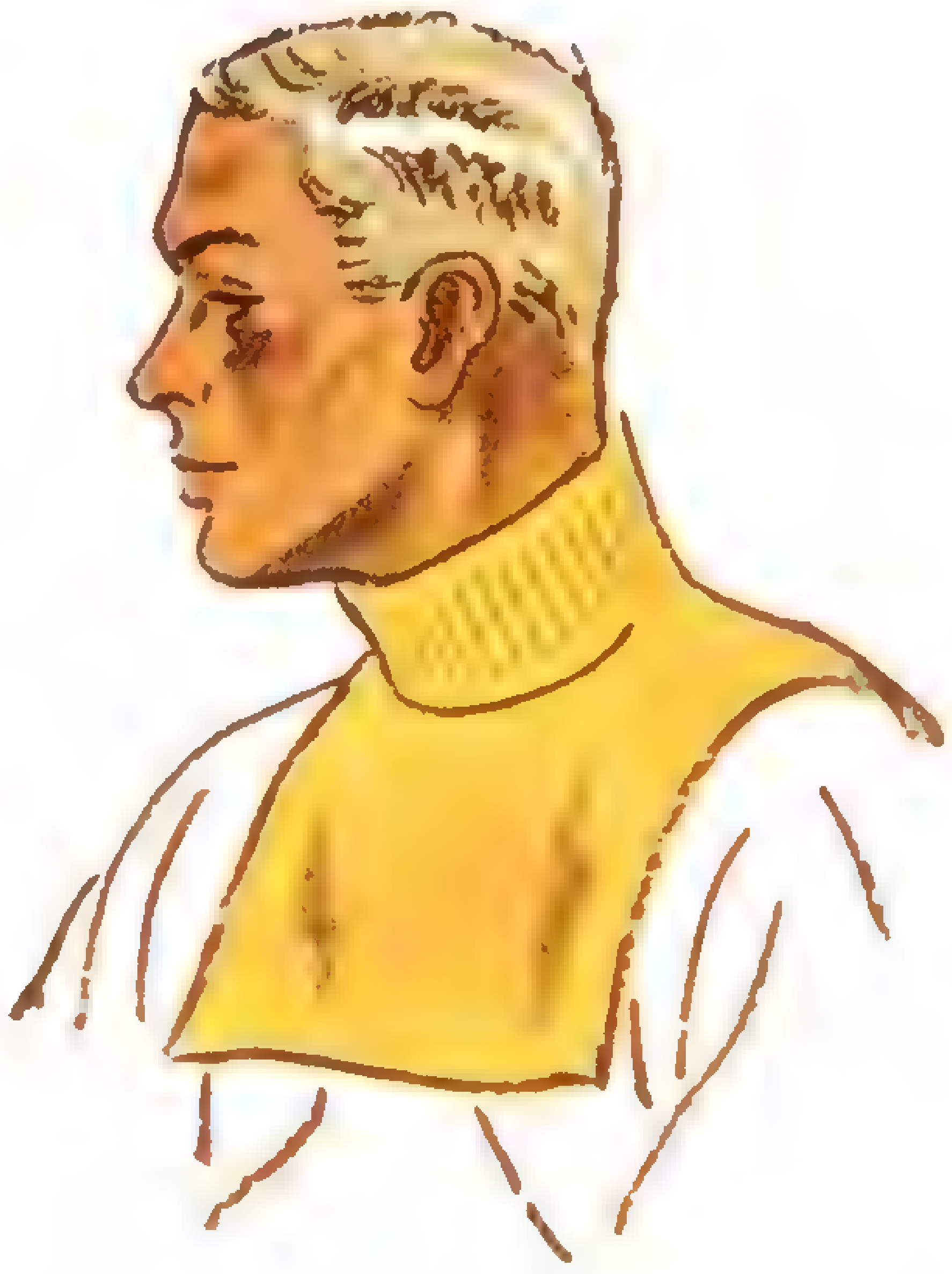


Airplane luggage with streamlined monogram.

The new double breasted Saxony plaid suit Note long roll lapel



Crepe handkerchief and foulard tie of authentic Argyle plaid



For the morning ride or golf game - a cashmere turtle neck to be worn under a tweed jacket.

A Sentimental Story

Continued from page 116

give you a letter to a man who often helps the lads I send to him. I don't do this for everybody. It means I've got all kinds of confidence in you and don't figure you to be a repeater. What do you say—will you be a sport and make good for me so that I can go on being proud of my judgment of human nature?"

"I—"

"Yes . . . ?"

"I'll try, sir."

"That's all any reasonable man would ask." He handed Williams the several envelopes.

A bright hard brilliant sun shimmered beyond the shadow of the little railroad station. All definite sensation had left Williams. Regretfully he had torn up the letter the Warden had given him. A murderer would have no use for that sort of thing. The train would come soon. A man'd probably get seasick on it after all this time. He would be free to buy a meal when he became hungry. French fried potatoes, roast duck, and lemon-cream pie. That would make him ill, too; but such a dinner was fate in much the inevitable fashion that his determination to murder the officer was necessity. Arriving in the city at five, that would give him a pleasant period to procure his revolver, stroll about and see the sights, drink in the perfumed glory of the beautiful women. . . . After midnight he would begin to reconnoitre his objectives and proceed about the business as artfully as possible of killing a man in uniform. He was pleased to find himself cool and intelligent and objective. It would have been distressing to find himself nervous.

He stared at the wisps of hair, soft tenuous silken threads, that straggled fragilely out of the blue felt hat of the girl who sat in the seat ahead. It was kind of God to have preserved his ability to enjoy beauty. Williams permitted himself the luxury of a sentimental emotion. He thought, for pleasure, that he would envy a little the man whose privilege it was to touch that golden head and put a lover's kiss gently on its soft sweet hair. It was unfortunate, on the other hand, that the physical necessity to end a vulgar life should creep into his consciousness to make his harmless joy anachronous. It was a long time since a tender thing had power to move him; a long time again, no doubt.

The train crept into the railway dépôt a few minutes late. The city stirred his waning sensations. They scrambled a bit in some confusion. He did not find it magnificent to be free. Merely good. But he found the world magnificent. This magnificence, however, was modified by the pompous manner in which the people walked about, completely unconscious of any world but their own unhindered one. Didn't they *know* men were in prison? Did they realize hearts ached somewhere desperately, helplessly? Didn't they understand that they, sometime perhaps, might die in a cell! Didn't they care? Lord! No wonder prison could be a terrible place. Nobody cared.

And maybe, he thought brightly, that was the very thing that made it all so very nice. How uncomfortable and depressing a place it would be if people worried about prisons. How indefensibly stupid in such a gay place to worry about anything. If you were silly enough to commit a crime, and they sent you to be locked away, that was your own bad judgment.

A blue and purple haze predicted sunset. Williams watched the sleek automobiles rush by. And he was suddenly very sure he had thought of a truth—his first in seven years. If it hadn't been right for a policeman to smash his head and send him to prison away from a happy freedom, then neither would it be just for him to kill a man and take him from his own happy world. That human being must love to smash skulls. It was his pleasure and his way of life, and none of anybody's business, ultimately. Williams guessed he wouldn't kill the policeman.

He sighed profoundly. It was a great load off his mind. This excellent decision immediately bore results. Pinky's delight would be something beautiful to think about.

A Man's Castle

Continued from page 58

horror-sticken, aroused the head and with him proceeded to the miscreant's room where their worse suspicions were confirmed by the fact that their knockings were answered only by the muffled sound of the slamming of the bedder door. At twelve the college gate must be closed and no woman had ever been known to spend the night inside—though considerable suspicion was still attached to that small page of the bedchamber who had accompanied Royalty when it honoured the college with an overnight stay in 1326! Scandal was preferable to dishonor. The outer doors were splintered through and the bedder door torn from its hinges, and there the wretch was found at last, terrified and quaking under his bed, but—*Deo gratias*—alone!

There is great dignity and beauty in the high panelled walls of the great hall, bright with portraits of great ones of the past in their legal, academic, ecclesiastical and military glory, and the tables glitter with dazzling napery and still more dazzling silver. But the evening meal which the students must eat there together is brief and cheerless. The detestable food is washed down with bitter beer as quickly as possible and there is little conversation.

Some diversion is supplied by wagering on the grace. In those colleges where the long medieval latin grace persists it has become the custom for the scholars, who recite it in rotation, to repeat it with incredible speed. As the gavel raps for silence all heads are bowed and all hands are raised; but not in reverence: each young gentleman has his eyes glued on his wrist watch, counting the seconds! There are favorites who must take odds, and a particularly brilliant performance is met with murmurs of approval and subdued cries of "Bravo!" and "Well said, Jones!" When a record is broken the applause is open and the hero is sent great quantities of ale by his admirers and backers which, or at which, custom requires him to drink until he is carried from the hall by the servants and put to bed.

Then there is sconcing. For breaking certain unwritten laws against punning, the wearing of bright ties, talking shop, etc., a man may be compelled to treat the table to three pints of beer. He may escape the punishment, however, if he downs the sconce, that is, if he drinks it off without taking a breath. This is no mean feat and he who performs it gains lasting renown. When it looks as though a sconce will be successfully downed, the students begin to beat upon the tables with the handles of their knives, increasing the speed and volume of the noise with the last gulps and rising to a tumult of applause as the victor, greenish pale and gasping, rises to his feet and holds the empty tankard upside down for all to see. Outraged nature often protests and the triumph is frequently cut short by the hero's hurtling across the table and dashing madly for the door, while all scatter before him in panic. The velocity with which three pints of beer can leave a man must be seen to be believed!

The size of the sconce varies with different colleges. Some have a two-pint sconce, and where that is the case men have been known to down two in succession. An American at Jesus in my time wagered that he could. They agreed that if he succeeded a sconce should be brought in for every man at the senior table. He won! Beer flowed that night in Jesus like the sea through a broken dike. The victor, moreover, held his for upwards of two hours—losing it, unfortunately, in the Balliol sacred concert to which, in his exhilarated condition, he had been persuaded to go.

After hall some of the men drift to friends' rooms for coffee or liqueurs before taking up their studies, while others sally forth to find amusement at the flickers (movies) or in the manly diversion of pub-crawling.

A pub-crawl consists of an attempt to make a certain circuit, drinking a pint of beer at each public house en route—an arduous undertaking, for Oxford boasts of more than a hundred pubs and the most modest circuit will include a dozen. Few crawls are ever completed, for after the fifth pub the world grows hazy. The resoluteness of purpose is drawn aside by the siren lure of shove 'apenny and darts, noble pastimes, while weaker brethren literally drop by the wayside, hanging in their black gowns like trussed ravens on some fence or sleeping peacefully in a convenient doorway. The stouter members may crawl valiantly on, but their steps are uncertain, and after the seventh pub few can recollect the planned itinerary. And dangers encompass them round: the Progs, grim night striders, with their faithful bullers at their heels, seek whom they may devour.

The Progs, or Proctors, are the disciplinary officers of the University who, clad in the double splendor of evening dress and full academicals, sweep along the streets at night like ships under sail, looking for students who are without their gowns or are with girls or are enjoying themselves in forbidden

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A Man's Castle

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pubs and dance halls. Behind them march four attendant menials, the bullers, strong of arm and fleet of foot, who hale before their masters such delinquents as they can spy—and catch. They generally prefer surprise to pursuit: when danger is least suspected the evil-doer hears a soft voice murmur, "The Proctor wishes to speak to you, sir," and there is a buller, bowing obsequiously. Another has quietly stationed himself at the culprit's back and the two others have taken up strategic posts covering the only exits. There is nothing to do but to go quietly.

And if the bullers are urbane, the Prog is overpowering! He raises his mortar-board and bows with impressive dignity: "Your name and college, sir?"

This answered, there is another lifting of the hat, a magnificent "Good evening, sir!" and the splendid apparition sweeps on down the street. The next day the offender must appear before him—cap and gown, dark suit, black shoes and a white bow tie are *de rigueur*—to be fined. More serious offenses may be punished with expulsion or suspension. There is no appeal, for the Proctors are empowered by an act of Parliament!

They are somewhat hampered in their duties by the tradition (which leaves rather wide loopholes for the unregenerate) that a gentleman's word is not to be questioned. Many stories are told of ungentlemanly breach of this privilege of which the best perhaps is that of the brazen villain who, when surprised in the company of a woman of the town, blithely identified her as his sister.

This was too much for the astounded Proctor, who so far forgot himself and the tradition as to cry, "Why, sir, this creature is a notorious strumpet!"

"Yes," replied the scoundrel, unabashed, "Mother and I worry about it continually!"

Most revellers, on seeing the Prog from afar, risk flight. It's an exciting experience, for the bullers know every twist and short-cut and the pursued takes heavy odds: it's a five shilling fine, perhaps, against expulsion. That only adds to the excitement, however, and the sporting element is heightened by the astonishing fact that if the student can once gain his college he is safe from university discipline! There are some tense seconds, though, as the shuffling porter fumbles with the lock while the bullers approach at full speed!

Few, however, choose to run through the net towards the safety of the college. It is safer, if less glorious, to scatter outwards into the northern or western purlieus and lie low until the scent is lost and the bullers called off. There is danger even in this, though, for as Big Tom booms the twelfth stroke of midnight all college gates are closed for the night, not to be opened for love or money, and whoso is not found in his bed by his scout in the morning is expelled. With the last harsh stroke of the bell the doors are chained. The street lights are extinguished. Porters fold their wings, Progs cease their wanderings, and the belated fugitive must scale the walls and risk his flesh upon the spikes and bottles.

The Grand National

Continued from page 73

justify young Whitney's judgment. For four miles he was in the first flight, in a contending position. Suddenly, he was seen to falter after clearing the final jump. Gregalach, a 100 to 1 shot, came on even terms with him, passed him, and won the race. Later it was found that in landing from the jump, Easter Hero had torn one of his shoes half off, and horsemen expressed amazement that the game thoroughbred could even finish the course.

Today, over the door of Easter Hero's stall at Llangollen, the Virginia estate of Mrs. Whitney, is that twisted shoe, silver plated, as a memento of a courageous thoroughbred's valiant, vain effort.

Like Tipperary Tim the year before, Gregalach paid 100 to 1, thus becoming the second winner to pay such tremendous odds in as many runnings. I cannot recall any other race of importance where two successive 100 to 1 shots scored victories.

Humor has been interspersed in the drama that customarily hovers over Aintree on Grand National Day. There was, for instance, the 1901 renewal of the classic. Snow had fallen for hours before post time. It drifted high against the jumps, dangerous in good weather, now beckoning disaster. The blizzard piled high drifts even atop the hedges, adding to their formidability. Riders in the Grand National must perforce be courageous men, but even those engaged for that race quailed at the sight of the course. They petitioned the officials for a postponement, but British racing officials possess to a marked degree that peculiar British adherence to precedence. Their reply was that a Grand National never had been postponed; the inference was that, of course, this one couldn't be, and that was that.

The owner of a horse called Grudon, lightly regarded in the wagering, dispatched a groom hurriedly to the nearest store for a tub of butter. While the other owners wrangled, the canny fellow packed the butter into the clefts of his horse's feet, up into what horsemen call the "frogs." Tightly he jammed the cold, hard butter, patting it into place with a paddle.

At the start of the race, the snow packed into the feet of the other horses, but Grudon cleared the jumps in fine style. Horse after horse, feet turned into balls of ice, tumbled in the slippery going, but it never bothered Grudon. The butter kept the ice from forming, and he went on to win as he pleased.

American owners have fared better than American breeders in the world's steeplechase classic. Several times American owned horses have triumphed, but only once has a horse bred on this side of the Atlantic captured the coveted prize. The first American owned horse to score was Sergeant Murphy, carrying the colors of Stephen Sanford, in 1923. The sole American bred winner, however, was run, ironically, in the silks of a British owner.

At the famous Rancho del Paso Stud in California, at the turn of the century, the late James B. Haggin bred a colt by Star Ruby out of a mare named La Toquera, and named it Rubio. Despite Rubio's fashionable blood lines, his achievements on the American turf were negligible, and he was finally shipped to England with a consignment of other horses purchased here for hunting purposes. There, for a mere fifteen guineas, he was sold at auction to a British sportsman, Mr. F. Douglas-Pennant, who lived near the town of Towchester.

Mr. Douglas-Pennant's ideas of training horses were, apparently, highly unorthodox, for he lent his new horse to the local busman, and for a year, Rubio pulled the Towchester bus up hill and down dale, a task not at all to the taste of a blue-blooded American thoroughbred. Like many things that are unpleasant but very good for you, though, pulling the bus was apparently highly beneficial to Rubio's wind and limbs, for when the busman returned the horse to Mr. Douglas-Pennant, the delighted owner found that there was nothing in the whole county that could even keep up with him in the hunting field. The horse was so good, in fact, that Mr. Douglas-Pennant entered him in a few races of minor importance. He won them with such ridiculous ease that he was sent to Aintree for the Grand National.

The British race-going public refused to share Mr. Douglas-Pennant's optimism regarding the chances of the converted bus horse, apparently, for among the field of twenty-three others, the American bred horse was held at 66 to 1. Mr. Douglas-Pennant refused to be swayed by their adverse opinion, however, and bet the family silver as well as the Douglas-Pennant shirt on Rubio's nose, with the result that neither he nor Rubio ever again had anything of a financial nature to worry about. That was in 1908, and although since that time America's most fashionable racing stables have sent their most highly priced thoroughbreds abroad to attempt to duplicate Rubio's feat, none has yet been successful.

But one horse has been a double winner of the Grand National, and he was one of the most idolized equines in British turf history, occupying a place similar to that of Man o'War in America. He was Manifesto, and first faced a Grand National starter in 1895. He fell at the very first fence, but when remounted by his jockey, apparently hopelessly beaten, ran a remarkable race to finish fourth. Incidentally, speaking of Man o'War, Manifesto's sire was named Man o'War, being the original race horse of that name, and a famous race-track figure of the nineties in England.

Two years later, Manifesto tried again, and this time met with better luck. He beat a field of twenty-seven opponents easily. The following year he did not compete, but in 1899, carrying the highest weight of any Grand National winner in the history of the race, he scored his second victory under an impost of 175 pounds. Again in 1902 and 1903 he tried, finishing third each time. He was sixteen years old when he made his

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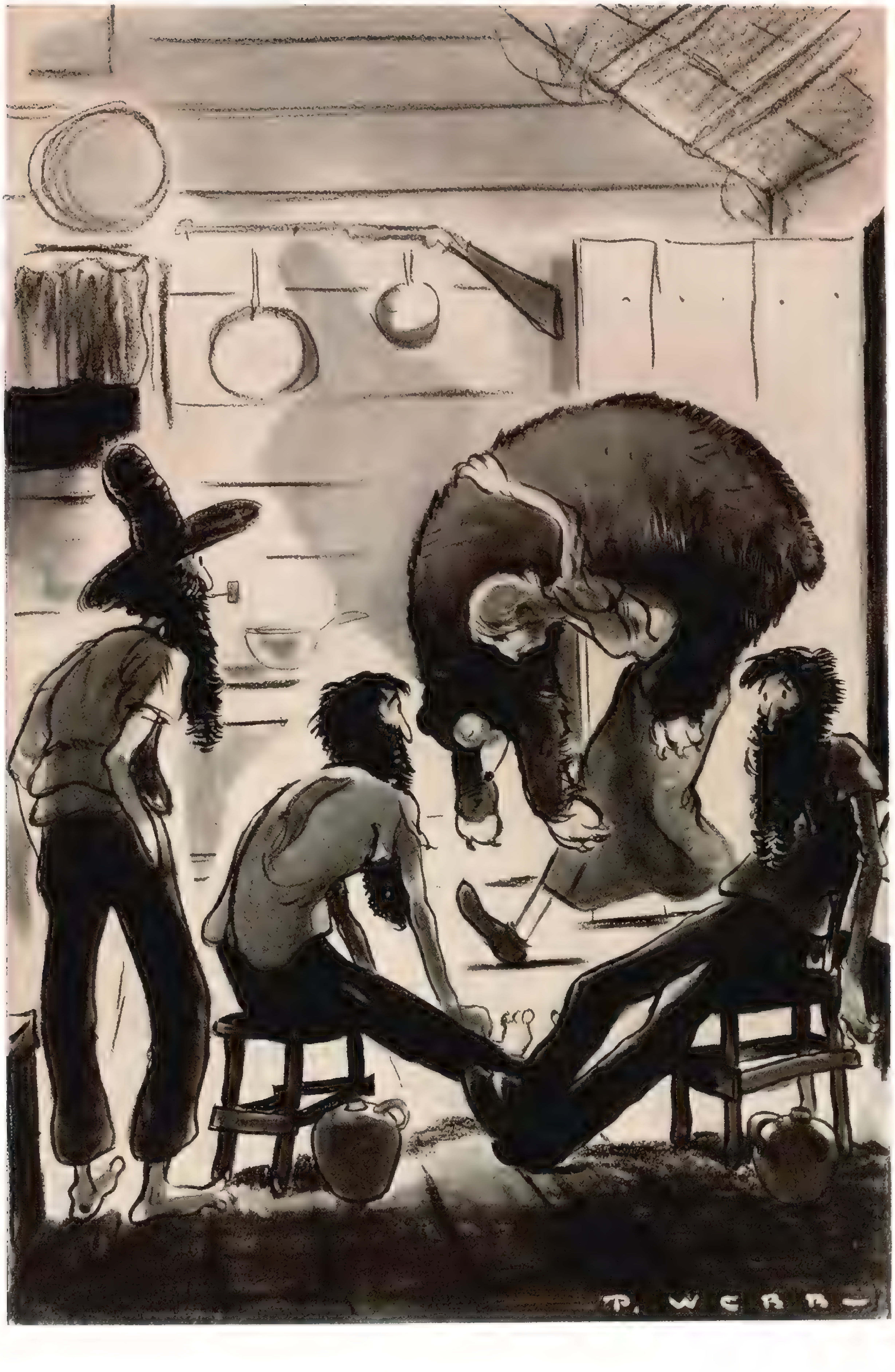


"Ma's bin actin' mighty queer lately. She brung in a bear yestiddy, too"

The Grand National

Continued from page 120

eighth and last attempt in 1904, and so great had his fame become in England that tens of thousands who had never before come to Aintree turned out to see the great horse. Age told, however, and old Manifesto could do no better than finish seventh behind a huge horse from New Zealand named Moifaa.

Moifaa! Ah, there's a tale of the turf, that of Moifaa, winner of the Grand National of 1904, Moifaa who beat the beloved Manifesto.

Moifaa was a great jumper in his native New Zealand. So great were his successes, and with such ease were they scored that it was decided to send him after the greatest of all the world's jumping prizes, the Grand National. So one day he was loaded aboard a boat, with a groom, and the boat sailed away from its port and was never heard from again. Not a person aboard was saved.

A week after the boat bearing Moifaa and his groom sailed, a group of fishermen were astounded to see, far off on an uninhabited island, something moving, something which looked like a horse. They sailed closer to the island. It *was* a horse. It was Moifaa—sole survivor of one of the most mysterious, unsolved tragedies of the sea. He was taken back to New Zealand, and once more sailed for England. This time the voyage was more fortuitous. Moifaa reached his destination, to earn a place in horsedom's Hall of Fame with a victory in the Grand National the following spring.

Two hundred and fifty thousand spectators will be at Aintree March 29th. They recall or they have heard of these historic bits of drama that have marked the race, and they know that on Grand National Day at Aintree, anything may happen. There will come the cry, "They're off!" The field will charge toward the first obstacle. Two hundred and fifty thousand persons will hold their breaths in frenzied suspense. It's the Grand National! Anything may happen.

Kids Are Bad Luck

Continued from page 76

dirty-front apartment, and only "X", George and myself came back.

I was just lighting another cigarette when George threw on the brakes and cut the lights. We made a fast skidding turn into a gravel road that led back under a bunch of trees to an old barn and house. There was light showing through the papered-over windows of the house. I could see it even as we slid to a stop and started to crawl the car off the road and under the trees. I could hear dead limbs crunching under the big tires as we crept among the tree-trunks, hoping to God that we didn't hit a soft spot and get stuck. I kept watching that dim light in the house and waiting for all hell to break loose. Suddenly George stopped and let the motor idle. He motioned for Brown to lower his window. We all listened. At first it was quiet as a grave and then we heard the drone of an airplane coming closer.

The house up ahead came to life. About five men came out with flashlights and ran out into the alfalfa field by the barn. We could see them bending down—and then white smoke began to stream across the field—pointing the direction of the wind. They threw flashlight beams along the smoke. Pretty soon a monoplane came spluttering down onto the field. It rolled to a stop by the smoke pot and the men began to unload it before the pilot could even get out. There didn't seem to be so much cargo. They each grabbed a package and started back to the house at a trot. The pilot got out and followed them.

We waited until they all got inside and then we began to creep toward the house in low gear. I felt weaker and weaker as we crept up to it. My God, I thought, this motor is noisy.

"Getcha guns out," George said.

My hands suddenly felt cold, frozen. I fumbled with my coat buttons—then all at once my gun was in my hand and my thumb on the safety: I was rigid—waiting for a movement from the house—then we stopped with the car's nose toward the highway—in case.

"Kid and me," George said, as though he suddenly had a frog-in-his-throat.

My heart seemed to crowd my lungs, the bottom dropped out of my stomach. Blood pounded in my throat. My gunhand felt sweaty and jumpy. I got out and followed him. They didn't even have a guard out. We went around and in the back way.

We came into the room suddenly and they seemed stunned by the Thompson gun in George's arms. They knew who we were. No one seemed to breathe—statues.

I took their guns that I could find and threw them in George's corner of the room. They kept looking from the Thompson to the brown packages on the table and in the suitcases—dope—plenty of it too . . . I went back to George—being careful to keep out of the Thompson's way.

George said, "Guess you'll have to phone for help, Kid. Didn't think there'd be so many."

I started to go out the back way. He stopped me.

"Did you hear a noise?"

He turned as though to listen. For a moment the Thompson dangled toward the floor.

Then there was a riot of movement and something flew through the air. It didn't hit George, but he fell, pulling me with him. I could see them all going out the door in a rush with the suitcases.

I felt remorse—felt sorry for them. Oh God, I thought, they don't know—they think we're alone. They don't know it's a trap. It's hell to be a rat and die like they will—I looked at George. He had that look on his face like the first drop of a roller coaster: suspended—waiting for it to start. It seemed to take the last one a year to get out that door. As he cleared, I began to get sick. I didn't want to hear what was going to happen but I must have hung there with my mouth open, fascinated.

Then I heard the Thompsons break loose like riveters and bees began to hum all around the room. Windows disappeared and furniture jumped from the impact.

We hugged the floor and prayed. Men were screaming outside. Their screams got gurgly and then choked off. Someone came running to the door. He stepped in—just a kid, like me—scared. He saw us and raised a gun: God knows where he got it.

"You sons of bitches," he yelled in a shrill voice. The bore of the gun looked like a cannon. I couldn't get my gun up, and George had fallen on the Thompson. A giant hand lifted my hat off, and flame roared in my eyes.

Cooked, I thought; this is it.

I squeezed my gun blindly and began to swear. I could feel the slide cutting hell out of my thumb and empties were hitting my left hand. When my eyes got over that black curtain in them, the kid was still standing there and it was quiet as hell. He was leaning against the splintered door-jamb, gun dangling in one hand, and an open, empty suitcase in the other.

"No," he said, like he was suddenly tired—then he crumpled and fell flat on his face. I began to vomit at the sound he made when his face crunched on the floor.

Brown started yelling for us to come out—

George got up off the floor, using the Thompson for a cane. His face was green and his lips trembled. We went outside and tried not to notice the neat, purplish holes in the persons who lay strewn about. There were powdered drugs everywhere, just as they had dropped them. The outside of the house was a wreck.

"Chees, what a mess," said George.

Brown shouted at us and his voice broke off key, "For God's sake come over here, will you? Give us a hand."

Brown was trying to light "X's" cigarette. "X" was sitting on the running-board of our car with his badge in one hand and the machine-gun drooping in the other. He just sat there looking woodenly at the badge. It had a neat hole in the front and jagged edges on the back. . . . Blood came out of a hole in his chest and ran into his vest pocket and then ran out like a waterfall.

"Kids—are—bad luck," he said. "That one—in there—had a good eye—for targets."

He tried to inhale a long drag but it caught in his throat. Between coughs he was trying to smile, I think. His face never moved. He left his smile in France. After a while his eyes began to cloud and he dropped the badge and gun slowly.

"It's foggy," he said.

I didn't help with the bodies: I was sick.

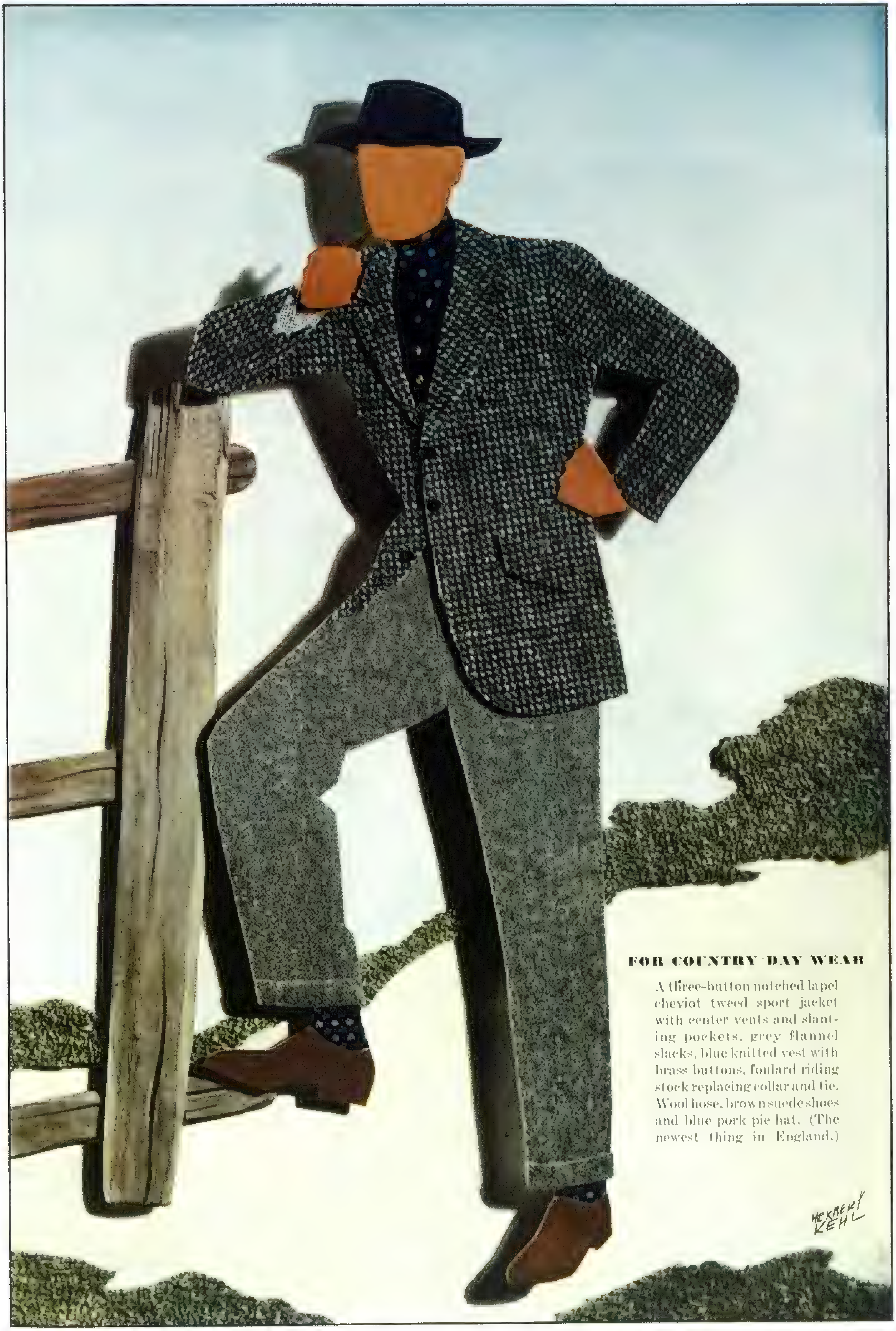
Brown flew the plane to our airport base and Frankie drove their car with them in it behind us.

I came in with George—and what had been "X."

George spoke only once. He said, "He was right, I don't think you'll see any more Mexican style executions."

While we were cleaning the guns and locking them up George told me I was through.

Then we all got drunk—but not drunk enough—you can never get the mind drunk enough to forget.



FOR COUNTRY DAY WEAR

A three-button notched lapel cheviot tweed sport jacket with center vents and slanting pockets, grey flannel slacks, blue knitted vest with brass buttons, foulard riding stock replacing collar and tie. Wool hose, brown suede shoes and blue pork pie hat. (The newest thing in England.)

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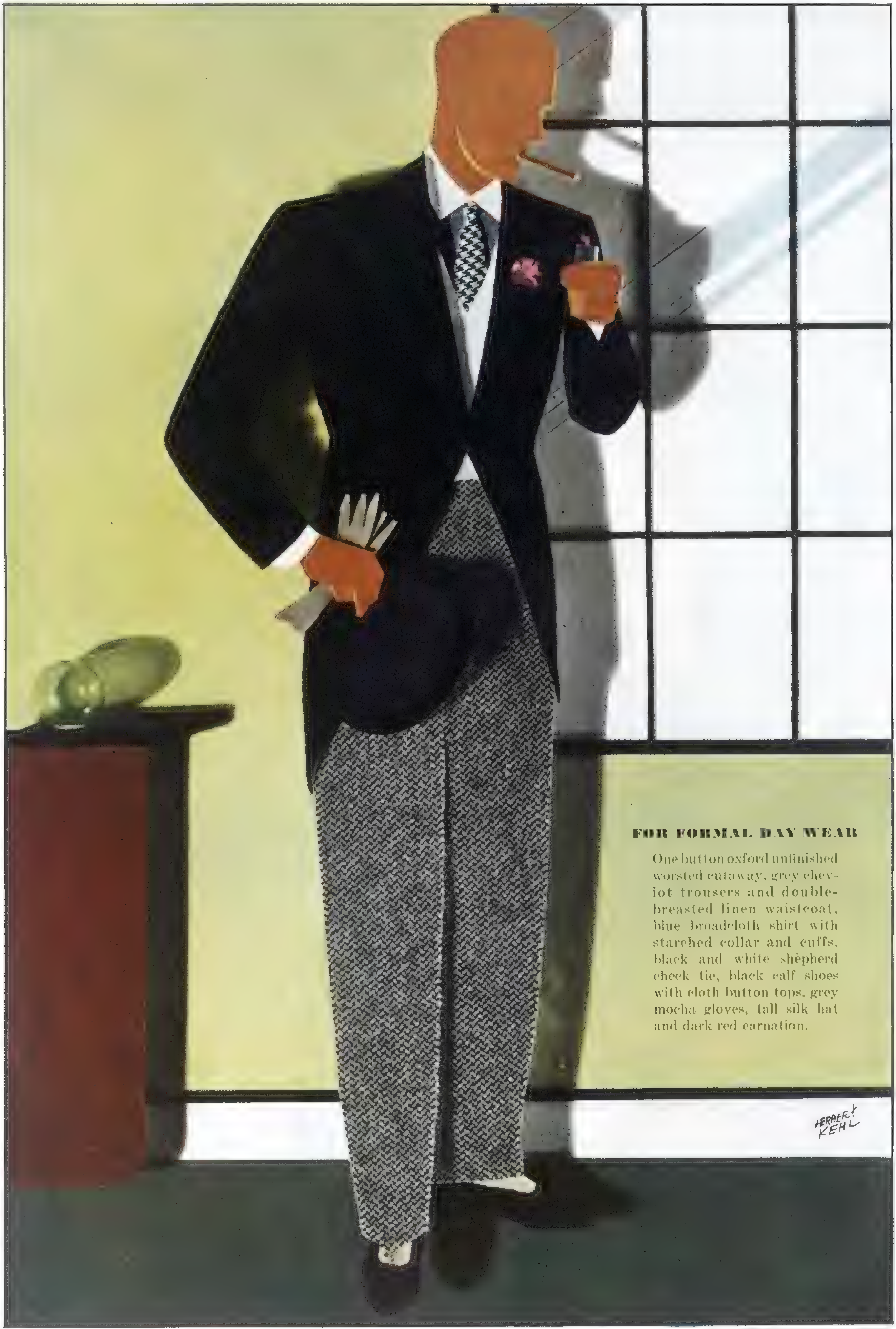

FOR FORMAL DAY WEAR

One button oxford unfinished worsted cutaway, grey cheviot trousers and double-breasted linen waistcoat, blue broadcloth shirt with starched collar and cuffs, black and white shepherd check tie, black calf shoes with cloth button tops, grey mocha gloves, tall silk hat and dark red carnation.

DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSENOW

Jackknife Surgery

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y particular attention to it his arm began swell. It became puffy and discolored ear to the elbow and he complained of ins in the glands in his armpit. I knew e had no medical equipment on that trip, ot even the simplest antiseptic. So I conlted the skipper. The old man looked at e bad arm, grunted, and fetched forth a ottle of rum. He poured the man full and ou can believe that the seaman was a docile tient while this anesthetic was adminisred. Then, with a clasp-knife that had been ated, he sliced open the wound, and sucked himself, mind you! He kneaded and essed the arm for two solid hours in a anner that would have made a sober man ream, then had the man soak it in a warm lution of salt water. In a little more than week, we had that man back again, good new.

But a similar accident in later years gave e an opportunity to perform a major eration without benefit of anesthetic. I as first mate then on the S. S. Dolphin, a all freighter out of Boston, Odessa-bound. he ship was so small that the skulls (seaen) were hard put to it to invent workable cuses for sneaking off for a smoke. Disnces being so negligible, "I-go-get-a-hamer" no longer made any sense. No. A an had to be hurt to find time enough for smoke. And those skulls smoked!

About five days out, one of the skulls ho had been chopping dunnage wood came me with a nasty incision in his right rearm, made by a rusty knife. That smoke d been hard-earned, for the wound was ugly gaping one. It was obviously not oing to heal without stitches. We didn't en have bandages aboard. I approached e captain for a loan of his sewing kit.

I first disinfected the wound with my vn aquavit (90 proof) and then with white read and ordinary sewing needles (boiled r several minutes in the galley) I brought e wound edges together. My own Sunday irt, baked in the poisoner's (cook's) stove ntil it had become brittle, provided ndages.

Days later, the man came to me saying e wanted the wound looked at because it dn't feel right.

"How does it feel?" I said.

"Well," he replied, "it don't feel at all."

I took one look at it and saw that it was ngrenous. I made up my mind then that would have to come off; but I was not oing to make any such desperate move on y own authority. I called the skipper. ogether we made a minute inspection and etermined in concert that gangrene had t in to such an extent as to make amputaon a pressing necessity.

It took me a few minutes then to figure t my mode of procedure. I had a look at hat the galley had to offer in the way of tting and chopping implements and saw othing which I could be sure my inexpert nd could wield deftly and efficiently. I uld not chance any halfway job. I deded on a fireax; and while a man was givg the biggest one he could find a razor lge, I had a big block of wood placed t on the foredeck. My bottle of aquavit as brought out and applied to the ax. rom the stokehold I got a white hot iron.

The master of the vessel stood by. The third mate held the victim's arm across the block and the second held the iron ready. The skull was white to the teeth but he did not quaver as I hefted the ax. Then the skipper, pretending suddenly to get an idea, stepped forward.

"Look here! Look here!" he shouted. The skull, startled, turned. I swung the ax in a sweeping arc and brought it down across the arm between elbow and shoulder. With a "chuck!" the blade went through. The second thrust the iron forward, searing the flesh and effectively stopping the flow. It was all over in a moment. The skull staggered toward the skipper, who caught him about the waist. He was the color of wood-ash, but he stayed erect. He looked toward me. "Thanks," he muttered, weakly. He tried to smile but could hardly twist his lips. "Spare a drink?" he whispered. I held my bottle to his lips and he gulped it thirstily. I heard a little gurgling sigh behind me and turned to see the third mate sag to the deck like a melted wax figure.

The skull recovered; but he was no further use to us on that voyage.

That was my most serious operation, though one time, on another cruise of this same vessel, the Tiger (captain's boy) came to me with a sore throat that was actually strangling him and could hardly let enough air whistle through to make a noise. Kerosene from the binnacle light was what allowed him to breathe. I don't remember what sort of recovery he made. I know he didn't come back for a second treatment.

I think I had most of my own personal experience with jackknife surgery on that vessel. On still another voyage the third assistant engineer, with a new gun purchased in port, whiled away his time by shooting sea-mew. Now most old sailing-ship men are firm believers in transmigration of souls and our boatswain was no exception. He many times made violent objection to this wanton murder of the wandering souls of possible old shipmates. So the third assistant persisted in the practice to tease the boatswain, flaunting his marksmanship whenever Boats was there to see. Finally the old fellow flew into such a rage that he dug up a pistol of his own and let fly with a will (but fortunately with poor aim) at the third assistant, who replied in kind. The skipper and I had a busy day then digging bullets out with clasp-knives sterilized in an alcohol lamp.

The skipper of the Dolphin told me a strange tale of his own experience in this line. In his younger days he and another lad had been adrift for days in an open boat. Provisions were scant and soon gave out altogether. With a roughly fashioned hook bent to strands from the unused painter they hung over the gunwales and tried to ensnare a fish. Suddenly the skipper's companion flung back with a yell. A great ugly fish had fastened to his forearm. The skipper, with a deft chop of his knife, severed the head from the body, then pried the ugly jaws open. The punctures of the myriad teeth bled profusely. The fish might be poison. There was no flame to sear the wounds. There was only sea-water or a little of the precious drinking water to wash them. And so, the skipper told me, the other lad carefully washed the punctures out with his own natural water! I cannot vouch for the efficacy of this strange antiseptic; but at least, the skipper assured me, the boy suffered no ill-effects and the wounds healed cleanly.

Well, that lad was resourceful but I remember one who was even more so. He was master of a little British bark that sailed for Australia some years ago. The food was rank on that voyage, as it was on most small vessels in those days. The Chinese cook one day reported sick. When a Chinaman complains of illness, you can be sure he is near death. This man had cramps in his belly; and no one knew of anything that might help him, for the only medicine aboard was rum. Finally the men brought him to the skipper for examination. The man was groaning in agony from cramps that probably would have killed a white man. The skipper punched and prodded his abdomen.

"Walk on his belly," he said.

And, by the bells, three of those hearties in turn walked on the yellow man's abdomen in their stocking feet. Then they carried him away to his cubby hole beneath the galley. The next day he felt better.

Constipation nearly floored the old man himself that voyage. We had nothing on board but a couple of c.c. pills. The old man ate these and they had no more effect than sugar candy. He was a sick man, though he would not take to bed. Then one day found him groaning and cursing in his cabin, unable to stand. No one dared question him, but the Tiger told us what had happened: the old man, driven to a frenzy, had eaten soap. His moans were heard all over the ship, for the cramps it caused him must have been frightful. But he was cured.

I sat in one time on one of the most intricate pieces of amateur surgery I ever hope to hear of. On the S. S. Honora we had taken on as ordinary seamen a number of hayshakers who, it turned out, had never before been closer to the sea than the Great Lakes. But no one can say they were not a willing lot. One of them, it developed, was too willing. The boatswain asked him one day if he could make himself fast in a bosun's chair. "Sure," he said. So they pulled him up; and when the knot tying the chair to the gant-line was two-blocks with the gin-block they asked him if he was all right. Again his reply was a hearty "Sure!" On his word, therefore, they let go the haul-

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Jackknife Surgery

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ing part to give him the slack required in making himself fast by passing the hauling part between his legs and the chair he was sitting in. Down he came in a crash, trailing a frightened scream. He hit the deck with a crunching thud that sickened us. The chief officer (I was third mate that voyage) ran forward and two seamen were at his side. They found him crumpled, bleeding, but still alive. Three of us examined him: the skipper, the chief mate and I. His skull was obviously fractured. He had smashed his clavicle, fractured his humerus, his right tibia and the lower end of the radius.

We had some medical supplies on that vessel. We sent the seamen running for dunnage to make splints, for sterile cotton, bandages and morphine. Fortunately no artery had been ruptured so we did not need a tourniquet. (I doubt anyway that we would ever have been able to pick up and make fast the ends of a severed artery.) But we did not dare move the man until we had set some splints on his fractures to prevent further injury and pain. We gave him a shot of morphine, then tied splints on the fractured members, padding them and tying them with bandage. We stopped the profuse bleeding with cotton. Then, on a stretcher improvised of dunnage boards, we removed him to his bunk. Then the work began. With hands washed in soap and water and doused in alcohol we three amateurs undertook to set the fractured bones. Because my hands seemed better fitted for that work, I pressed the protruding fragments into place while the skipper exerted the traction necessary. We worked slowly, painfully, for a long time, with every available light rigged there and the sweat pouring off us, though we were stripped to the waist. We discovered, after we had labored over the man several hours, all the time keeping cold towels about his head (there was no ice), that the jaw was fractured too. That was a tricky job for us; but it did not feaze the skipper. Carefully he set the jaw, after much effort, so that the teeth met properly. Copper wire was all he could find for securing them; but he did a neat job. Then a two-tailed bandage, tying behind the neck and over the head, held the whole thing in place.

The emergency work was done. But I can assure you it was hell for the many days it took us to make port, feeding that man with an eye-dropper, cleaning him, setting the sandbags around him so that his whole body could be held stationary.

And the man lived, though I wonder if it would not have been better to let him die. I heard later that he was never right mentally after that and he was a cripple as well.

I have never seen an amateur operation for appendicitis; but I know they have been performed, successfully too. I was chief officer of a large American merchant vessel some years ago when we picked up a radio message from a tramp asking if we had a doctor on board. We had. Then the signals came in—"Age 25. Sudden pain lower right abdomen. Abdomen distended. Tender to the touch. Tongue coated. Nausea. Vomiting. Temperature high. No . . ." abruptly the signals ceased. Frantically the operator tried to get in touch with the vessel; but it was no use. The doctor cursed. "It's acute appendicitis!" he said. "The man will die!"

The skipper was informed and he went into the chart-room to reconstruct the tramp's course from her approximate speed and last position. He found that she was on the same course as we were and that we should overhaul her within thirty-six hours. So we set out after her and late on the second day we picked her up. She was making good speed on a glassy sea. On the short signal yard arm of our foremast we broke out the code flag over the flag designating the letter H: "Heave to, I have something important to communicate." The tramp hove to and from her own signal stay fluttered the flag for the letter C: "Yes." Again we signalled. E U: "a boat is coming to you." And again the letter C was our answer.

With a rush we lowered our boat. The doctor and the second and I went together over to the tramp which had put a boat rope and pilot's ladder over her chain rail. Our boat bobbed alongside and we swarmed up the pilot ladder. Her skipper met us.

"Where's the sick man?" the doctor demanded.

The skipper, a hard-bitten old salt if I ever saw one, motioned him to follow. In the sick bay we found him laid out in a bunk, pale, weak, but conscious. The doctor stripped off the blankets.

"My God!" he said. "This man has been operated on!" The skipper nodded.

"It was appendicitis," he said gruffly.

He told us how it was done. The man was the brass-pounder (radioman). He had sent us his own symptoms and had to desist when violent cramps overcame him. The skipper then had him taken into the sick-bay and laid him out naked on two boards spread between bunks. For anesthetic, they used all the liquor the ship afforded. The man was practically paralyzed with it and secured on the makeshift table so that he could not even move his head. For a scalpel, there was a razor boiled for fifteen minutes. The chief mate had boiled shirts for bandages and lint. Then the skipper, shirtless, his nails pared to the quick, his hands washed thoroughly with soap, rinsed in alcohol and soaked in a bichloride of mercury solution, performed the operation. He had washed the umbilical region with alcohol and with his probing fingers found the spot. It had taken him only a few seconds to make the incision and free the appendix. White hot wire had seared the wound and thread baked in the galley oven had made the stitches.

The doctor found a pretty large and irregular incision; but it was healing nicely. The man could not be moved, so the doctor decided to remain on board the tramp to be sure the diet was properly supervised and to guard against complications. But it was probably not necessary, for the man, as far as I know, is still merrily pounding brass somewhere on the South Atlantic. Jackknife surgery, the doctor admitted, saved that man's life. But he was not the first one it has saved. Nor, I am sure, will he be the last.

Food Along the Danube

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redolent forms. Also try Schinken fleckerl, a sort of ham soufflé.

The best restaurant in Prague is probably the Sroubek, on the main street of the town; it is fairly expensive and Schinken fleckerl, for instance, costs about 80c. A restaurant that you can go to day in and day out with comfort, provided you avoid the leaden Czech dumplings, heavy as bullets, is Piskacek, on the corner of the Graben. The best thing to eat is one of the Slovak stews. A restaurant of which my Czech friends speak very highly is the Sromota, on Prikope 33, but I was rather disappointed the only time I tried it. On the river is the Kavárna Mánes, fashionable and bright.

Trepanki is a peasant dish from Slovakia, of grated potatoes, rock salt and flour boiled to make a dumpling, and served with sharp cheese, curds, cabbage, and what you will. Nalejnik (I don't guarantee the spelling) is a sort of potato bread, rolled on a board, baked, and smeared with melted butter and salt. Bobalki is a Slovak Christmas dish, a cake strong in poppy seeds. Speaking of Slovak things, an admirable drink in Prague, if you can stand it, is Borovacka, a distillate of juniper.

The beer is, of course, the best in the world, if, like me, you prefer light beer to dark. It comes from the great Citizen's Brewery of Plzen, with a capacity of some 20,000,000 gallons a year; its alcoholic content is 3.8 per cent; it derives its unique exquisiteness from several things. The boilers at Plzen are fired by coal, not by gas, as in most breweries. Just as a steak is best grilled on wood, so is malt best brewed on coal. Again the mixture in the fermenting casks is cooled by an expensive natural process rather than by electricity, the normal method elsewhere. The quality of the local water also contributes to Pilsener individuality, and so do the properties of the limestone caverns, miles of them deep underground, where the beer is stored.

I suppose the best beer hall in Prague is Prochazska, on Belcerediho street, but the beer is equally good almost anywhere. The "U Fleku," on Kremencova, is unique because the restaurant, once a monastery, is directly atop an actual brewery; the beer has to be moved only a few steps. A picturesque student's beer hall is the Golden Well, under the hillside where the castle of President Masaryk is; to reach the beer place you enter a hole in the hill and progress upward *through* two houses.

In these articles I am rigorously and at considerable expense of self control omitting mention of night clubs, because to do so would, I fear, inflame my readers overmuch. But I cannot resist noting that Prague,

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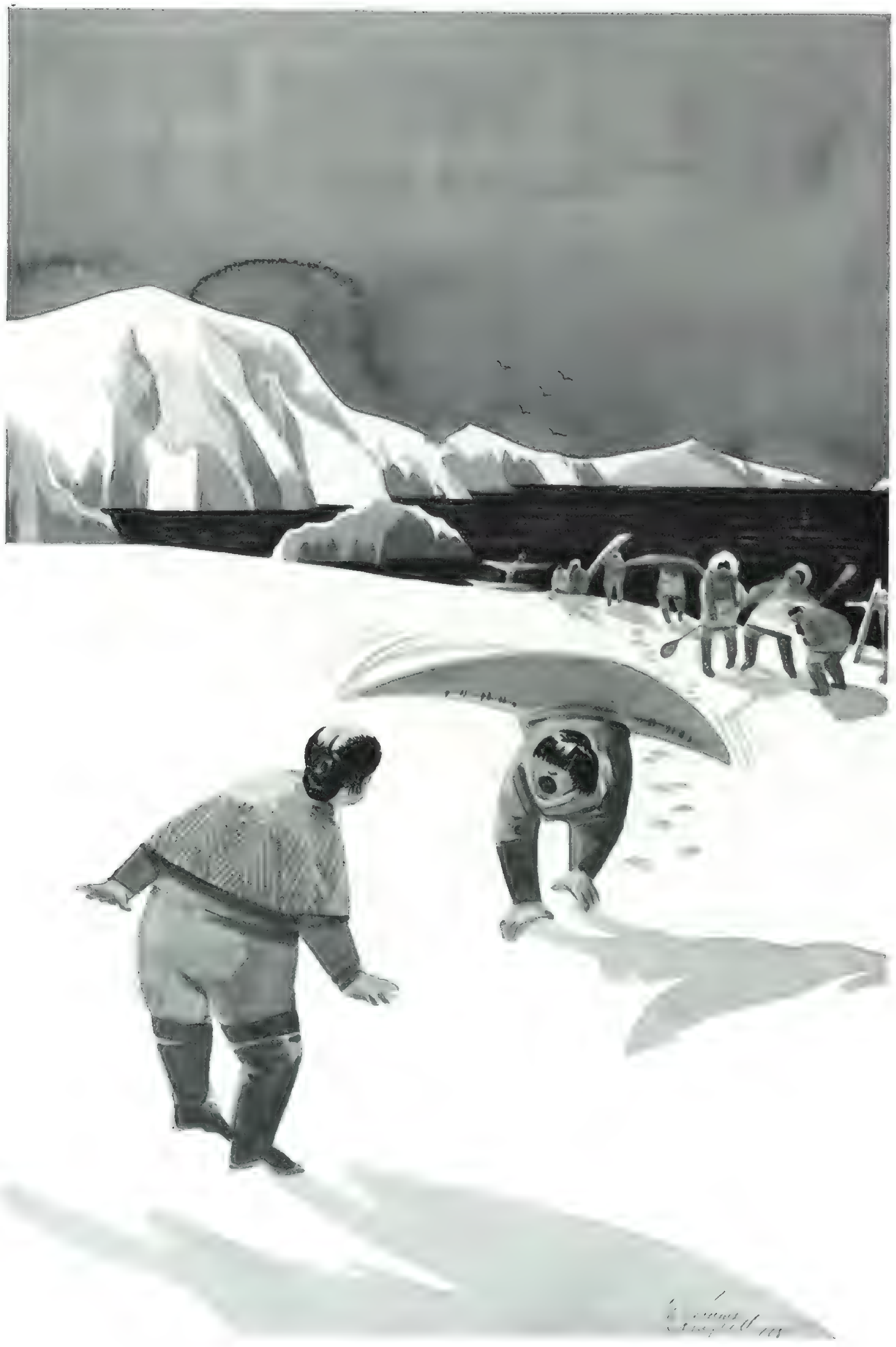

"Pre-shrunk—bah! I told you to get it half a size larger"

Food Along the Danube

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reputedly the capital of a rather stately people, contains over 150 night clubs or other places of evening entertainment, more per square mile than any city in Europe except Marseilles. A beauty is the Bojarin, on Hybernska street. Don't go there. It is so tough the doorman (polite for bouncer) gives you a chit which the headwaiter must sign before you can get out again, to prove you have paid your bill.

After a full beer evening you may have breakfast at 4 a.m. at any of a dozen restaurants devoted to de-alcoholizing you. The best antidotes to a beer hangover, Czech specialists have proved, are Ranni Polevka, a soup of tripe and onions, and Topinki, toast gently smeared with garlic.

"Koci," back of the powder tower on Na Prikope, is, it may be valuable to know, the only stand-up bar in Prague.

Bucharest

Rumania is the home of that royal scamp, King Carol; of fifteen million dilapidated peasants; and of the sturgeon. The king you may deplore or admire, as you please; the peasants you may sympathize with and avoid; the sturgeon you may eat. It is the best thing in Rumania. Next best are the strawberries, as big as lemons, fresh each spring from the Transylvanian hills.

The flossiest restaurant in Bucharest, a flossy town, is Cina, a fairly de luxe establishment. I have had good meals there. Order bortsch (beet soup) either thick or thin; then the sturgeon; then strawberries. A good dinner, with wine, will cost about $2.00.

The most amusing restaurant in Bucharest is an eccentric Italian establishment named Finocchi, in the Passage Comedia. Jim Holmes, then the first secretary of the American legation in Bucharest, took me there last winter, saying (1) we would enjoy the proprietor, (2) we would enjoy his food and the fact that he had been taught to make the only Old-Fashioned cocktails extant in the Balkans. Mr. Holmes was right both ways. The proprietor's card reads:

Cav. Uff.
F. G. Finocchi di Sforza
Maître diplômé de l'Art Culinaire
Décoré par le Ministre de l'Industrie et du Commerce
(Médaille d'Or.)

Signor Finocchi's specialties are, first, the pictures on his walls of the crowned heads of Europe whose digestions he has served, second, hot hors d'oeuvres. These are delicate and insinuating combinations of egg, brains, herring, and Italian *pasta*, of a complexity and savour I have rarely encountered before.

The national drink of Rumania is Tsuica, a plum spirit. Avoid it.

Belgrade

Generalizations about the Balkans are always dangerous, but I will risk this one: no Serb ever ate a vegetable. The Jugoslavs, a husky race, are meat-eaters, and the picturesque restaurants of Belgrade prove it.

The restaurants are generally small and smudgy, crowded and animated, with the service rough, but the quality of the food is good. I like best the Ruska Lira, a Russian place across from the palace (expensive), the Dva Ribara ("Two Fishermen") near the river (medium), and a genuinely Serb meat restaurant, Zaduzhbina, on King Alexander Street (very cheap). At the Russian place order caviare, it's really good, and Côtelette Kievsky, chicken breast made into a pouch and filled with melted butter; at the Dva Ribara have any kind of seafood; at the Zaduzhbina (and this is a must) eat the Pljeskovica, or flat meat cakes grilled in the window with onions and paprika.

The thing everyone drinks in Jugoslavia is slivovitz. This drink, distilled from plum stones, is either very good, suave as any Balkan alcohol can be, or very bad, harsh like pepper-water. The best variety is called Prepechenitza, and is triple-distilled; it costs about 60c a bottle. Nanovacha is slivovitz flavored with peppermint.

Sofia

About the only thing to do, unless you are seriously adventurous, is to eat in your hotel, which should be the Bulgarie, opposite the royal palace. Sturgeon and strawberries in season are magnificent.

A native restaurant specializing in grills is the Chuchuliga, on Dondukoff Street. The little beef sausages are delicious.

The Bulgarian national drink is sour milk. Like it.

Constantinople

The best restaurant, by all odds, is Abdulla's on the Grand Rue de Pera. It is small and unpretentious and, built of white tile, looks like an American lunch room; I liked it much better than the big international hotels with their laborious efforts to imitate a French cuisine.

As elsewhere in this part of Europe, grilled meats, especially shashlik (lamb on a skewer) or pilaffs (rice dishes), are the best things to get.

Further down on the Grand Rue de Pera is (or was) the Turquoise, a large and not-so-bad Russian restaurant; all the waitresses are former grand duchesses, at the very least.

The Goshawk

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"Billah! I should like it," Elljinn declared, "but by now I am needed in town."

"Is a sheep so much?" said Muhafiz.

The swart face of the Jebel chief flooded with wrath. "Nay, think not 'tis the sheep I consider. There is court to be called and much business. Askar, do thou gallop to the ear of the scribe and say that Elljinn is delayed."

A young man of his party departed forthwith in a flurry of muslin robes. We knew he had gone to bring soldiers. Elljinn loftily turned on Muhafiz: "And now, O Beduwy, I shall stake thee six sheep, though thy birds were all trained by the devil."

"Six sheep shall it be," said Muhafiz.

We all made for the bushland, riding abreast, each party suspecting the other. Elljinn whooped to his cadger, who emerged from a slough leading a huge *hurr*, a male dromedary. On its back a coop of evergreen sticks presented six hawks and three eagles. A small box behind carried doves.

Our cadge held three sahkrs, the goshawk, and one eagle. A fourth sahkr rode the sheykh's lance. Muhafiz said to Lord Elljinn:

"Thou hast a fine showing of eagles. Would'st thou try their wings against mine?"

"Today they are not jarak," Elljinn replied. "I fear they have been overfed."

"Thy peregrines, then," said Muhafiz. He stroked the hawk on his lance. Elljinn's *Bim-bashy* chose a slate peregrine, while their cadger, a negro, got doves.

"Thou art ready, Pasha?" said Muhafiz.

"As ready as thou art, Sheykh."

The negro cadger released a white dove. With a glad and excited flutter it rose to its native sphere. It circled up-wind to sense its course, then shot for its home in the mountains.

"Cast, cast!" exclaimed the Jebel crowd. The bird was but seventy yards. Muhafiz gazed scornfully. The dove darted on through the dazzling noon, a concentrated bullet of sunlight.

"Now!" cried the Jebel sheykh, seizing the hood. "Nay, let us have sport," said Muhafiz.

We waited. The dove like a flicker of foam rode far in the ocean of sunshine. It was fully five hundred yards. Lord Elljinn turned with an air of disgust and said to the cadge boy:

"Another!"

"Nay, yonder bird first," said Muhafiz. He unhooded his white-necked sahkr. The Jebel, amazed, snatched his peregrine's hood and whipped the leash from the swivel. The falcons were cast together; flung bodily into the air.

No human eye could have suffered that sun, thrust suddenly thus from the dark. The birds did not fumble an instant. Like sharks they sheared the blue heaven. They planed the hot wind to achieve altitude, then launched on the fleeting dove. We put the touch to our horses. Agid's mighty mare led the field by a length as we routed downwind through the rautha.

The swift hawks gained on their quarry,

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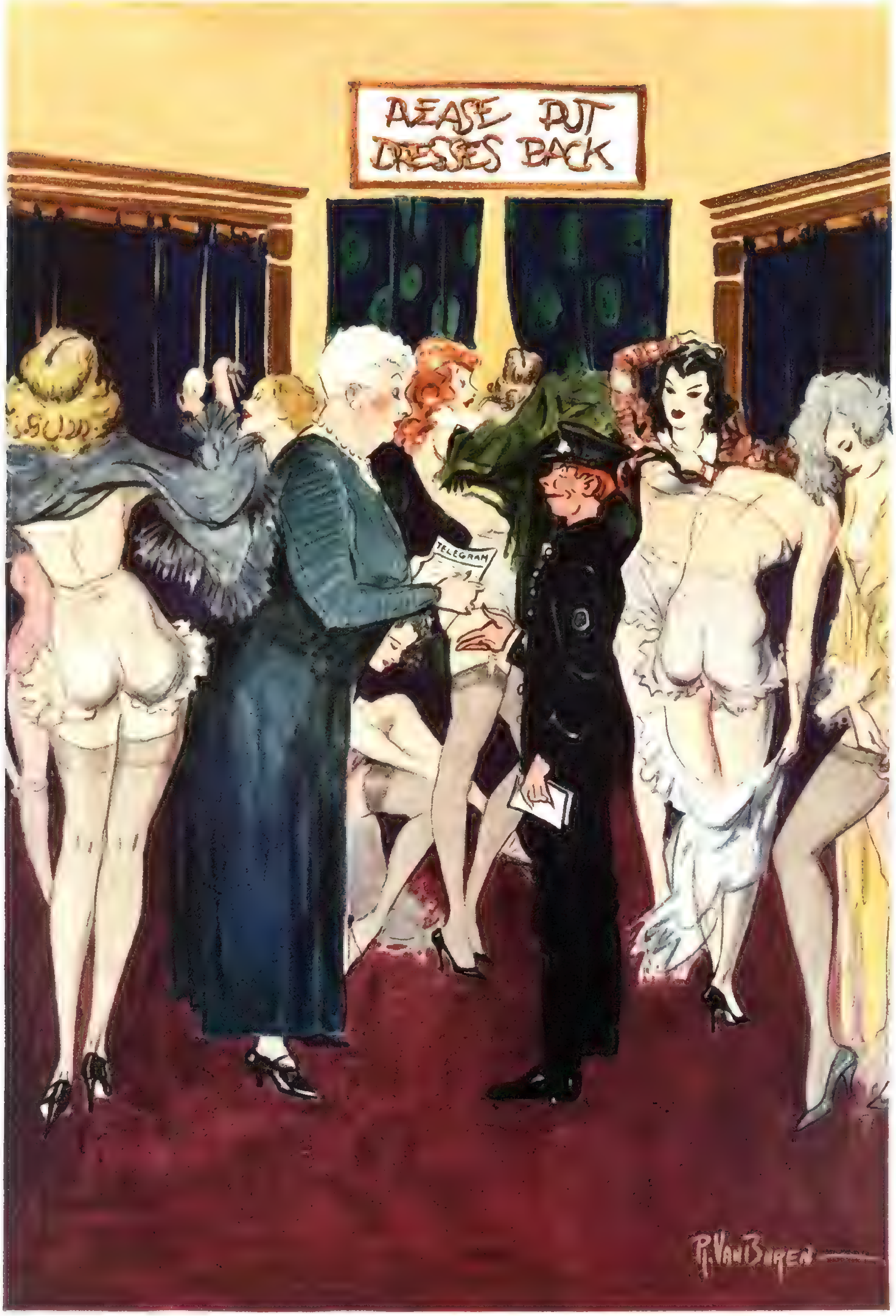
THEN AS NOW
WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
1935 5¢
1893 5¢
THE STANDARD OF QUALITY
P-89


PLEASE PUT DRESSES BACK
TELEGRAM
R. VAN BUREN

"They told me to wait around for an answer"

The Goshawk

Continued from page 128

the peregrine slightly ahead. For dash and spirit these birds have no peer. But the sahkr was a winged man-o'-war. The power and sweep of her confident wings oared back the air in warm billows. By the time they had been two miles on the wing she had passed her slate-feathered cousin.

The dove got a glimpse of the on-rushing death and hurriedly altered his flight. With all the speed of his fear-tipped wings he flashed at right angles and made for a copse that lined the outskirts of the plain.

The hawks somersaulted against the sky as if they had struck solid walls. Back and sidewise they hurtled, pursuing. The race settled down to a matter of strength. Hawks, horses and quarry were straining. Twice the peregrine got a fair pitch for a stoop and twice the dove dodged to checkmate her.

The thicket of thorn and spicewood loomed big to the eyes of the dove. It became a tremendous temptation to try for it in a straight line. He neglected to dodge, and the long-wings above swept forward to win their positions.

At this intense moment, the peak of the hunt, our noise flushed a Jebel rock pigeon. Bewildered, it flew between the dove and the hawks. Elljinn's peregrine checked, and chased after. I heard the Bim-bashy curse, and the loud wrath of Lord Elljinn as he saw his six sheep feeding the Beduw.

The sahkr keeled over in air. Her sails folded up like a ship bewitched, and she dropped on the white-backed dove. I heard the crack of her deadly fist and saw the dove bundling through space. He fell like a cob tied in feathers; fifty yards from the copse that meant life.

The sahkr beat leisurely back to the field and perched on Muhafiz' head. The Beduw cheered her, triumphant. Elljinn and his troop came stormily on, beshrewing their freak turn of fortune.

"Devil take the vile pigeon!" said Elljinn. "My falcon was in the lead."

"Thy birds are ill manned," Muhafiz said. "I could beat thee with a raw goshawk."

"By Ullah, I'll make thee swallow that boast! Ten sheep I'll stake thee—ten sheep!"

"Twenty sheep, if thou say'st, Pasha."

"Twenty sheep, by Ullah! Get thy goshawk, Beduwy."

Our party returned to our cadge. The sheykh got the goshawk and rejoined Elljinn's crew. The cadger had a dove ready.

The air was hotter with hate than heat and the Jebels glared upon us with gloating. A goshawk is no mate for a good peregrine, more especially a goshawk tiercel. No one but Muhafiz ever had dared to drive so unequal a bargain. Elljinn spoke with deliberate sarcasm:

"Art thou ready, Sheykh? Or would'st thou draw back? Twenty sheep are a sizable wager."

"God counts not a man by his sheep," said Muhafiz, "nor a snake that he prays on his belly. Cast off thy dove, black fellow."

The slave tossed the quarry. Muhafiz said: "Unhood, when it please thee, Pasha."

Lord Elljinn grunted, laying hold of the tuft. He watched the dove circle and point. When it struck its path and lined for the hills, he whisked off the hood—

"Ya Ullah!"

"Ya Ullah!" echoed his men.

Muhafiz took the goshawk in his hand, withdrawing the leash and bonnet.

"God speed thee," he said, and threw him.

"After them!" shouted Tibbu.

The field jumped forward and galloped down-wind, to keep in sight of the quarry. The dove had a short start and was doomed. Elljinn's peregrine topped him so rapidly he zigzagged about in a panic. The falcon stooped and met the dove with a smash that sent him down-spinning to death.

"Ha, Muhafiz, where is thy goshawk?"

As Elljinn, riding, yelled out his taunt, Muhafiz lifted his lance. I saw the goshawk flying above us. Instantly he began to spiral. When he gained a good pitch he poised on his wing as if awaiting a signal.

Muhafiz waved his lance sidewise. The hawk shut his wings with a rush. As if hurled from the clouds by the hammer of Thor he fell through the blinding sunlight.

Instinctively I threw up an arm. I heard a shock and a terrible cry; then I saw Elljinn on the ground. The goshawk was at his face, tearing. As he fought and screamed I drew my Colt and took a shot at the bird and killed it.

Lord Elljinn's men ran to help him. He was groaning and cursing Muhafiz.

"Thy soul shall welter in hell!" he raved. "Thy goshawk has taken my eyes!"

"'Tis the bird thou gavest me," said the sheykh, "to remember thee—and Nasr."

"The soldiers are coming," said Agid.

We saw, in the Jebel, beyond the plain, the haze of a rising dust.

"Let us go to our camp," said Muhafiz. "And let them break the oath of peace, if they dare. Thy sheep shall be sent to thee, Elljinn."

We galloped away with Elljinn's curse in our ears, while his robed crew stared after, dumfounded. As we burst from the rautha and strung over the plain, Muhafiz shouted to me:

"Thou wert foolish to shoot that splendid bird. I intended to give it to thee."

"Nay, thank thee, Muhafiz. I fear the ladies of our falconry clubs would have found it a little too rough."

"Do the hareem of thy land wear blue on their heads?"

"Sometimes they wear blue, Muhafiz."

"Then 'tis well thou didst shoot it." he said.

The Bomber

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pin that Kearney fire on you?"

I said this only as a joke. Nobody ever had even the slightest evidence on him. That old Red Plot stuff always makes a good headline and naturally Ecklemann's name was mixed up with the story. So his answer nearly knocked me over. I shan't attempt his thick German accent.

"Naah!" he sneered and drew himself up with pride. "I didn't leave enough around Kearney to pin on a sparrow. The job was a cinch."

So that *was* "The Bomber's" work, after all. I was just mildly interested, as it was stale news now. But this hint of sabotage as an officially organized business—that was dynamite! I asked him about this point-blank. There's no point in being too casual or subtle with a madman, unless you have a lot of time on your hands, which I hadn't.

Ecklemann shook his head. "No, they will have nothing to do with us down in Moscow. 'Nihilists' they call us, the damned idiots. 'Obstructionists.' O they've got a fine name for everything. They came here last spring and carried off Antonisse. *Antonisse*, the man who burned the Reichstag! God knows what they did with him."

"Who do you mean by 'us,' " I asked quietly.

Apparently "The Bomber" wasn't to be caught so easily. He remained silent, turning his empty glass between his palms.

I have known criminals before, and found them on the whole to be a rather stupid lot. But the psychology behind that particular species of single-track madness which we call fanaticism has always interested me. Around such men in their moments of repose—young Krishnamurti was a good example—there clings an atmosphere of unearthly peace and wisdom not attainable to the rest of us. When you're with them you can feel it, and it scares you a little.

Ecklemann was like that. As I listened that night in the café while he talked of his life and of the various "jobs" he had done—in Havana, in America, and in England—I discovered that while he had several other real interests, among them a passion for discussing the care of flowers, they were all eclipsed by his ungovernable obsession for the destruction of property on a gigantic scale. He discoursed as freely and knowingly upon the dynamiting of factories and munition plants and the technique of burning ships as any broker or mechanic talks of his specialty, and with considerably more pride.

My purpose in drawing him into exposing his minor enthusiasms was that somewhere among them I hoped to uncover the clue to his controlling madness.

I worked slowly backward from the present, along many unavoidable detours where I was forced to listen patiently and with simulated interest. I soon discovered that since the war his life had been a chaotic rebellion, steadily growing in direction and intensity towards his present obsession. But before that, I remembered that he had been an ironworker, and later had served four years in the Imperial German Navy; both of which implied a more or less definite submission to discipline and order. Where then had the great break come? What terrible sight or searing "truth" had flashed before the eyes of this simple young sailor that had sent him careening through the world with flaming torches in both his hands and another in his brain?

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The Bomber

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Through this simple process of elimination, the years of 1918 or 1919 appeared to contain the answer for which I was seeking, and it was with the understandable pride one had in a successful finesse that I struck upon the precise clue in the tone with which Ecklemann spoke of Scapa Flow.

". . . four hundred thousand tons of steel, three-hundred and fifty million dollars worth—*plop*—to the bottom, like that! I *saw* it, right in front of my eyes!" he exclaimed excitedly, the way a child does when he tells you of something he has witnessed and which he thinks you may doubt.

"Oh come off it, Ecklemann," I laughed, hoping to incite him to a complete confession. "You aren't asking me to believe that you're the fellow who also sank the German fleet?"

"No," he admitted regretfully,"—no, I didn't do it myself, but I saw it, and *ach du lieber Gott* what a sight it was!" He paused, smiling faintly, his eyes set fixedly upon a scene which I could only imagine, for to me as to most people now, Scapa Flow meant little more than the name of a place where once a few ships had been sunk.

"Go on," I prompted him, confident that at last we were on the right track. "I never knew exactly what happened there."

"No-o, you wouldn't," he smiled, and for a fleeting moment seemed quite sane. "You're only a newspaper man. The good jobs, the biggest ones, don't go in for publicity."

"I was a rating on the *Von der Tann*," began "The Bomber" after a considerable pause. "You know, we sank the *Indefatigable* at Jutland in seventeen minutes along with every man aboard. As neat a piece of work as you'd want. Every one of us gunners got the Iron Cross.

"Anyway, when it was all over in '19 they brought us over to the Orkneys while the peace conference gang was discussing just how the Allies would split us up. We were seventy-four ships: ten first-class battleships, five battle cruisers, eight light cruisers and fifty-one destroyers. The Imperial German Navy. Three hundred and fifty million dollars worth of steel and machinery. Think of it, all bunched together!

"Night and day for six months those British patrol boats watched us like hawks. Under the terms of the armistice they had no right to place men aboard us, but they watched our every move through glasses. We had to work quietly, and at night.

"On the morning of June 21st it happened. Our destroyers were cabled close to the shore in pairs. The bigger ships were lined arc-wise further out. There were the *Markgraf*, the *Kaiser*, and the *Grosser Kurtfurst*, all veterans of Jutland. Also the *Seydlitz*, the *Moltke* and the *Derfflinger*. Out near the end of the line I could see the *Emden*—you remember her, eh?—what a race she led them!"

Ecklemann had shaken out a box of safety matches upon the table and with the sticks had cleverly reconstructed the position of the ships.

"Suddenly from the bridge of the *Emden* a heliograph flashed, and flashed again. The British glasses all turned to watch, because Admiral von Reuter was on board her.

"A pause . . . more flashes . . . the British officers read the message, but it didn't seem important: 'Paragraph II. Vom heutigen Tage. Bestatigen.'

" '*Paragraph 2 of today's orders. Acknowledge.*' " I attempted the translation.

Ecklemann nodded. "Immediately all the rest of our ships semaphored answering signals. And then we got to work inside.

"The next thing the British saw was our sailors swarming down the gangway of the *Friedrich der Grosse*, our flagship. And down the sides of the other ships too. We were throwing our luggage from the decks into waiting boats . . . not hurrying at all, you understand. Everything had been rehearsed a hundred times. That is the secret of my success.

"The stupid British couldn't make heads nor tails of what was going on, and while they were puzzling it out we could see the great gray hulk of the *Friedrich der Grosse* slowly heel over to port. *Godverdomme!* but it was a terrific sight . . . like an enormous sick whale, shaking and quivvering.

"The men were already jumping from her decks and swimming toward the boats. Meanwhile the patrol boats were speeding into our midst. The first one to reach us was the *Sochosin*.

"I heard the British officer yell to his men, 'Get your cutlasses and rifles ready!'

"They drew alongside one of our floating boats. One of our officers, Lieutenant Schreiner, stood in her prow wearing yellow kid gloves and smoking a cigar. The Iron Cross was on his tunic. He grinned at the British patrol boat.

" 'Return to your ship immediately!' shouted the British officer through his megaphone, his red face getting redder by the second.

"Schreiner kept smiling and puffing on his cigar, and the sailors started laughing. It really was funny. Then they threw their oars overboard.

"A petty officer from the *Sochosin* threw a fresh supply of oars to the boat, and the order was repeated. Again our men ignored it.

"The British sailors raised their rifles . . . a shot . . . and one of our men staggered back. Schreiner threw away his cigar and stood up and cursed. 'We are prisoners of war,' he yelled out. 'How dare you?'

" 'You're nothing of the sort,' replied the Britisher. 'Do whatever you like in your ships, but now you're under our orders.'

"Then another shot. Another of our men fell over the gunwale. Suddenly I saw a white flag raised over the men's heads. One of the British sailors jumped aboard with a rope and they took the boat in tow.

"Around us on all sides the noise was deafening! Sirens were shrieking on all the patrol boats, orders were being yelled, chains were clattering . . . meanwhile the water was full of boats and swimming men. Tugs from the shore were trying to beach some of the ships before they sank, but without success. One tug couldn't cut her cable in time and she was pulled under too.

"On every side of the *Von der Tann* battle ships were turning on their sides and settling deeper in the water. Masts were tilting at crazy angles against the sky. I tell you there was never another sight like it; all those beautiful ships, all that money, dissolving before our eyes like so many wafers. My God, but it was thrilling to watch!"

Ecklemann's square stolid face lit up with the same expression of ecstasy I had once seen on the face of a firebug in The Tombs when he spoke of his work.

"As we rowed past the *Hindenburg*," he continued, "we saw a sailor clinging to the mast, scarcely four feet of which was left above water. He was trying to nail the German ensign. At last he succeeded and dropped into the water just as the mast disappeared. There was a loud cheer from all the ships around.

"An hour went by. Two hours. The ships had been sinking one by one until at last there was only the cruiser *Bremse* left afloat.

"Then far out over the horizon we saw a faint trace of smoke. The British Battle Squadron was returning under full steam. We could do nothing but sit quietly in our lifeboats and watch them come toward us.

"As the *Revenge* plowed past the scene of our anchorage the *Bremse* gave one tremendous lunge and sank like a plummet. The entire Imperial Navy was at the bottom of the sea! Three-hundred and fifty million dollars worth gone in two hours! A beautiful job, and not one single hitch anywhere. No mess like the . . ." "The Bomber" caught himself just in time and looked at me with a grin of shrewd cunning.

I felt that I was clear now on all points but one.

While Scapa Flow was perhaps the world's greatest single piece of sabotage, I was not ready to admit that the mere sight of it, as terrifying and impressive as it undoubtedly was, could alone have been sufficient to drive Ecklemann insane.

It is one of the simpler premises of criminal psychiatry, which is nothing more nor less than applied common sense, that all dangerous addicts begin their careers with an act, and not through any passing observations or thought. There are not enough prisons on Earth for all the amateur lunatics who are afraid to indulge their hobbies. The professionals however, such as my friend "The Bomber," know that there can be no thrill unless there is fear, and they accept the condition.

No, if my theory was true that Ecklemann's trolley really jumped its track at Scapa Flow, it was because he had participated in the destruction more actively than

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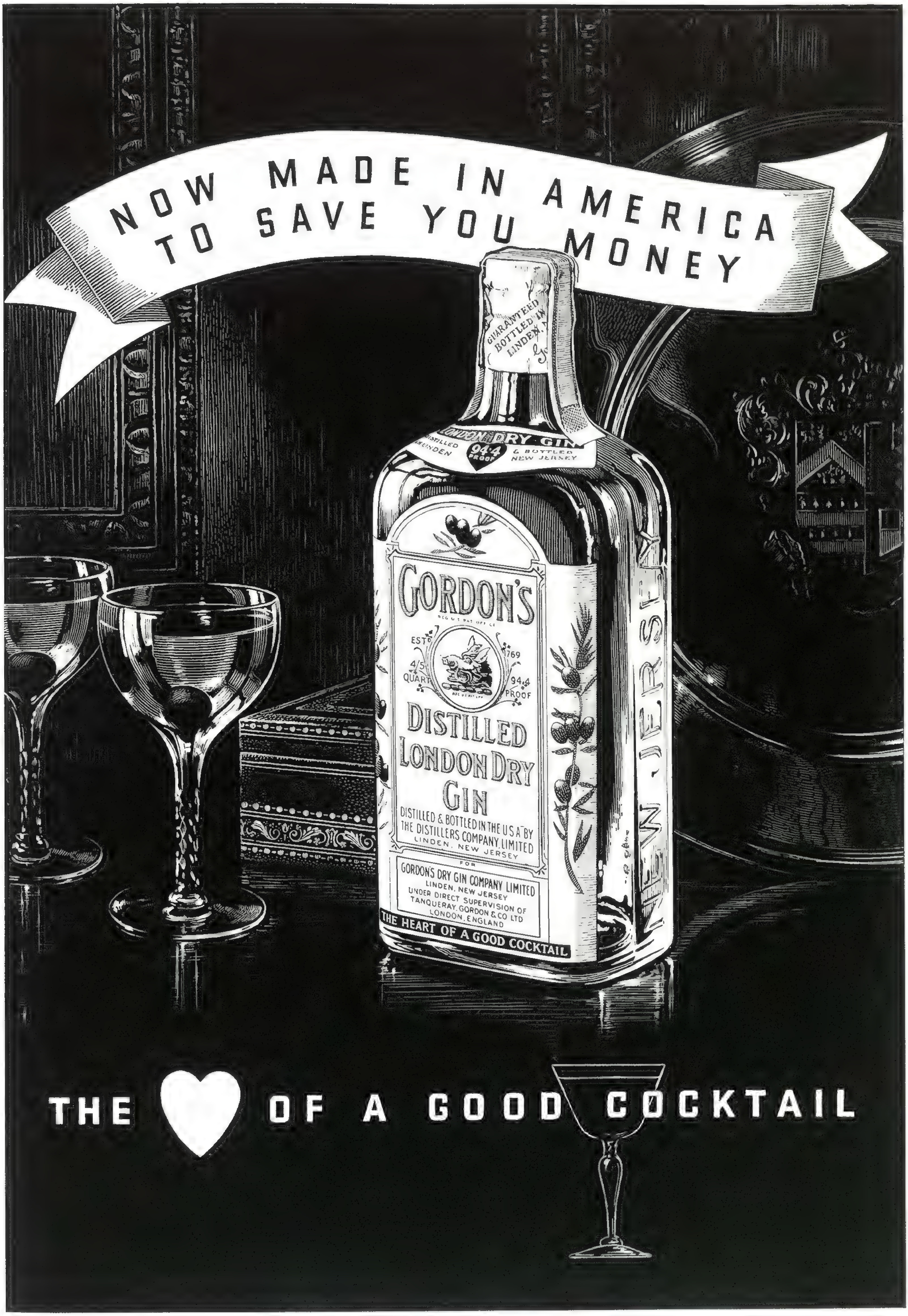
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The Bomber

Continued from page 132

his story had led me to believe.

"You left yourself out of the picture," I remarked when he had finished. "You must have had something to do with the scuttling, to take so much pride in it."

Ecklemann chuckled with obvious delight, as if he had been waiting for my question. "So! *That's* the part of the story you didn't know, eh?" he gloated.

"Listen," he continued in a confidential whisper,"—before the war I was a great swimmer. A champion, with medals. They knew that on the *Emden*. A copy of von Reuter's orders had to be delivered to every commanding officer. Seventy-three ships, that meant. The use of our heliograph and semaphore was forbidden by the British. So every night for three weeks I swam from one ship to another in the darkness, carrying the orders in sealed tubes strapped to my back. They gave full details of the scuttling, which was to take place the instant the *Emden* flashed 'Paragraph 2 of today's orders,' which meant, '*Sink ships at once!*'

"*I* did it, you see!" he exclaimed, stabbing at my chest with a blunt forefinger, "It was *my* job, the whole thing!"

I sat back now for the first time since he had begun to talk. The little game of detection I had played with "The Bomber" was closed, an example which the Café Nikita was apparently preparing to follow.

I paid our bill, with Ecklemann politely picking the correct change from my handful of coins, and then followed him out to the sidewalk where I hailed a taxi.

"Which way do you go?" I asked, climbing in.

He closed the door behind me and gave my address to the driver. "Don't bother. We don't go the same way," he said, putting his hand in and shaking mine.

"Will I be seeing you again?" I asked.

He shook his head and smiled. "I'm taking The Red Arrow to Germany tonight. I have a little job to do in Hamburg next week. Good-bye."

The taxi moved off, and it was not until we had gone several blocks that suddenly, with an electrifying start, I recalled "The Bomber's" last words.

My God, I was sailing from Hamburg next week!

Toiler of the Deep

Continued from page 62

any faster, the grapnel would be lifted off the bottom. Now the eyes, ears and fingers of our grapnel is our dynamometer, a device that indicates the amount of strain on the grappling rope. When, for instance, the grapnel is dragging at a depth of two and one-half miles, the strain on the rope is about 10,000 pounds. If the strain becomes any greater, we know that the grapnel has hooked something on the ocean floor. The probability that this is the broken cable is slight, but an experienced cable repairman can usually "feel" what he has hooked, thus saving himself the trouble of pulling a submerged hulk two and one-half miles to the surface. The best way of "feeling" your undersea catch is by sitting on the grapnel rope; the tension imparted to the line is delicately transmitted to the sitter's sensitive parts—there is absolutely no surer way of sensing what you have hooked.

"Suppose now that we've actually snared the cable. Well, we turn the ship around, and standing geographically still* (one of the most difficult feats of navigation, if I do say it) we begin to reel in our grappling rope. This job requires the most delicate kind of jockeying, especially if there's a gale blowing and the sea is running mountain-high; any sudden shock would snap the cable like a shoestring. At such times the *Lord Kelvin* is steered by her port and starboard engines, since no ship will respond to the rudder at a speed under one mile an hour. As the last few feet of grappling rope come in, shaggy with seaweed or whitened by contact with a chalky bottom, all hands are keyed to an almost unbearable tension. No tarpon fisherman ever coaxed his prize home so carefully. The weight of a cable is terrific and the dynamometer records a strain of fifty thousand pounds. The cable may snap under its own weight just as it reaches the surface:—it happened twice to us in the middle of the worst gale that ever slapped the ocean's face. Twice, all our labor went for nothing while that elusive cable, scarcely an inch thick, sank back into submarine slime. When we finally got it to the surface the toughest man on board was awe-stricken at the sight of this frail strand that had lain undisturbed in dark ocean deeps before any of us were born. This particular cable was one of the first to be laid and we were probably the first to behold it since the day it was unreeled from the after-drums of the Great Eastern and sank to its unlighted bed in the deep trough of the ocean."

The skipper of the *Lord Kelvin* pulled at the brown pipe jutting from his handsome bronzed head and was shame-facedly silent after his lyrical outburst. It seemed to me that he was a character straight from the pages of Joseph Conrad, and I, too, was a trifle abashed by his passionate description of those undersea couriers, the trans-Atlantic cables that he labors to keep in repair. But his next remarks were those of a perfectly practical man with a still unfinished job on his hands. "Once we get the cable to the top," he continued, "it is securely lashed to the bow of the *Lord Kelvin* while the chief electrician brings up his apparatus and tries to get a 'shore connection.' Great is our joy if this connection can be made, for it proves that the rest of the cable is intact, and can still transmit a message. The 'good end' of the cable is now attached to buoys, and the *Lord Kelvin* steams off to find the other end, usually somewhere in the neighborhood. But after the quake of 1929, we scoured an area of 400 square miles before finding the missing end. It is impossible to imagine what the force must have been that tossed it so far. When we finally did find the other end of the cable, it looked as though it had been chewed between giant cogwheels. Its armor of heavy iron wire had been scraped off or mashed flat, and it was necessary to 'splice in' six miles of new cable where we made the jointure. One of the cables was found to be buried under a submarine landslide; it was covered by billions of tons of sand and rock. We had to cut off the buried section entirely and splice six miles of new wire onto the old cable. Trans-Atlantic cable costs about $3,000.00 a mile, and approximately one hundred miles of new cable is stored on board the *Lord Kelvin*.

"All this hauling and splicing was done bare-handed by men hanging over the sides of the ship or bobbing about in small boats in weather that crucified them on a cross of ice. It was cruelly cold, and during one month we did not have a single clear day.

Fog, ice, hail and incessant high wind hampered the men at their work but not all the elements combined kept them from finishing the job. The crew of the *Lord Kelvin* are mostly Nova Scotia fishermen—the hardiest, bravest seamen and the most resourceful technicians that I've ever known. Our First Mate, Hubert C. Walmesly, was stricken with appendicitis at a critical time during the job, but he refused to allow me to put back into port until the cable was repaired and messages were going through. We got him onto the operating table in Halifax just in time . . ."

Captain Melvin Bloomer gazes restlessly out of his hotel window. He's been ashore almost a week now and he's chafing to get back onto his beat—the Great Circle of the North Atlantic. Underneath those gray-green waters that he knows so well lie 35,000 miles of sub-sea nerves, every inch of which are his special concern. Earthquakes aren't the only things that cause disruptions of undersea communication: perhaps a sea-worm bores through the jute casing and gutta percha insulation of the cable, permitting sea water to enter and destroy the circuit as effectively as if it had been cut by a hacksaw. Sometimes a shark tests his jaws against the rugged cable; shark teeth have been found deeply imbedded in the copper core. Trawlers dragging anchor sometimes pick up and break a cable, and the five simultaneous messages speeding through the cable depths are suddenly atrophied. A key goes dead in New York or London, the Bank of England cannot send its coded message to its American correspondents, and without a word of warning all is confusion in the world of trans-Atlantic communication.

Then the call goes out for Captain Melvin Bloomer and he is off with his ship, "shooting trouble" from the Azores to the Grand Banks, and finding most of it where the ocean is doggedly remembering that it's still an ocean, and not a millpond between two effete continents.

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*When an airplane going 75 miles an hour bucks a head wind of equal velocity, the plane stands *geographically* still, in relation to the earth's surface.

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Amatory Athletes

Continued from page 53

sexual interests remains their great unconscious secret, hidden even from their own understanding, while their sexual virtuosity is equivalent to a small boy's whistling in a dark alley. Thus it sometimes happens that a man who appears exceptionally endowed with masculinity paradoxically is a man who is really terrified of his own homosexuality. Such a latent homosexual will go to the most extravagant lengths in "proving" the superficial characteristics of masculinity, even to the elaboration of a reputation for satyriasis, in his attempt to avoid the odium of being considered unmanly.

The fifth type which is becoming increasingly common in our pampering civilization, includes those pampered and coddled children for whom love is the *sine qua non* of existence. Like the mythical Narcissus, men of this type are really in love only with themselves. Here again we find a psychological paradox: those who love most and those who feel they cannot live without being loved, really do not know the meaning of love in the mature sense of the word. Such infantile romanticists cannot exist without being loved and coddled and pampered as they were in childhood. These are the men who never look old, because their faces are set against growing up. Like Julius Caesar, an excellent example of the type, they want to be all things to all men—and women. To this end they develop an undeniable charm, especially for older women, and they go through life indulging in the fine art of making women love them.

Now let us get to our case histories. The first amatory athlete we shall investigate is Harold Smith.* Harold's father was a weakling, completely under the domination of his more intelligent wife. All his life he lived in dread of his wife's disapproval. He was a dutiful husband, a good and indulgent father. He had four children. The first three were girls, who quickly learned where the power lay in the family and as quickly allied themselves with their mother in dominating their father. When Harold was born he became a kind of virgin territory for the power-hungry females of his family to exploit. Wherever he turned in his childhood, some woman stood in the way of his development, and his father proved to be of no help in his struggle for self-determination. In fact, Harold was so disgusted with his father's psychological ineptitude that he changed his name from Harold (his father's first name) W. Smith, to H. Watson (his mother's family name) Smith as soon as he got to prep school, and H. Watson Smith he has remained all his life.

Today he does not speak to his mother, and hardly ever meets his married sisters although they live in the same neighborhood. These women impressed him with the futility of being a man. He has never married, and vows he never will marry, for the image of his poor henpecked father remains indelibly engraved in the depths of his unconscious. He believes that any man who marries is a fool. He has never been in love and enjoys taunting his friends who find themselves involved in this traditional form of madness. Drawn, as if by an invisible but powerful magnet, he has drifted into show business where he must deal with women all day long. In his business he is known as a cruel, exacting, and extremely domineering boss. All women are deprecatingly alluded to as "skirts," "femmes," "dolls," or even "bitches" in his private vocabulary. He subscribes whole-heartedly to the doctrine that any woman can be "had."

And yet, strange as it might seem, H. Watson Smith is both sought after and adored by women. He collects women as some men collect horses, postage stamps, or mortgages. His sexual virtuosity is impeccable. Each woman he meets is a new challenge to his masculinity. The week that goes by without a new sexual conquest is a lost week, and he points with pride to the year 1928 when he seduced 52 women, one for each week of the year. He is not discriminating. A chorus girl is no less intriguing than a princess, a hotel maid no worse than a banker's débutante daughter. Each woman is, so to speak, a military problem, and Smith has developed the art of approach, of siege, of capture, of annihilation, and of dismissal to an unbelievable degree of finesse.

H. Watson Smith bases his sense of self-esteem on the number of women that fall for him. The harder they are to get, the more he enjoys the exploit, and his enjoyment of the consummation of his conquest is directly proportional to the time required by the siege and capture. If he "makes" a woman on the evening that he meets her, he will be through with her after the following morning's breakfast. If it takes him a month to break down a woman's defenses, a week of passionate lovemaking will be the limit of his interest, and then his eye will already be roving toward another challenging woman. Once it required a whole year to win a fine woman from her husband and children. He lived with her for one ecstatic month, and left her. She committed suicide, but the papers that apprised him of her death found him already engaged in his next "project" befuddling a little Southern girl who had come to New York for a stage job, with orchids and Piper Heidsieck!

Are such men happy in their virtuosity? Hardly ever, and then only for the brief moment of victory. The gnawing sense of inferiority is never stilled because they lack all insight into their own patterns of life. Sexual conquest is never a substitute for mature love. So much for our modern counterpart of Don Juan. Now let us consider a man of the second type, a modern Casanova who follows an age-old pattern.

Gerald Vandeventer was the adored only child of his mother. Mother Vandeventer never wanted to be a woman, hated to get married, wanted to avoid having children, but when little Gerald came, she lived out all her suppressed desires for masculinity in the person of her son. She coddled and she pampered him, she let his hair grow long and curly until the boys on the street brutally cut off his locks. Nothing was too good for Gerald. He was surrounded with nurses, governesses and special tutors. Madame Vandeventer was a lady, a true lady, and she fostered her son's worship of her. If she had dared to fly in the face of convention she would have made a little Lord Fauntleroy out of him. For years she kept him carefully guarded from the "bad boys" on the street and when, at length, she was compelled to relinquish him to schools, camps, colleges, she went into a slow decline.

On her death bed Madame Vandeventer enacted a heart-rending drama of mother love. She made her son, then aged nineteen, vow to remain eternally faithful to her love and precepts. Her final admonitions were utterly unnecessary—the damage had been done fifteen years before, and Gerald Vandeventer needed no solemn vows of wordly renunciation to remain her unconscious slave for life. Were it not for the efforts of a group of his fraternity brothers, and the intervention of an intelligent instructor at college, Gerald would have remained all his life a hopeless neurotic. They may have made a man of him, outwardly at least, but they could not cure him of his infantile romanticism, and they could not remove the image in his unconscious which he was fated forever after to seek in every woman whom he met.

And so we see Gerald Vandeventer today, gay young man about town, thirty-six years old, in love for the 1347th time, never a bridegroom, but usually the best man. Gracious, charming, considerate, talented, suave, ever amorous, and always poetically, romantically, tragically disillusioned. Vandeventer is forever seeking an "ideal woman" with whom no real woman of flesh and blood can compete. He has sought her in New York, in Vienna, in Shanghai and in Bali, in the movies and in high society, in school girls and once in a forlorn prostitute . . . but he has never found her! Always in love, always beloved by dozens of women, always prepared with the right word and the appropriate gift—and always disillusioned. The search for the "not impossible she" goes on day after day. The technique becomes more refined, the conquests more numerous, while the hope that he will find HER just around the next bed post is never dimmed.

Gerald is the envy of all men's eyes. Old women set him up in business, rich women buy him motor cars, beautiful women invite him to their boudoirs, famous women decorate their salons with his gracious presence, "hard" women are disarmed, débutantes keep his picture on their dressing tables. For all of them he is the ideal, the "great lover," the eternal romanticist, Adonis in modern dress. Poor girls! They can never win him who seeks no earthly woman but a vague ideal image, a good fairy once glimpsed through the adoring eyes of a little boy!

And now we come to John McQuade, the "hard guy," the "big muscle man," the racketeering Rasputin of Tenth Avenue. His father was a policeman, a bouncer, a longshoreman, a strike breaker in turn, a big, roaring, bullying Irishman, always cursing, always drunk. His mother was a pallid country girl, who never adjusted to New York life, patiently bore eight children and quietly died of tuberculosis, poverty and despair. John was the eighth child. He never knew his mother. He never knew any

Continued on page 138

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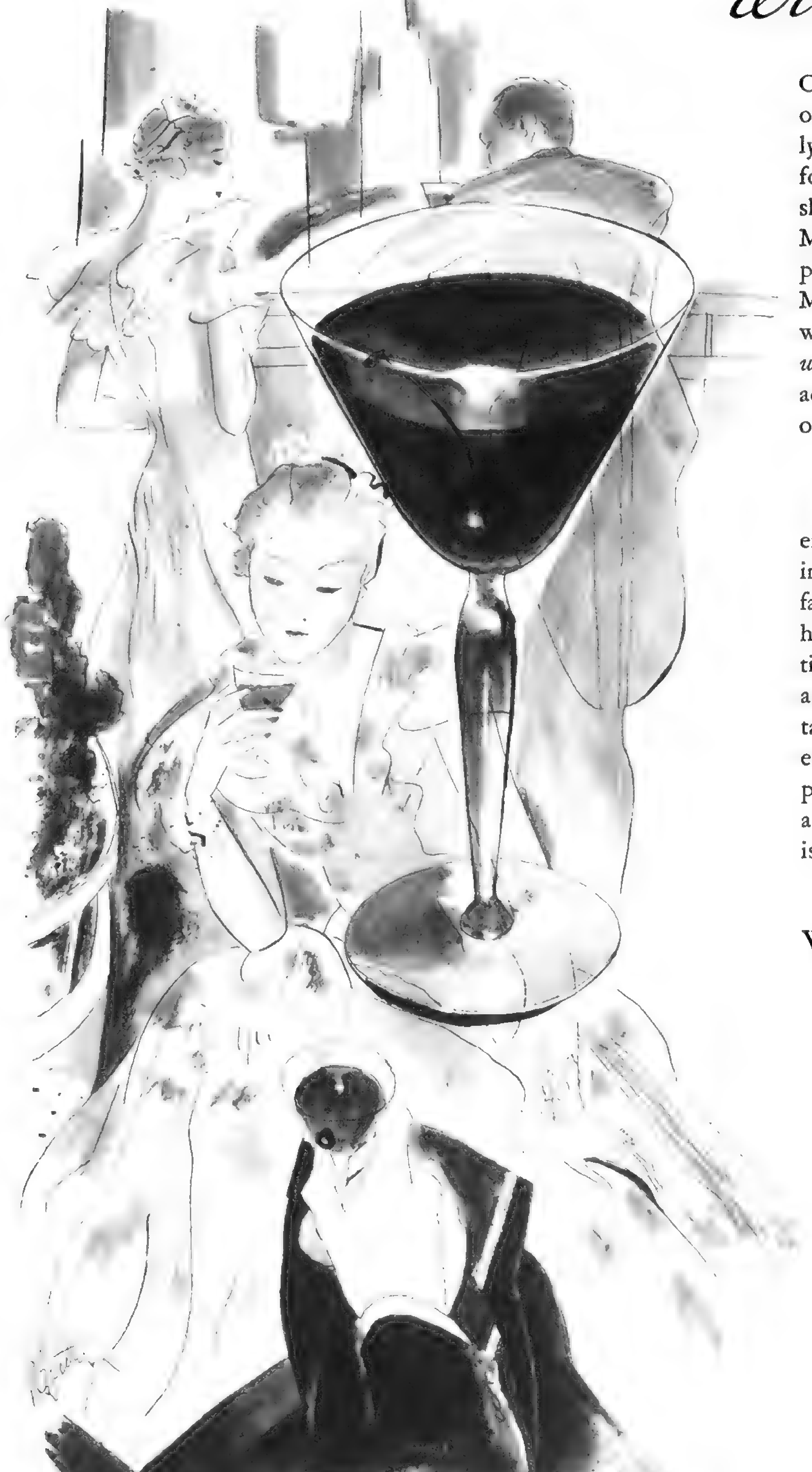
*All names used in this essay are fictitious and the cases, which are drawn from real life, are so disguised as to make identification utterly impossible.

The COCKTAIL for which MANHATTAN was named . . .



Of course it may have been vice versa. Perhaps our history is only wishful thinking. But certainly the Manhattan *deserves* to have an island named for it—even an island as big as New York. It is sharing the honors with its cousins, the three Martinis, (Regular, Medium and Dry) as the most popular cocktail in America. As you know, a Manhattan is like a Regular Martini except that whiskey takes the place of gin: *2 parts rye or Irish whiskey, 1 part Martini & Rossi "Italy" Vermouth;* add a cherry, a dash of bitters and a few drops of Curaçao or sugar syrup.

Be Sure to Specify Ingredients

BUT—no Manhattan is better than its ingredients. We have, alas, tasted Manhattans made of ingredients which couldn't possibly have had a father. In your own home you use a whiskey you have picked carefully and you probably use Martini & Rossi because it is the standard vermouth and has been for generations. But in a bar or restaurant it is safest to specify *both* your ingredients. Vermouths differ like everything else and poor vermouth will spoil a Manhattan as surely as poor whiskey. If your palate is sensitive, there is no substitute for Martini & Rossi.

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VERMOUTH

Amatory Athletes

Continued from page 136

kindness from any woman. All he knew as a child was poverty and terror. He grew up in a stinking tenement. He remembers quaking in bed, in a panic of fear, waiting for the return of his drunken father. Often his father brought women into their dingy rooms. Invariably they left the next morning, bruised, beaten, and humiliated. John was the runt. He could not run fast enough, and usually got the choicest blows from the father he hated with an undying hate.

John was educated in alleys, saloons, pool halls, dives, and throughout his youth, the mortal fear of his father's brutality pursued him like an evil demon. When John was sixteen they took the "old man" to Bellevue, a raving maniac. He died there of paresis and chronic alcoholism, within a week. On the following day the runt became a man in a Tenth Avenue brothel. It was an important experience: he discovered that there was one thing lower than the runt son of a drunken paretic Irishman—and that was a Tenth Avenue prostitute. From that day his training began. Unconsciously he said to himself: "I may be a runt, but I'm still a man, and any man is better than the woman who is his sexual slave. Enslave women and you'll forget the fear of that big drunken father of yours. Be a tough guy, be a bully. Hit the other guy before he knows what's happening to him. Make the molls fall for you!"

And so began John McQuade's career as racketeer, saloon tough, professional bully and strong-arm guy. John did a stretch at Elmira, and has kept out of Sing Sing only by the grace of God and a few favors to crooked politicians and criminal lawyers. He wears flashy clothes, and has developed the reputation in the Tenderloin for being a "hot shot with the gals." Nature has compensated for his puny body—he now weighs almost two hundred pounds—but Nature has not cured his inferiority complex. He still must swagger, he still must carry a gun, he still must have the flashiest girl in any speakeasy.

Once John McQuade had to go to Atlantic City to "do a little job," and was compelled to stay a few days at a good hotel. Here he made a conquest of a woman socially far his superior. She was fascinated by the sheer brutality and vigor of his approach. John experienced the closest approach to ecstasy he had ever known, and made a second important discovery: the expensive women of the society he had always envied and hated could be "had" with the same technique that he applied to the cheap women of Tenth Avenue. They liked to be treated rough. They liked a "he-man," a man who bit, punched, and mauled them until they were bruised and blue. Unconsciously he argued, "If I can make these rich dames fall for me, if I can knock 'em off their pins, love 'em and leave 'em, I'm as good as any of them fancy bankers!"

Life became a game with John McQuade. You made some money, no matter how. You went to a swell resort, and picked up a swell dame and made her "fall for you." Then you felt good. Then you forgot about the stinking tenement on Tenth Avenue and that drunken old ogre who kicked you down the stairs. Presently John McQuade become something of a vogue. Kept women, perverted and neurotic old women with penthouses, sexually unsatisfied wives with big cars and houses at Southampton, who would pay good money to be brutalized, demanded his companionship. What a racket! To be paid for something that made you forget that horrible tenement! Good liquor, good clothes, swell dames, a big car—and blackmail was so much simpler than a stick-up!

And there is our gallery of amatory athletes, Don Juan, Casanova, and Rasputin, all in modern dress, so to speak. You may draw your own morals, gentlemen, from the lives of these three amatory athletes. Psychiatrists are not given to moralizing and, therefore, I can make only a few scientific deductions from these case histories, but these may prove helpful to you.

The wider implications of our essay are these: there is a crying necessity, especially for American men, to know more about love and more about women. There is a profound need for better instruction in the art of love. We need to dispel many of the fantastic romantic notions that befog the amatory experience. We ought to spike the notion that amatory virtuosity and true virility are synonymous. The greatest lover is not necessarily the man for whom the greatest number of women "fall," popular notions to the contrary notwithstanding. The most successful lover is he who is certain of his own virility in his own unconscious mind. The amatory athlete who is suffering from a psychological hangover from his childhood experiences is not a hero—but an unhappy neurotic, who learns nothing from his experiences because he is unaware of his own unconscious goal in life. What we need is fewer sexual athletes—and more good lovers!

And They Came to Moscow

Continued from page 69

the government, but—"if they only did'nt have those secret police—the Gee Pee You."

The Gay Pay Oo became a minor obsession. When she read the official instructions to tourists forbidding snapshots to be taken of fortifications, harbors and any bridges, she locked her camera in her trunk. She warned me not to write "anything unfavorable" in my letters: "They read *all* your mail," she said. "They check up on everyone." When she didn't get two boxes of Kleenex that had been sent out from New York she was sure the police had confiscated them. She asked Intourist if they couldn't make an exception in her case and let *her* keep her passport. "You see I walk around the streets a good deal; and I *ought* to have official identification from my government."

She began to suspect that the doorman at the hotel was a spy. "He understands English perfectly, and he's *always* trying to talk to you about America or Germany." When she couldn't locate a Russian teacher to whom she had a letter of introduction she ventured, mysteriously, that "he *may* have been sent away—for his opinions, you know. He was *such* a liberal . . ."

And one afternoon, in the middle of a discussion on Trotsky's "Fourth International," she interrupted us politely: "If I were you I wouldn't mention *that name*. You know, the secret police—the Gee Pee You." We must have looked impressed for she continued sweetly, straightening her coat lapel: "In conversations I always say 'His Nibs' for S-t-a-l-i-n and 'The Big Boy' for T-r-o-t-s-k-y."

VII

The Girl Who Bought Souvenirs

Her bags were conspicuously plastered with foreign hotel labels. At the customs office in Leningrad she spent her time browsing through the Torgsin store. She bought a Russian doll, a pair of fur gloves, a paisley print and a post card of Red Square (Moscow), on which she wrote: "Leningrad at last, darlings. Russia is too exciting. I'm thrilled to death. Will write loads."

In Moscow she bought three linen tablecloths and went through half the stores trying to buy a peasant dress with heavily embroidered sleeves. She was terribly disappointed because there weren't any for sale. In Kharkov she bought two pairs of bedroom slippers and a cigarette box. By the time she reached Kiev she had added five dolls, of different sizes and poses, a huge volume of "The U.S.S.R. in Construction," a box-full of post cards, two blouses and a tiny bottle of Ukrainian white wine.

On the day before she left the Soviet Union she was one of an excited group that came back from an excursion to a collective farm. It was the first collective they had seen. They bubbled with talk of "women on tractors," "radios in the huts," "the liquidation of the kulaks." At dinner someone asked her whether she had enjoyed the trip too.

"It was marvelous!" she said breathlessly. "I bought a peasant dress from one of the women. It has the most gorgeous embroidered sleeves."

VIII

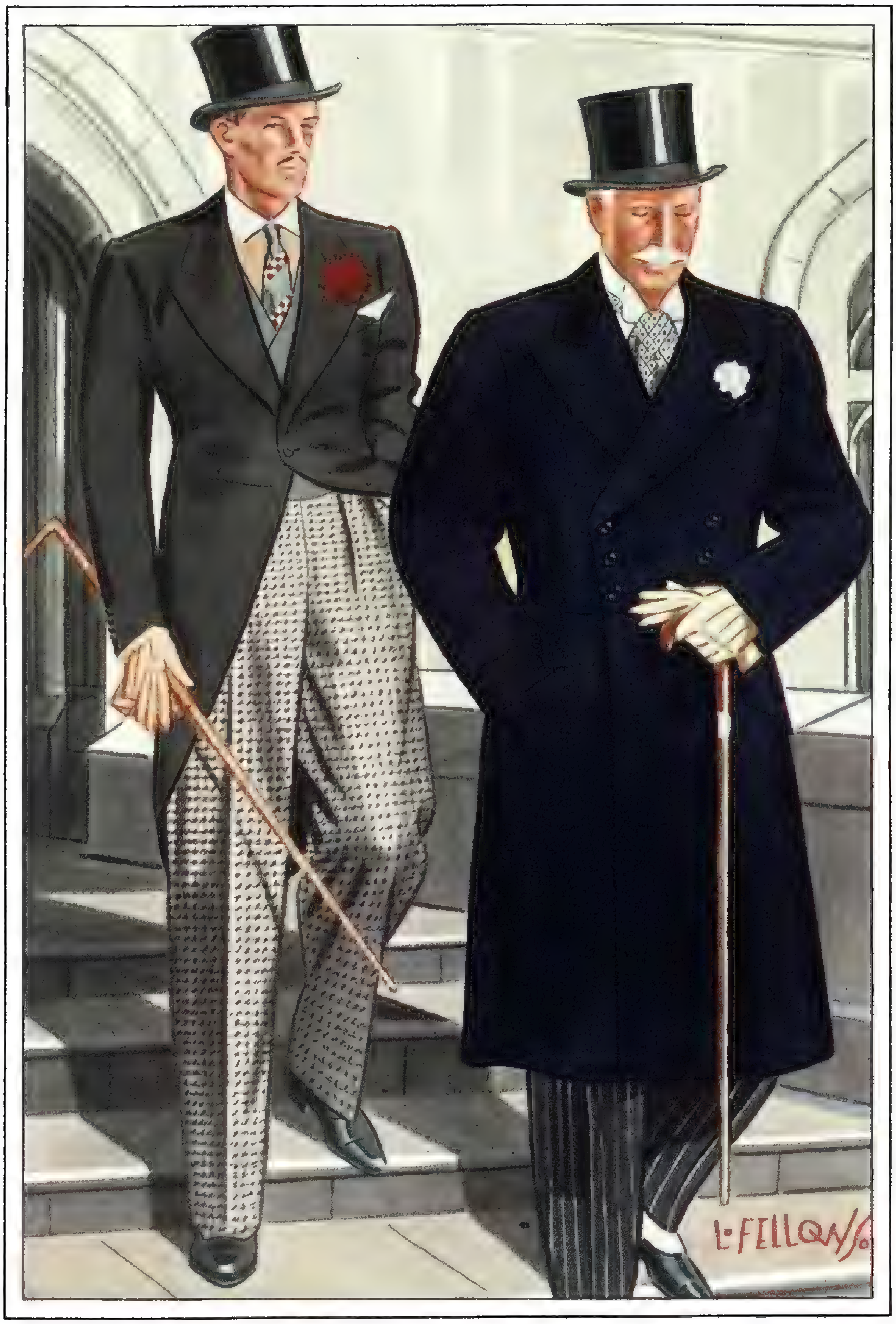
The Guy Who Went Russian

He learned two verbs and *spaseeba* from the barman on the boat. In Leningrad he bought a Russian blouse and let his beard grow. In Moscow he shaved his head. He smoked long cigarettes and twisted the cardboard stems into a knot, as the natives do. In Kharkov he bought a Caucasian skullcap. By the time we reached Dneiprostroy he had added *pesholesta* and *dos vedynia* to his vocabulary. When his beard was visible he took a picture with a sailor and sent it home. In Sebastopol he took the waitress to the beach in the harbor and they swam nude. When the Russian blouse began to show signs of over-wear he bought two more. In Odessa he took a droshky carriage and shaved his head again. And he drank Vodka straight, 90 proof and 60% alcohol, all the way.

I met him in Warsaw, after he had spent seven weeks in the Soviet Union and traveled over four thousand miles of its territory.

"Russia's the nuts," he said.

open
SUPER-CHARGED
phaeton sedan
(closed)
super charged
AUBURN



YOU'LL BE THE HIT OF THE EASTER PARADE

For the first time in years, color is sanctioned in formal day dress. Note, in the outfit on the left, the tan soft shirt, worn with a widespread starched collar and a grey Spitalsfield tie with a checkerboard stripe, and the fawn color of the pigskin gloves and the cloth top of the shoes. The trousers are of a small black and white shepherd check pattern in light-weight cheviot. The grey waistcoat is double-breasted. The coat on the right is a revival of the long gone but never forgotten paddock model, with a waistline seam below the buttons of the double-breasted front. We doubt that this is available—even as a survival—in any ready-to-wear establishment, but many of the best custom tailors still make it. It's as old as the cabs outside the Plaza, but it's as swank as all get out. Typical of the older man's preference are the striped trousers, linen spats, and the starched shirt with a rounded wing collar.

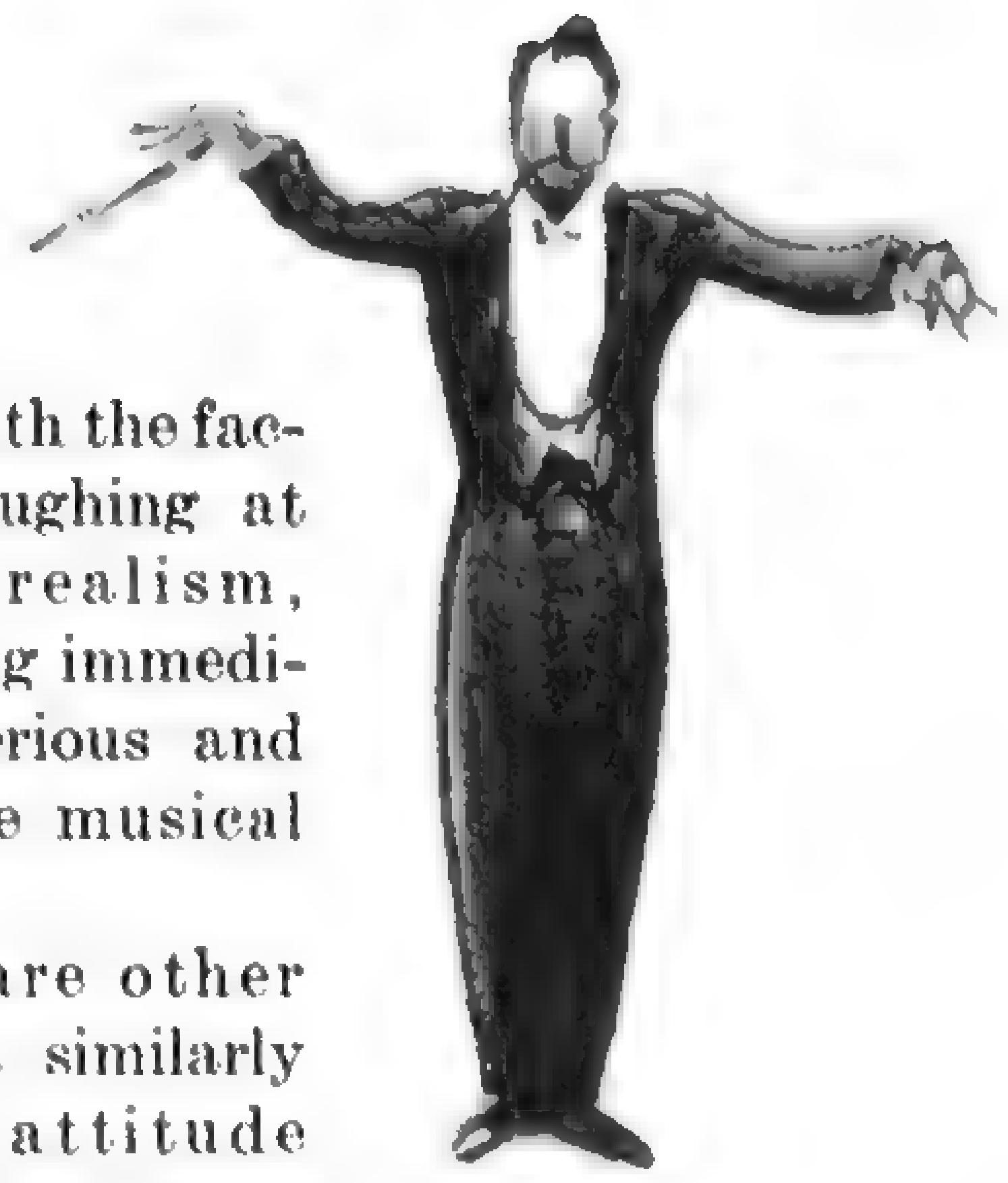
(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

The Listening Post

Lady Macbeth of Mzsensk does it to music, and what music, as Russia's small town Ruth Snyder

by SIGMUND SPAETH

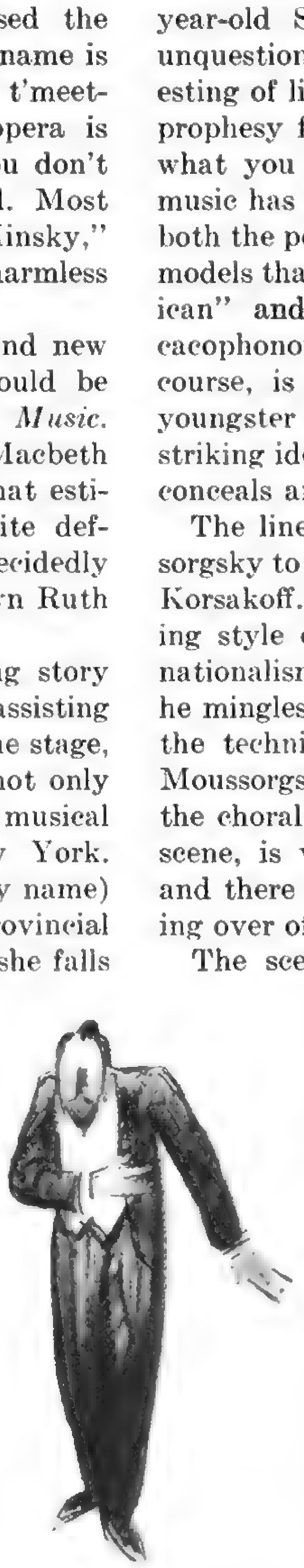
• MUSIC •



If you remember that old tune, *Just a Love Nest*, try singing the opening measures of the chorus to the words "Shostakovich, Lady Macbeth." Then you will have the right prounciation of the name of the young man who has composed the latest operatic sensation. His first name is Dimitri (pronounced as in "pleased t'meetcha") and the full title of his opera is *Lady Macbeth of Mzsensk*. But you don't have to bother about that last word. Most New Yorkers compromised on "Minsky," and were right pleased with the harmless little joke.

Other possible titles for this brand new example of Soviet aestheticism would be *Murder in Bed or Revenge without Music*. In any case the reference to Lady Macbeth must be considered sardonic, for that estimable murderess was working quite definitely *for* her husband, which is decidedly not the motivation of the small-town Ruth Snyder of Russia.

It is a simple but blood-curdling story that Mr. Shostakovich and his assisting librettist, A. Preis, have set upon the stage, with undeniable success thus far, not only abroad but in two of America's musical communities, Cleveland and New York. Katerina Izmailova (skip the family name) is bored with being the wife of a provincial business man. During his absence she falls literally into the clutches of a new household retainer, Sergei, and when their bedroom bacchanal is interrupted, she first poisons her father-in-law, Boris (not Godounoff), and later assists in strangling the Nixnutz of a husband. There was still another murder in the original version, deleted for American audiences. Eventually the lovers are sent to Siberia to cool off, but on the way a little tart named Sonetka catches the wandering eye of Sergei, and Katerina makes it unanimous by pushing her into the river and jumping in herself for a nice double drowning, while the snowflakes fall in great handfuls.



That Shostakovich could convincingly stage such a naïvely brutal piece of melodrama is greatly to his credit. Aided by an amazing performance by the group of singers known as "The Art of Musical Russia" and the virtuosity of the Cleveland Orchestra, led by Artur Rodzinski, this opera has actually made a tremendous impression. Certainly it is exciting from start to finish. It never allows you a moment for those naps that opera-lovers appreciate so much. There is action and passion all the time, and even when you realize how much of this is blatantly stage trickery, you marvel at the effect.

It is too early to hail the twenty-eight-year-old Shostakovich as a genius. But unquestionably he is one of the most interesting of living composers, and it is easy to prophesy for him a real future, no matter what you may think of his present. His music has guts, an element sadly lacking in both the politely proper imitations of classic models that we have seen fit to label "American" and in the futile "originality" of cacophonous modernism. Inspiration, of course, is something else again, but this youngster at least possesses forceful and striking ideas, with a technique that almost conceals any poverty of melodic invention.

The line of descent is clear from Moussorgsky to Shostakovich, by way of Rimsky-Korsakoff. He has the direct, uncompromising style of the great glorifier of Russian nationalism, expressed in modern terms, and he mingles with it the fantastic humor and the technical resources that distinguished Moussorgsky's pupil and editor. Some of the choral writing, particularly in the final scene, is worthy of Moussorgsky himself, and there is never any prettifying or glossing over of grim realities.

The scene that first shocked and then hilariously amused the New York audience was that in which the protagonists go to bed together for the first time. (This happened again and again during the opera, but the hero always surprised the spectators by emerging with his pants on.)

Some people might call this scene a rape, but it was of the sort that the colored lady described as "just rape, rape, rape, all summer long." If you think Richard Strauss wrote pretty suggestive music before the opening of the curtain on *Rosenkavalier*, you should hear the orchestral accompaniment to this bedroom scene by Shostakovich. In every detail of rhythmic insistence, this is musical fornication, and nothing else. Maybe this is what some people might call folk-music. I wouldn't say *that*.

The big laugh came when the sustained orchestral ecstasy stopped suddenly, as such things will, and the drooping wail of a slide-trombone told all too expressively what had happened behind the curtains of Katerina's ample bed. If this effect was intentionally funny, as the audience hysterically assured itself, then the composer must be credited with the faculty of laughing at his own realism, caricaturing immediately a serious and passionate musical climax.

There are other hints of a similarly sardonic attitude elsewhere in the score, as when the old man dies of poison, is laid out neatly with candles, and then the orchestra promptly strikes up a bit of banal, happy-go-lucky march music, ending with a nice "zing" on the cymbals. But Shostakovich can write solid stuff too, as he proves in two brilliant interludes, and in a fugal passage which begins in the orchestra and is carried on by the chorus on the stage. You have to hand it to this boy for the way he manages his voices and instruments. There is honest workmanship in this opera, regardless of plot or propaganda.

Of the interpreters, Anna Leskaya deserves the big medal as the heroine, Katerina, with whom the composer obviously sympathizes, and to whom he gives some of his best lyric passages. Ivan Ivantzoff as Sergei is close to the same standard, with splendid performances by Yasha Davidoff as Boris, Michael Shvetz as a drunken priest, Ivan Velikanoff as the husband, and Elena Shwedova as Sonetka. The chorus is grand throughout, and the orchestra under Rodzinski had to take several bows from the pit, which is practically unique in the history of the Metropolitan Opera House.

The League of Composers, which brought *Lady Macbeth of Mzsensk* to New York with the help of Sergei Radamsky and the Cleveland Musical Arts Association, is utterly utter in its devotion to modern music, and sometimes has expended its enthusiasm on what proved to be largely bunk. But in this case there can only be compliments on its pioneering spirit, and from the standpoint of audience reaction the result has been hugely successful. If we must have grand opera, and you can't find another Wagner around the corner, let's at least hear such provocative material as Mr. Shostakovich seems to be writing.

In the Pasha's Garden. After all this talk about an importation, which of course gets attention "just because it is foreign," it would be a pleasure to add "P. S. The great American opera has just arrived." Everybody had high hopes of the one-act curtain-raiser by John Laurence Seymour called *In the Pasha's Garden*. (The Metropolitan Opera Company tried to suppress the title, *The Eunuch*, first given out by the news-

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Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

**Who is this great actress,
and when is a raw play a
moral lesson to Bostonians**

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

• THEATRE •

Glimpse List

MUSTS!

Anything Goes. Rowdy book, Cole Porter's crack anthems, Ethel Merman, Victor (Woeful-puss) Moore, etc. In musicals—the top.

Escape Me Never. Elisabeth Bergner!!!! (Note: Hugh Sinclair, Griffith Jones *et al.* are all right, too, and the play's an excellent vehicle—well, good enough.)

Life Begins at 8:40. Bert Lahr, Luella Gear, Ray Bolger and others in a sell-out revue.

Personal Appearance. Hay-nonny-yes about a movie star. Gladys George naughty and kittenish.

Point Valaine. Noel Coward's sermon on Sacred and Profane Love, in terms of powerful tropical hokum. Fine cast headed by Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Osgood Perkins, Louis Heyward.

The Children's Hour. Tragedy about Lesbians and the devastating results of a juvenile fiend's malicious gossip. A masterpiece.

The Petrified Forest. Leslie Howard sacrifices his life delightfully in a literate melodrama.

Tobacco Road. Georgia white's scandals. Second year.

Three Men on a Horse. Caspar Milquetoast as a race-track tout. Whinnies of laughter.

Within the Gates. Sean O'Casey's mad lyric poem. Great.

ALMOST-MUSTS

Accent on Youth. When in love, act your age. Constance Cummings, Nicholas Hannen, Irene Purcell very good.

Fly Away Home. Thomas Mitchell as a he-hen with a flock of wild ducklings. Funny in spots.

Post Road. Amusing little comedy about the snatch racket.

Rain From Heaven. S. N. Behrman's brilliant dialogue somewhat under-dramatized.

The Old Maid. Sorrows of a spinster in old New York. Helen Menken deplorable, Judith Anderson excellent.

SMASH HITS—I'M WRONG

Katharine Cornell. Capacity business for *Romeo and Juliet. Barretts of Wimpole Street* and a John Van Druten flop announced for early production.

The Great Waltz. 'Round and 'round, as thousands cheer.

Thumbs Up. A revue with Ray Dooley, Clark and McCullough, Paul Draper and many other assets. The public likes it.

EXTRA!

Rain. Philadelphia reports raves on this revival starring Tallulah Bankhead.

SUNDAY SHOW

Sunday Nights at Nine. Only regular Sabbath show. Worth attending.

* * *

"Well, if Katharine Cornell isn't a great actress, you slug, who is one?" (Gist of sundry communications.)

That's easy: Elisabeth Bergner. Not simply *a* great. *The* great.

Some of the local critics, for reasons which I hope are nobler than I suspect, have taken a big stand in refusing to join the applause of their colleagues here and abroad. These are the same high minds which have prostrated themselves before Mistress Kitty. Somewhat inconsistently, it might seem, they growl that The Bergner is full of tricks and that she swamps the play.

Superficially, they're right. She is trickier than a herd of defense-lawyers, and there is no doubt that the play seems relatively unimportant. But the difference is that while Miss Cornell dwarfs a lyric classic for the purpose of turning it into a springboard for her own exploitation, every detail of Bergner's astonishing performance goes to lift the magnificently mediocre hodge-podge, *Escape Me Never*, up to a general level of entertainment far above average. The thought of what this connived fable about mad, mad bohemians would be without the presence of the minute world-star is conducive to shudders. With her presence, it becomes an unforgettable Event.

Mind you, I don't claim that she arrived upon these shores unheralded; there has been no lack of pre-publicity, not unwillingly proffered by that canny impresario, C. B. Cochran. But where in Miss Cornell's case I had an uneasy sense of Barnumization, of tremendous ballyhoo which "put over" a product, I feel that all the praise showered upon Bergner, both before and after her début here, has been an inadequate effort to do an incomparable artist justice. Again, in the matter of the production, while I am gnawed by the suspicion that the illusion of Miss Cornell's grandeur is enhanced by contrast with her fellow-performers, I can assure you that Bergner has been surrounded by a splendid cast, that such players as Hugh Sinclair and Griffith Jones, in particular, are superlative—and yet the overwhelming greatness of the fragile girl grips and dazzles.

"Girl?" You'd swear to her blazing youth, from her first outlandishly gamin entrance to her last magic transformation of the author's treacle into the stuff of tears and heartache. Yet this same small hoyden who capered so delightfully on the screen through the touching humors of *Ariane* grew before one's eyes into the genuine power and majesty of *Catherine the Great.* Forty-something in actual years, artistically she is any age—ageless. Comedienne, tragedienne, subtle, broad, wistful, pathetic, noble, elfin, passionate, clownish—she is all things to all men and all women.

Technique so sure and imaginative that her "tricks" begin about where the best of the others are coming to the end of resourcefulness; piercing intelligence; utter deftness and "rightness" of gesture and voice; combining stark simplicity with baffling sophistication; personality like some elemental force—here I am groping to analyze the qualities which have given her reverberating fame in such varied pieces (to name only a few of her performances abroad) as *The Last of Mrs. Cheney, Strange Interlude, Liebelei, Saint Joan* and *Hamlet* (playing Ophelia).

She takes possession of the emotions and of the mind. Her radiance and fire are controlled and managed by what seems to be a master-intellect, co-operating with an unerring instinct.

Her appearance? None of your prettiness. A tiny body, boyish in build; a flat, childish figure; a funny little mobile face, sharp in outlines; enormous eyes like pools of brown flame; a long-bobbed shock of soft yellow hair; quite ordinary components, but the total evokes moments of sudden breath-taking beauty.

Might I attempt one of those quick descriptions? "A white-hot daffodil"?

Feeble, silly, gawky. Go judge her for yourselves while she is yet here. She may not return. You will not see her like again.

The ways of censorial bureaucracy are a bit mystifying. Here's one for the book. Boston, cradle of colonial Kultur, recently banned Sean O'Casey's *Within the Gates* as immoral and subversive—thereby conferring a favor upon wicked Gotham, to which the masterpiece has returned for an indefinite run. The specific charges against the

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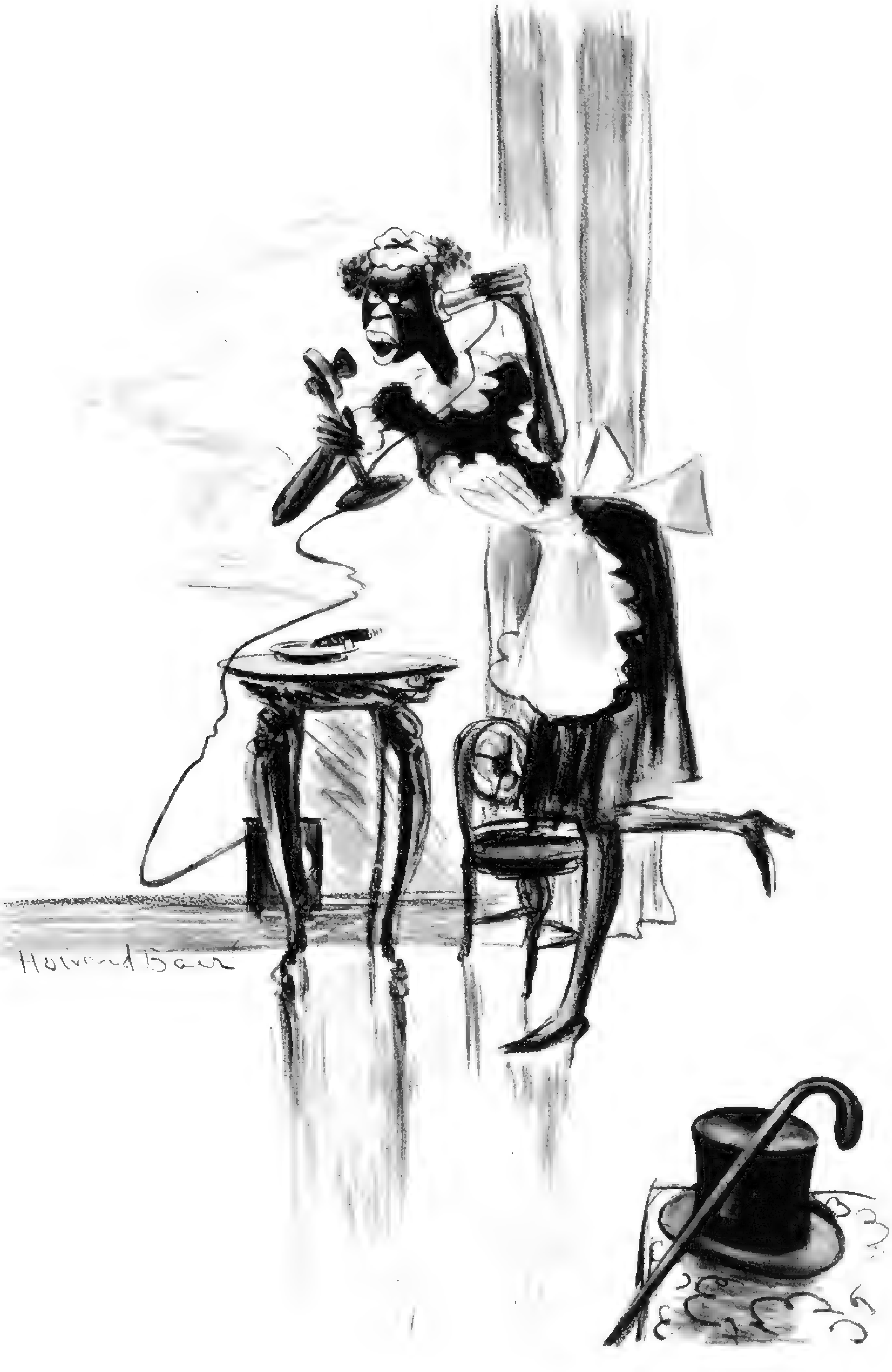

Howard Baer

"Ah suggess you call back in about—ah—twenty minits"

The Candid Cameraman

Blasting the male Cinderella stories in which man is but a leg of pants traded for a yacht

by MEYER LEVIN

MOVIES •

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

David Copperfield: No need to add to the heap of comments on this excellent picturization of the beloved Dickens novel. Roland Young's Uriah Heep is the best performance, to my mind. So good that whenever I see him in other pictures I can't remember his name, but call him Uriah Heep. W. C. Fields does a fine job presenting Micawber as W. C. Fields. Edna May Oliver, as David's aunt, is the third savior.

Night Life of the Gods: A masterpiece of sophisticated direction; Lowell Sherman's last contribution to the cinema. The Thorne Smith story of the guy who turned people into stone, and turned the Metropolitan's statues of gods into people. Mad, and extremely funny. Bacchus is great. This is one of those rare, different films; there probably will never be another like it.

Ruggles of Red Gap: Charles Laughton, greatest of character actors, will astound you by proving he's not only good as a heavy, but marvelous as a comedian. His English man-servant is one for the permanent gallery of virtuoso performances.

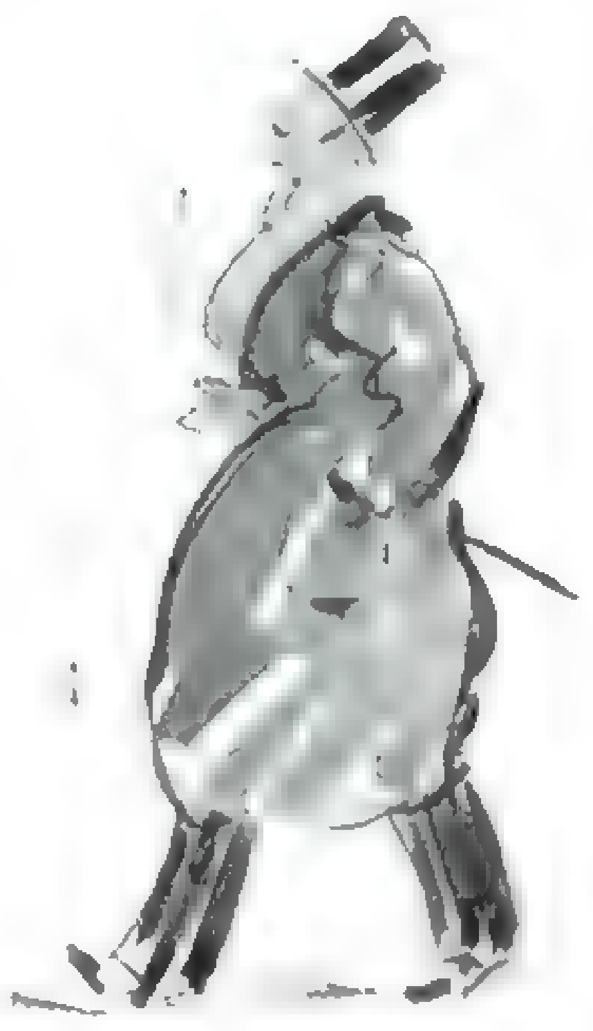
The Scarlet Pimpernel: British-made, with Leslie Howard in one of his very best performances as the nobleman who risks his neck saving French noblemen and saves them from the guillotine, all the while he is posing as a celebrated fashionable fop. This picture "has everything" in the entertainment sense—action, suspense, and Merle Oberon for enigmatic sex. The only thing I disliked about it was the royalist whitewashing of the nobility, while the revolutionists were all presented as ugly villainous fanatics. I disliked that plenty.

GO ALONG TO SEE

The Good Fairy: Love came to Margaret Sullavan in Hollywood and made her even more beautiful, and much more gay. Also she went Hollywood to the extent of having that front tooth straightened, and she's really captivating in this light version of the Molnar play. Frank Morgan as the befuddled wouldbe playboy nearly cops the picture from her and Herbert Marshall, at that.

The Mystery of Edwin Drood: More Dickens, more Christmas carols emanating from snow-thatched cathedrals, while strange doings go on under the arches. Claude Rains works hard, but he's had better parts.

One More Spring: From Robert Nathan's novel about the musician, the would-be actress, and the antique dealer who sleep in a Napoleon bed in the street-cleaner's toolshed, Central Park, New York. Roger Imhof, the street cleaner, brings to his part something of the sweet dignity that Mr. Harrison brought to the part of De Lawd in *Green Pastures*. Walter King, the temperamental musician, tops Warner Baxter and Janet Gaynor, who are pretty good too.



The Right to Live: Josephine Hutchinson pallid in a Maugham problem play that would be much further down the list but for Peggy Wood's strong performance as a nurse who understands how things are, but can't quite suppress her womanliness.

Sweet Music: Radio program stuff: the feud between the bandmaster and the actress who love each other but don't know it. Rudy Vallee quite bearable because of his hyena grin. Ann Dvorak nice. Only one short "production" number.

Wings in the Dark: Takes blind flying literally. An inventor of a new system of controls goes blind, his gal flies from Moscow to New York to win him some dough, he goes up in his blind-flying ship to guide her through the fog to the landing field. Myrna Loy is charming, and Carey Grant makes the best of a part unsuited to him. Has some thrilling flying stuff, especially in the climax. Rest easy; he sees again.

GO ALONG (with misgivings)

Baboona: The Johnsons have photographed all the animals in Africa from the ground, so they now give us airplane shots of the same animals. The wild creatures seem camera-experienced. Nothing new. Osa goes fishing.

Devil Dogs of the Air: A follow-up to the Cagney navy picture. Lacks plot.

Rumba: In every George Raft picture you will see plenty of shots of him coatless, wearing those gathered pants that go way up to the armpits. At last I figure that this pants feature is not accidental. The higher they go the more pants there is, and that seems to be, begging your pardon, Mr. Raft's long suit. Women go for his pictures.

Under Pressure: Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen battle their he-man way through fire and flood to build the tunnel from Brooklyn to Manhattan. Some swell construction shots, a sappy plot about the bloody rivalry between the two drilling crews, which culminates in a unique custom: coming from each side of the river, the crews meet in the middle; as they hole through the last bit of earth, each crew captain claws the hole open with his bare hands, grabs the guy on the other side, and tries to lambast him unconscious. If he can knock the other guy out and crawl through the hole, his crew wins. A lousy and vicious way to wreck a picture that, until that point, builds up on man's pride in the dignity of his labor.

The White Cockatoo: A routine who-done-it, with the up-and-coming Jean Muir.

WASTE

Carnival: Lee Tracy and Jimmy Durante in a stale yarn of the honky-tonks, complete with a fire-in-the-circus for a finale.

Society Doctor: Slow and hokum version of *Men in White*.

* * *

MR. CINDERELLA

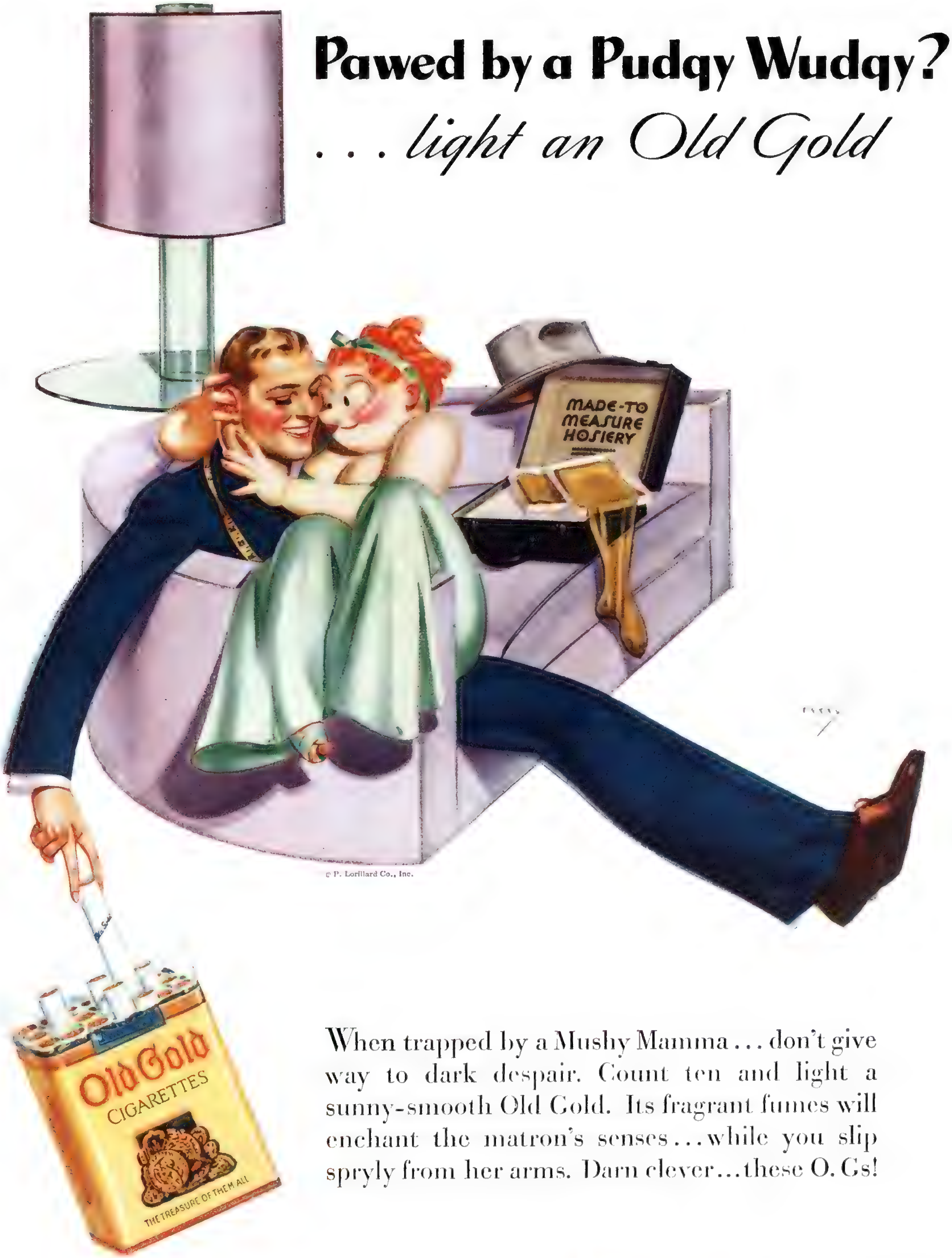
There used to be two stories. If it was about a girl it was how the pert little brat with dirt on her face got run over by the prince's chariot, hurting her ankle so that the prince had to carry her up a long, long flight of stairs, stretch her on his silken bed, and kiss her (feignedly unconscious) lips, then marry her. And that, any sophomore could tell you, was the Cinderella story that lurked behind 99 44-100ths % of all fiction in magazines for the woman and family. If it was about a fellow it was how the newsboy rose to president. The bright bellicose sophomores of the American Mercury era made shame shame of the newsboy-to-president saga by calling it a Success Story. Somewhere by the wayside a banker's daughter loitered with a punctured tire and later the ex-newsboy married her because once she had laughed at him. But this romantic note was incidental. The main story was the grit and fight to get ahead and victory when he became president of a bank, a peanut brittle company, or the United States.

But now we have only one story. And the popular movie story of today is a subtle insult to the American male. The true psychological state of a people is reflected in its popular arts; and according to the popular art of the motion picture our men are a defeated race, and the only way out for a bright youth is to sell his sexual charm and

Continued on page 149

Pawed by a Pudgy Wudgy?

. . . *light an Old Gold*


MADE-TO MEASURE HOSIERY
Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL

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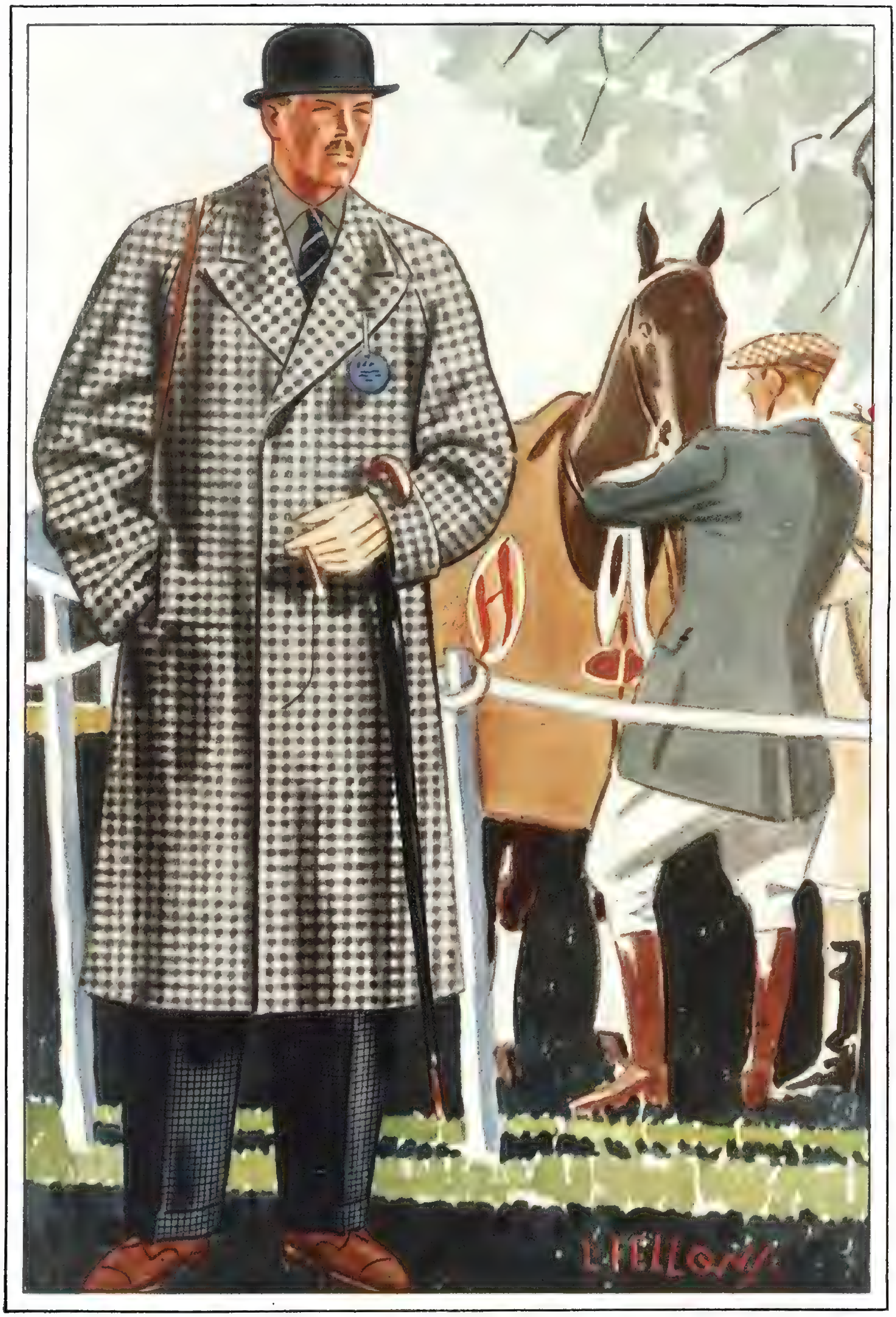
When trapped by a Mushy Mamma . . . don't give way to dark despair. Count ten and light a sunny-smooth Old Gold. Its fragrant fumes will enchant the matron's senses . . . while you slip spryly from her arms. Darn clever . . . these O. Gs!

AT TRYING TIMES. . . . TRY A *Smooth* OLD GOLD



TYPIFYING THE TREND TO LOOSE FITTING

EVERY third or fourth issue we swear off mentioning the Prince of Wales, getting sicker, if possible, of talking about him than you are of hearing about him. But it seems you can't keep him out of a discussion of the origin of new fashions as they come along. And the way we feel about these discussions of origin is that it is better for you to hear it from us than from the other boys out on the street corners. Anyway, H. R. H. started this coat and it's on the highroad now. It is of rough Scotch tweed with fly-front, peaked lapels, raglan shoulders and turned-back cuffs. The loose fit is the important feature. The grey oxford shirt also shows the Walesian touch in its widespread collar opening. Other details worthy of note are the Macclesfield striped tie, the narrow flat brim of the derby, the brown suede shoes on a town last and the pale yellow shade of the buckskin gloves. The suit is a blue-grey cheviot.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

The Listening Post

Continued from page 141

papers, but "too late.")

For the first few moments of the orchestral prelude it sounded as if it were going to amount to something; and when the same music returned at the finish, it sounded as though it might have *been* something. But in between these brief spots everything was dull and dreary. The great achievement of Mr. Seymour seems to have been that he nullified a well tried plot (the one about hiding a lover in a chest and letting him die there), a typically authoritative Tibbett performance in the character of a dinner-coated, red-fezzed Pasha, a lovely apparition of blond beauty with excellent singing by the débutante Helen Jepson, adequate support by Frederick Jagel, Marek Windheim and the Metropolitan orchestra under Ettore Panizza, and an almost overwhelming preciousness of staging and lighting by the appalling insignificance of his music.

It all sounded and looked as though it ought to be good, but it just wasn't—merely another proof that to write an opera correctly for voices and instruments is not enough, any more than the ability to write correct English creates literature. A composer must have something to say, and Mr. Seymour seems to have neither a musical message nor the ability to make people think he has. Let's hope for better results with the Bennett-Simon *Maria Malibran*, announced for April at the Juilliard School.

Two Light Operas. It is rather shocking to find so good a composer as Rudolf Friml writing such a piece of tripe as *Music Hath Charms* (originally *Anina*). This score belongs back in the days of *The Firefly*, except that it lacks the melodic freshness and charm of the earlier Friml style. Today, with the competition of sophisticated material like *Anything Goes*, both the music and the book of Mr. Friml's opus are hopelessly dated. A hard-working cast and the beautiful dancing of Paul Haakon are not enough to save it. There ought to be a law that composers of definite gifts are compelled to keep up with the tastes of their times.

Revenge with Music, by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, is also a bitter disappointment, the more so because it had such manifest possibilities. The Spanish story of the *Three-cornered Hat* seems sure-fire material in its comic situations, and it has been used successfully many times.

The Schwartz music is good, though not quite up to his best standards, with one lovely melody, *You and the Night and the Music*, and a snappy comedy number, *That Fellow Manuelo*, which should take off its hat to *O Donna Clara*. (Why not mate the two and let Nature take its course?)

Perhaps the real trouble with the show was Libby Holman. The kindest thing one can say about her performance is that it confirms her standing as a good wife and mother. Certainly it never remotely suggests an irresistible, hot-blooded Spanish girl, and when she goes emotional by clawing the scenery to low, guttural tones, it's just too bad.

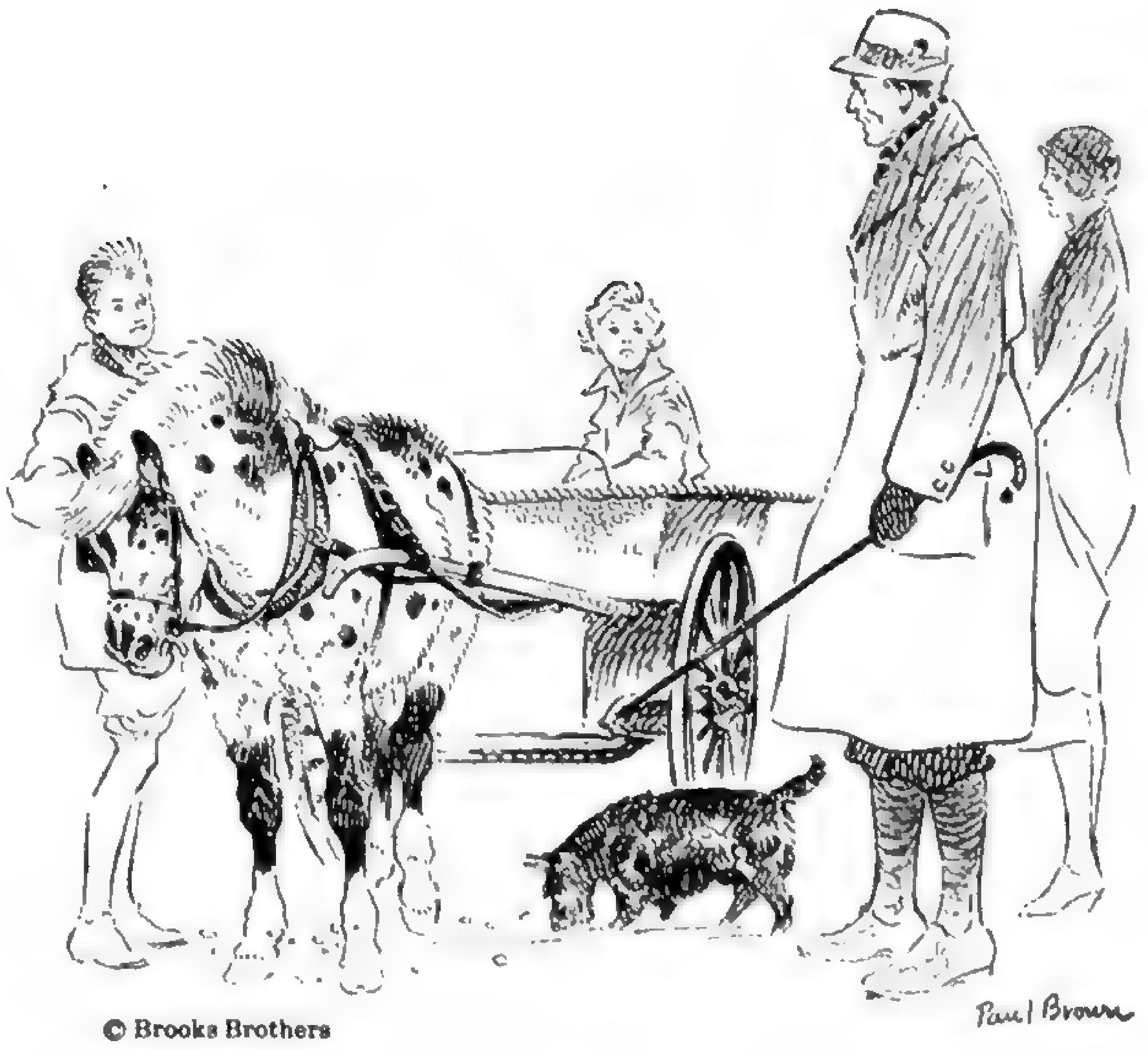
Agnes de Mille. It's about time this department was saying something nice about somebody, and the little lady who draws the lucky number seems to be Miss Agnes George de Mille, of the Hollywood de Milles, but not alarmingly. She has returned to America after several years of success as a dancer in Europe, and her New York recital at the Guild Theatre proved that she now has more to offer a critical audience than perhaps any other terpse currently kicking the boards. (*Variety* can have that word if it wants).

Agnes used to be chiefly a comedienne, with an extraordinary sense of satire, particularly in her studies of the Degas ballet-girls. But she has developed her technique, her poise and her imaginative art so that she is today equally significant in her serious moods.

Notes and Rests. There have been modest experiments at the Hecksher Theatre by an organization called the Yorkville Opera Association, which went in for contrast also by presenting on the same evening that ancient musical comedy, Pergolesi's *La Serva Padrona*, and that first hint of modernism, Debussy's *L'Enfant Prodigue* (*Prodigal Son*, not *Infant Prodigy*). Both were well done, under the baton of Vito Moscato, and the Debussy number contained an effective dance whose leading figure happens to have the name of Dorothea Spaeth. Her work is so good that the name doesn't really matter.

A program of the works of Roger Sessions, at the Granberry Piano School, proved a revelation of what our modern composers are trying to accomplish, particularly in a piano sonata, brilliantly played by Lydia Hoffman, and a violin concerto that received an equally impressive interpretation from Nicolai Berezowski and the composer. With such missionary work, only occasionally painful to the average ear, some of us hard-boiled traditionalists may in time find out what it is all about. Under the influence of subtle propaganda, and extraordinary orchestral performances by Toscanini, Otto Klemperer and Eugene Ormandy, we are even beginning to like Bruckner.

Flash: An unusually promising début at Carnegie Hall—Lois Phelps, playing MacDowell's piano concerto in D minor, with the National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting. This girl seems to have the stuff of which real artists are made. She is a product of Carolyn Beebe's sound and musicianly teaching.



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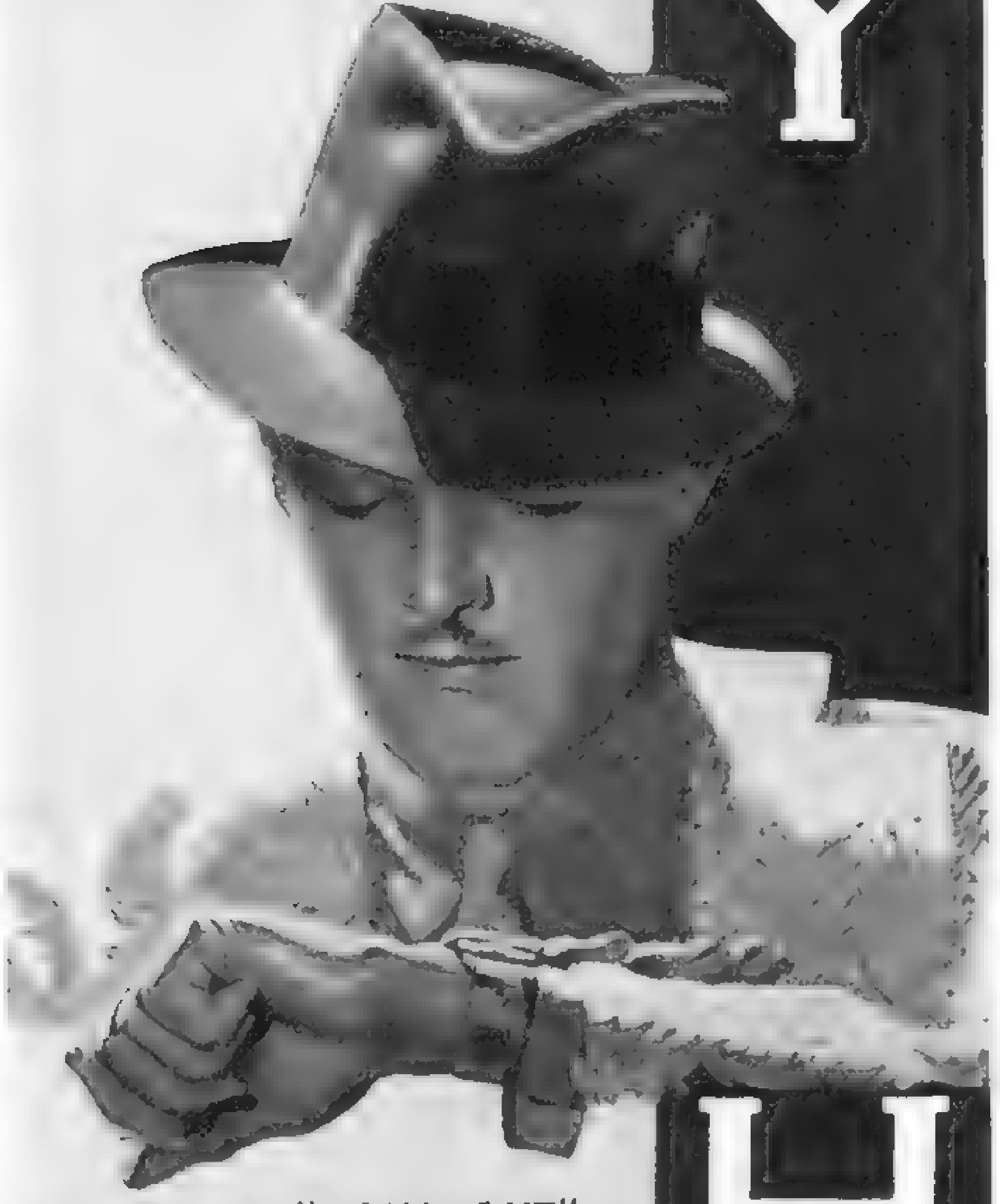

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Possession

Continued from page 30

She was waiting at the corner of the avenue where the wet snow had quickly disappeared under so many passing feet. She was standing under the street light smiling at him. Then she hurried towards him, a girl almost as tall as he was, in a brown coat and a little brown hat. Her face was wet and shining in the light. "Hello, Dan," she said. "Isn't it terrible that I've got to go home?"

"Are you sure you've got to go, Helen? If you wait a little while maybe your mother'll be all right."

"I'm going in the morning," she said. And then when they began to walk along the street in step she asked the same question that she asked every night, "Anything doing today, Dan? Anything in sight?"

"No," he said. "Nothing today."

"Let's go into the Coffee Pot over there and have a cup of coffee and talk," she said. "We can't walk in the snow."

"What's the matter with the snow?"

"Nothing. I like the snow, but we'll get our feet wet," she said.

So they crossed the road to the restaurant and when they were sitting in a little booth by themselves and drinking their coffee with her watching him thoughtfully he became impatient. He knew she was thinking of him looking for work that day. He didn't want this kind of a care and worry about him to be in her. He wanted to put out his hand and touch her, he wanted her eyes to grow soft in a different way, he wanted to see a flush and a shyness in her face; he tried to break the mood in her by saying, "We've only got a few hours before we go, Helen?"

But she did not seem to understand. She said, "Won't you have some kind of a big thick meat sandwich with your coffee, Dan?"

"Why do I want a sandwich at this hour?"

"Did you have your dinner?"

"You mean a big heavy dinner?"

"No, I mean something hot to eat."

"Sure I had something to eat," he said irritably. He wanted to forget himself and the monotonous days of his life and his clothes and his hunger and the tightness that grew in him day after day. He wanted to forget and lose himself in the warmth and loveliness of her. But she was saying again, "Please do eat a sandwich?"

"Will that end it if I do? Will you forget about it?"

"Yes," she said.

"All right. I'll have a hot roast beef sandwich," he said.

When they had brought the sandwich he said softly, "Gee it's terrible to think you're going away."

"I wish I weren't going," she said. Almost to herself she said as she watched him eating the sandwich hungrily, "How many days go by that you hardly eat anything?"

"Not many, thank God."

"There must be very many when you're hungry like you are now. I've never realized it before. How do you eat, Dan?"

"Are you going to start talking about that again?"

"I want to talk about it. I'm going away and I'd like to know. I've never been able to find out much from you."

"I'll get along all right," he said. And then he began to feel that they would never share the same eager longing for each other while they sat there. It no longer mattered now whether he ate or worked, there was only one thing left in the world to do, he wanted to make love to her before it ended. And he said boldly, "Helen, will you come to my place for a while so we can be alone?"

As his fear that she might refuse grew he felt the softness of her eyes and he began to want her terribly. The hot coffee and the sandwich in him made him feel warm and eager. He took her by the arm and said, "Come on, Helen."

There was just one reluctant moment, and then she said simply, "All right, Dan."

On the way out she slipped the money for the food into his hand, and then she, bought a package of cigarettes, and when he was buttoning his coat he found she had slipped the cigarettes into his pocket.

In her silence as they went along the street he thought maybe there was love and desire for him and this notion so exalted him that he felt more sharply aware of everything on the street that winter night than ever before. In his place she went up the stairs quietly, going ahead of him and never once looking back, and she waited with her head lowered timidly while he opened the door.

She looked around the room as if she had often wondered what it would be like, and then she sat down shyly on the bed.

"I'm glad you felt you could come here," he said nervously.

"I didn't mind coming tonight," she said. "I can't stay more than an hour, though."

He was pulling off his coat with his hands trembling erratically in his excitement, and then he began to take her coat off, too. Leaning forward, she looked at him and smiled and waited. As he put out his hand to touch her there was such a desperate eagerness in his face that she was startled. She began to feel as he put out his hand that he was touching everything he was missing in his life and all the love he could know.

And bit by bit he felt that she no longer pitied him and that warmth and desire instead was growing in her, and he kissed her and she clung to him, and it was so marvelous to have her close to him like that when he had never really been sure that she loved him that he said, "Helen, I love you. I want to have you like this so you can't be without me."

"I don't want to be without you," she said.

"This is what'll hold us together," he said.

And then the fear that she might go grew strong in him again, and he held her tighter, then he held her down and he began to cover her face and her neck with his kisses. He thought by the softness of her that she was willing and wouldn't resist him now. Then he noticed that her body had begun to tremble, and he noticed too, while he bent over her, that she had begun to cry. He was really disgusted and he thought, "Gees, so that's what she's like. You think she's willing and then she lets herself out by starting to cry," and he said in a flat, lifeless voice, "Don't bother crying. You don't need to be afraid of me. I thought you felt different, that's all."

"I'm sorry. I can't help it," she said.

"You don't need to cry. What are you crying about?"

"I was just thinking."

"Can't you ever stop thinking?"

"I just started and I couldn't stop."

"What were you thinking about?"

"I was thinking it was terrible for me to be going away for three weeks and spending all that money going up there with you needing it so bad here."

With her bright soft eyes she pleaded with him, and he knew then that it was now like it had been in the restaurant, that they were still thinking in different ways.

"You've got to go," he said.

"I know it," she said, "but look what you could do with that money, look how many meals it would buy."

They sat close beside each other, silent and feeling close together, and he could not bear to try and make love to her again.

"I'll have to go now," she said.

"I'll go down to the corner with you."

They put on their coats and they went quietly down the stairs and nobody heard them as they went out to the street. It was still snowing.

They hardly spoke at all on the way to the corner. They went down into the subway. When the train came he kissed her quickly and they parted and he stood there watching her running to get on the train and she hardly had a chance to look back.

When he went back along the street alone he felt again that desperate anguish of possessing nothing in the world. "I let her go. I was a fool to let her go like that," he thought. Everything began turning over and over in him rapidly and as he went along he grew confused. "I hold her forever and ever," he thought. The traffic passed, the city rumbled with noise and he seemed to roll away from it as the snow fell, and then he rolled into it again, and he kept growing more confused. He felt he held it all in him, he felt all the joy of full possession, and he could never be alone again.

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 144

potency to a young female who is a millionaire's daughter. She may be related to a millionaire in some other way: may be his mistress. The main idea is to get money through a woman. Our men are no longer pictured in a struggle for power, for self-understanding, for success through construction. The success story has been combined with the Cinderella story, and we now have one story in which success means winning the beautiful rich princess.

This story is perhaps unconscious evidence of the female dominance of our people. What is most pertinent is that it is an unconscious reaction to the economic upheaval that has taken place during the last five years. There have been innumerable protests to the effect that Hollywood has not dared to bring the vital, everyday problems of the depression into its stories. A few sentimentalized efforts like *Little Man What Now*, *Our Daily Bread*, and *One More Spring*, a confused piece like *Gentlemen Are Born*, were all that Hollywood had to say, outright, about the depression. Five films out of fifteen hundred attacked the subject. But in the Mr. Cinderella stories

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 149

Hollywood recognized the change that had come about in the American mind. Like the magazine that was the most notorious exponent of the "success story," the Hollywood producers had to admit that the general public now recognized the self-made-man myth as obsolete. Today it is hooey. So the stories that got the okay from the production department were the Mr. Cinderella stories. Everyman may no longer dream of inventing a gadget and making a million dollars, but he can still be kidded into dreaming of marrying an heiress. The perfunctory part of the old success story, where the up-from-the-ranks boy marries the boss's daughter (who once laughed at him), was expanded into the major, and single theme. It was combined with the straight Cinderella story. Or else the boss and the invention were left out altogether The brawny hitch-hiker let himself be picked up by the girl in the Rolls sports, soon he was doing the driving. No matter how they butter their hair, Clark Gable and George Raft are being presented as nothing other than gigolos. Even our tough boy Cagney has allowed himself, now and again, to be slipped into a picture where his masculinity is a mere item for sale.

A story-trend like that can creep up on us without our being aware. But a glance at a list of popular pictures, of the last few months, will show a startling preponderance for Mr. Cinderella as against the female original of the part. The easiest picture to remember is *It Happened One Night*, because it brought a new, fresh treatment to the trivial theme. Reinhardt called it "The most typical American picture." An apt characterization. It's the yarn of the poor newspaper reporter who marries an heiress. Followed, *The Richest Girl in the World*, perhaps the most unvarnished version of Mr. Cinderella. *Happiness Ahead* in which the rich gal poses as poor in order to give the window-washer a chance to make her. *The Little Minister* is the same story. So was *Servant's Entrance. The Gilded Lily* and *The Good Fairy* were variants, but in each it was the girl who made the boy rich. *After Office Hours* is the latest appearance of Clark Gable as Mr. Cinderella, and in *Rumba* Cindy George Raft, using the dance as a shield for the sex-act, practically demonstrates what it takes for a half-breed to weld himself to a blue-blood heiress. A pair of pants for a yacht.

Meanwhile, Cinderella herself has gone into decline. Where she used to be good for a dozen solid hits a year, she now serves only for a few minor operas. Janet Gaynor, a perfect Cinderella type, has to play rich in order to give the male Cindy a chance. The same period that gave birth to the batch of Mr. Cinderellas cited in the foregoing paragraph, boasted only three or four straight Cinderella stories. *Behold My Wife*, *Jane Eyre*, and *The Girl from Missouri*—which kidded the theme while following it—are the most obvious examples.

To me, Mr. Cinderella is a sad symbol of a scared people who react to a breakdown only in terms of escape. The women dream of being gracious queens who can extend their bounty to their poor, hopeless men, and the men dream only of marrying princesses. Mr. Cinderella is neither a true, nor a necessary character. By this time, an entire generation has faced chaos, and a great part of it has emerged with a strength of character whose finding makes a story infinitely more thrilling than the story of a man who found a rich girl. No motion picture has told this story. One, recently, has attempted it.

A PARK BENCH OF ROSES

That single picture is *One More Spring*. Unquestionably, *One More Spring* brings a new note to the cinema. The director, Henry King, aided by an especially perfect cast, has caught the note of sophisticated, often cynical whimsy so peculiar to Robert Nathan's novels. Like Robert Nathan he has been able to take such obvious situations as a couple of starving people watching top-hatters entering a restaurant and make them fresh by a simple shamelessness of reiteration. The strongest thing to be said for the picture is that it does make one feel the importance which the bankrupt antique dealer attaches to the experience of "finding himself." His little adventure in hunger is insignificant to him except that it leads him to a knowledge of the fundamental freedom he can find within himself. He discovers that he is a kind man, who, stripped to the essentials: need of food and a bed, can get along, and even help others. Throughout the picture, he is self-analytical and communicative about his search; the spectator shares, with him, the experience of character growth. But when it comes to a final realization of the character, there is failure. This is due partly to the inadequacy of Warren William in the part; he tries hard, but is too pretty. Spencer Tracy would have been better. But William should not be over-blamed, as he only reveals the essential flaw in the play and in the story.

The real trouble with *One More Spring* is that it is not real. It s whimsy might be excusable, were it not so exceedingly unrepresentative. Such scenes as the stealing of meat from the zoo would be perfect, were they given as the behavior of ordinary people instead of bohemian freaks. Any ordinary person who has scraped the bottom, done his sleeping huddled on a subway seat or wrapped in a newspaper on a park bench, will accept those scenes in the play, but will resent the fol-de-rol about concert violinists and little actresses who want to play Juliet. The bohemian stuff is all too cute, and wrecks the picture. Of three central characters we have an antique dealer, a temperamental musician, and a would-be actress! The greater part of the incident is given to their wish-dreams of artistic success, and that kills the representative quality of the story, makes it a special case.

* * *

LOYAL SUBJECTS, WE

David Copperfield, Clive of India, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Great Expectations, The Mystery of Edwin Drood, The Iron Duke, The Scarlet Pimpernel; and *Becky Sharp* yet to come. We might as well take out British citizenship and have done with it.

WOMEN CAN'T ACT

We might well be content to become co-citizens of Charles Laughton and Leslie Howard. In their most recent productions, both have reaffirmed their places at the utmost top of the acting profession, and both have ventured into the field of comedy with amazing success. Leslie Howard's witty caricature of an English fop in *The Scarlet Pimpernel* is accomplished with a ticklish grace. But Charles Laughton's characterization of *Ruggles of Red Gap* is a matter of art. The story is trivial. The character of the stiff-mannered English butler, loosening up and becoming a man under the hearty influence of a back-slapping, yodelling western prospector, would be a very minor and perhaps a flat item for any other actor.

But Laughton has made out of it something supremely funny, and deeply touching. This heavy actor, this menace and tragedian, wiggles himself into the part of Ruggles and plays it with an inner lightness that is a surprising proof of virtuosity. The whole picture seems to rest upon a continuous variation in his play of facial features. Underneath his eagerness to serve, his confusion at being thrown into a new, raw world, peeps a dazed, timid, and sometimes rash soul. There is no describing Laughton's performance. Without a word, without a gesture, by a mere twitch of the cheek or eye, he brings out a touch of character so grandiose-pathetic as to be irresistible. One laughs, and for no reason. No gags. No situations. It's just he, the man, the character, the actor, all combined.

Many actors have the power of clamping onto a phase of a personality: Arliss frequently does this. They hang for dear life to that single-plane mood. But Laughton seems to possess that additional and final ability to become a character living and changing, and yet remaining true.

* * *

When one thinks of actors in the top ranks, the names of a number of men come to mind, but very few women. There are plenty of girls who can be seductive and emotional. But when it comes to acting—creating beings at least partially different from themselves, they are limited.

One recent instance provides the exception that should prove the rule. While sitting through *The Right to Live*, I was interested only by the performance of the nurse. The film had a crew of other top-notchers, yet was dead except for the moments when this round-faced, straight and stern character was on the screen. I couldn't place the actress. She seemed too good to be an unknown. I had come in too late to see the cast list. After the run I looked it up, and found that the nurse was played by Peggy Wood. This experience of accidentally re-affirming the ability of a known actress is rare. The part was far from the type usually associated with Miss Wood. Here was a real job of acting, a strong and yet subtle piece of character creation rare indeed for a woman performer. The part of the nurse is a considerable one in *The Right to Live*, and Peggy Wood's performance of it alone makes the picture worth seeing.

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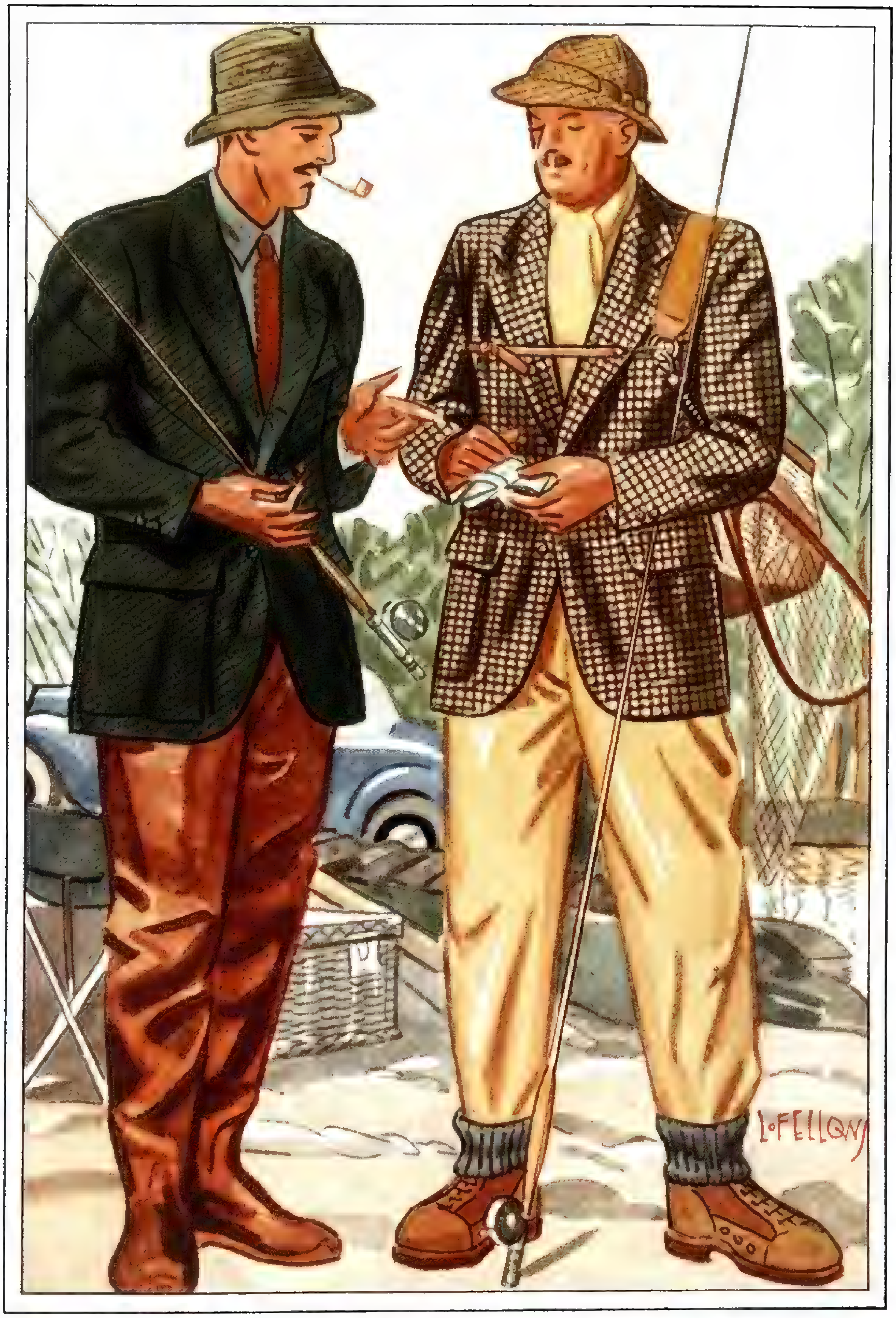


GENTLEMEN, THE BROWN, BROOK, OR RAINBOW

Brown, by the way, is a new color for trout-fishing boots, the notion being that they are much less readily discernible to the fish. Other features of the outfit on the left are the tweed hat, stuck with flies, the odd jacket of deep lovat tweed, the grey flannel shirt and trousers, and the crochet tie. The other outfit is as British as the name Connaught, which designates the close-fitting tweed hat with semi-stiffened brim. The English waders come from your toes to high above your waistline—about like a pair of overalls with feet in them. You can't wade rocky streams, of course, with no more foot-covering than this thin rubberized material, so wool socks go on over the feet of the waders and over these go light-weight canvas wading shoes with thick hob-nailed leather soles. The cashmere muffler obviates the need for collar and tie when the checked tweed jacket is being worn. Under this, any old dark shirt.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Gentlemen, The Brown!

Continued from page 45

gists now assure us, than other trouts. He appeared to grow faster because he lived longer. In these days of intense whipping, the life-span of a legal sized speckled trout must be amazingly short. But the brown stays in the streams to grow larger because he is not fooled by the lures and practices which wooed others to the end of all flesh.

Therefore, the browns that were caught, ranged to a better average size and though, ounce for ounce, he will not give battle as will the *fontinalis*, nor is he given commonly to leaping as is the rainbow, he is worth while taking, and so discriminating anglers here and there—a very few of them, I repeat—began to sense the charm of this immigrant. They became convinced of his unusual wariness, of his acumen, of his suspicious disposition.

I have listed above some synonyms for canniness. I would there were more because to the uninitiated these attributes of the brown can never be too thoroughly impressed. And so, in the selection of tackle, the first requisite to bear in mind is the necessity for perfecting the fraud with which the fish is lured.

This presupposes a rod of sturdiness and adroitly balanced action and a line which is not a burden but a complementing device. And then, one might add, the knowledge and experience with which to handle them.

As to the fly, the only requirement is discrimination because makers of flies have gone far toward perfection in imitating the insects to which fish rise. To observe the selection by fish of what flies may be hatching and to capture a specimen would seem to be the initial step in the day's activity. To match this as closely as possible with an artificial fly is the ensuing step.

Assuming that the proper fly and a well balanced rod and line are at hand, the remaining item, one feels, is the paramount factor in all brown trout fishing equipment: to wit, the leader.

Looking back into the novitiate one recalls days when the browns fed with rare enthusiasm, when the fly was a marvellously deceptive creation, and yet a day which lacked utterly in browns for the creel. Brooks, or an occasional rainbow, yes, if the three mingled in the same water. But no browns.

The reason, one likes to feel, was the leader. Even the coarse regular will take the *fontinalis* and the rainbow; even on still, glaring days, one scarcely thinks of dropping down to even refina for those species.

But to the brown's cunning eye, refina appears coarse, it seems. That minute shadow, that bare suggestion of something floating before the admirable imitation of an insect is sufficient to warn him.

You will encounter something like this, trying the heavier strands on browns: You will observe your feeding trout. You will approach with studied caution. You may even sight the fish without disturbing him. You will cast a long line properly with no stir of feet and a minimum of upper body movements. The dart of rod will not alarm your trout; fly and leader may drop without the suggestion of a dimple. . . . But the brown is gone! The brown has gone away from there because of a shadow dropping silently above him, a shadow which your eye cannot detect.

Let your fish come back—it may take long—or, better yet, locate another and carefully try him again with a finer gut. Down, surely, to Two X drawn, with several lengths of this at the leader's tip, if the leader be tapered. Still safer is a level leader of this web-like strand. Perhaps your brown will not come at first. It is one of his tricks to eye a fly repeatedly, even to follow it as it floats down the current and, when it is retrieved, to circle in apparent bewilderment and then return to his station, to follow again and perhaps again and again. But if your fly is well selected and your leader fine and your presentation be delicate, and if persistence is practiced . . . why, then, the fish may come.

And the same requisites of well-selected gear and the careful manipulation of it obtain for the exciting practice of nymph fishing, of which we appear to be learning much.

I warn the novice brown fisherman not to anticipate large takes from a single spot. This trout, one again guesses, lacks in gregarious instincts. He does not seem to school in such numbers as do others. And if one is taken from the school and makes marked disturbance before coming to net, the taking of another without hours of waiting is indeed a task.

I would warn the novice, also, of developing hasty theories as to where the browns will lie when feeding. He may lie deep in the shadows of his hide, charging out to take his quarry; or he may lurk at its lip, feeding without fuss or furor. Again, he may desert his threshold by many paces and lie on shallow riffles to choose what luck presents. He may be here, there, anywhere. He is where he is, and explaining his presence is baffling.

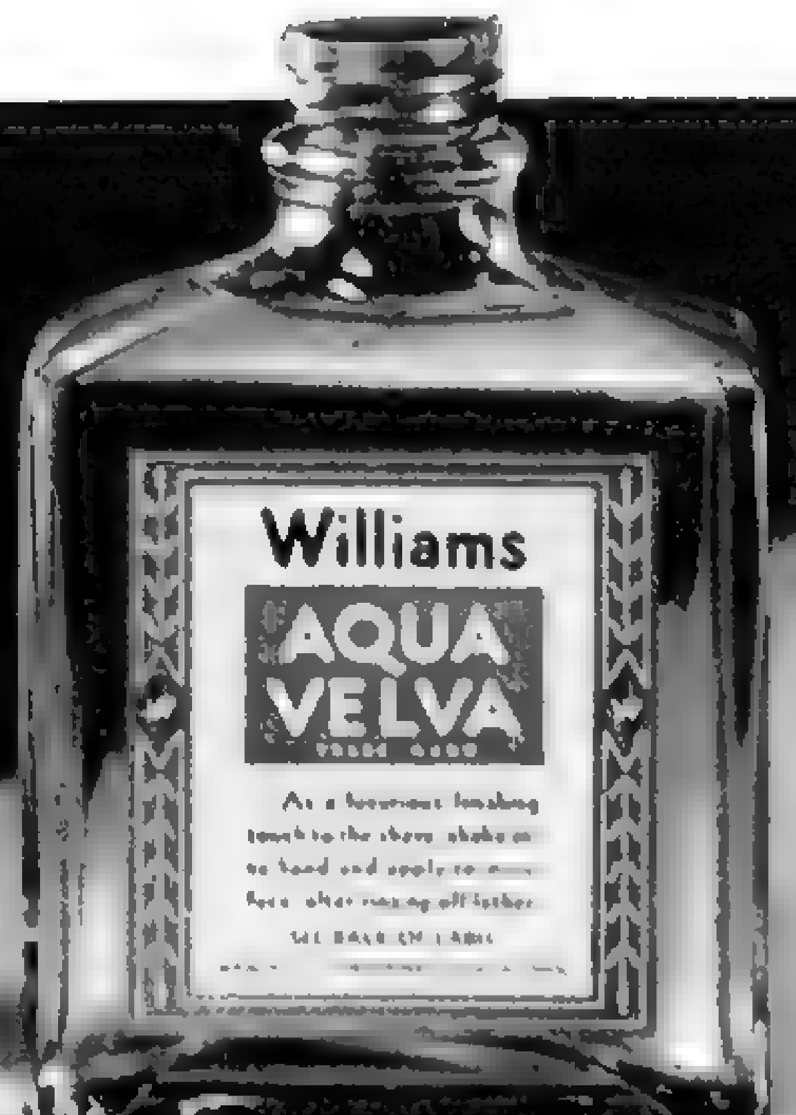
There are days, true, when the brown throws caution to the currents and regales himself with reckless banqueting. But normally he is finicky, feeding for a space, resting for long, to start in again at the most unexpected of moments.

So the way it is done is simple but exacting. Repeatedly the likely hide or riffle must be tested, ever bearing in mind that a trout may lurk there, that under cover of shadow or dazzling glare he may be following the course of your fly each time it is presented, impulse to rise in the leash of his inherent caution. Persistence, capping the other requirements, does it.

But lifeless as the stream may appear to be—do you know it—the brown is there. And scant the luck that rewards workmanlike angling on many occasions, there remains the chance of wringing success from your efforts. The average size of your catch should be better than with other fishes.

The brown, I believe, will be a long time with us. And in numbers, at the rate the several states and the federal hatcheries are now propagating him and at the way the new notion of stream improvement is taking hold. He is not to be taken with regularity by the slovenly fisherman. He is not to be slaughtered by the proficient angler who fishes to kill. He will remain a challenge to mind and eye and wrist and will. He will become, I hazard the prediction, the favored trout of America's fastidious anglers.

And for these reasons, gentlemen, I give you the brown!



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AFTER SHAVING

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2. Soothes tiny scrapes and nicks.
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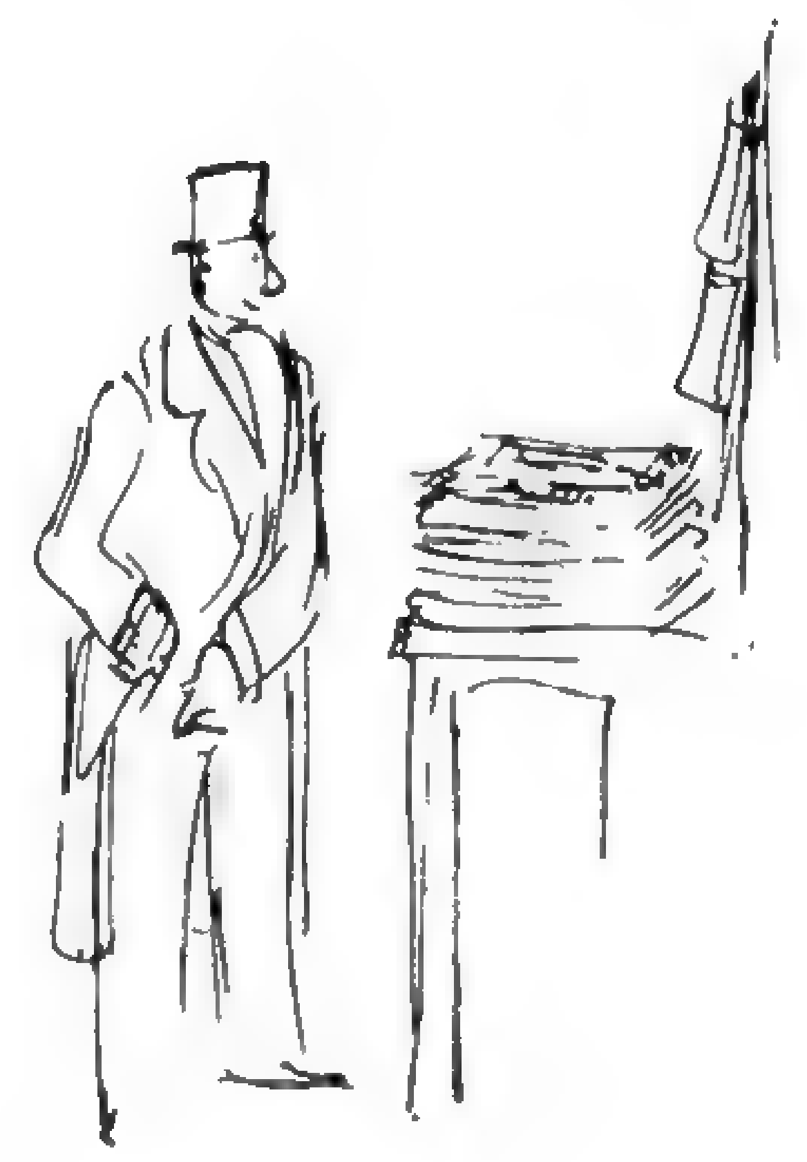
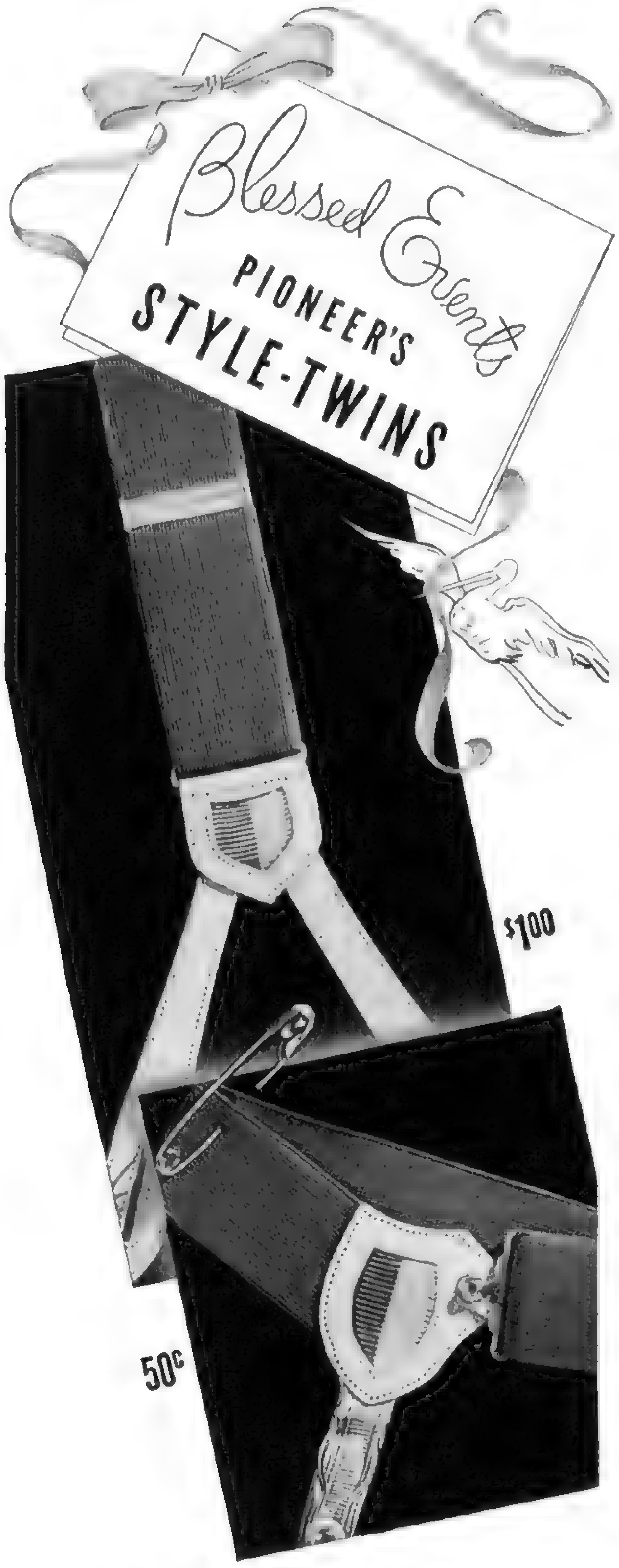
15th

of every month is the day to look for the new ESQUIRE on the newsstands





CREST BRACES
and matching
CREST GARTERS

Club-color ribbon shields give these elastic braces and garters just that accent of color contrast appealing to men of fine taste . . . They're new . . . they're smart . . . they're distinctive! Name your colors, gentlemen. Assurance of highest quality is in the name—

PIONEER
dependable quality. correct style
BRACES · BELTS · GARTERS
SINCE 1877
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Continued from page 142

play have never been broadcast. Rumor has it that the announcement of George Jean Nathan's approval and recommendation was enough to bring down anathema upon the victim of his praise. This would seem to exaggerate Mr. N.'s influence. It seems more likely that the Beantown Braintrust genuinely convinced themselves that there was dirt in the offing.

All during the antic week of blacklisting, a certain offering was being performed to standee business in that same citadel of prudery, being performed with the express sanction of those identical smut-sleuths. Would you like to examine the content of the permitted show? Very well.

The curtain rises. To a remote but popular hotel on a torrid Caribbean islet comes an idealistic, personable young aviator. The proprietress of this average tropical tourist-trap is a middle-aged widow, attractive enough, but apparently conventional. The business of running the inn is handled with expert smoothness by her maitre d'hotel, a strange, gorilla-like human machine, Stefan, a refugee Russian, who speaks hardly a word during the first two acts. He works and grunts and glares. But . . . it is soon revealed that he is Linda's secret bed-mate—has been for seven years. She has always loathed him for his unredeemed animalism, and despised herself for her own inability to conquer his hold on her.

The aviator falls helplessly in love with the woman, whom he imagines as high-minded and stifled as himself. She clutches at happiness, however brief and desperate. On a night when Stefan is on another island, she takes young Welford to her bedchamber.

Stefan manages to return at the wrong moment. He does not even molest the boy, whom he knows to be a dupe. It is his woman he is after. In the most violent scene I have ever witnessed, he spits full in her face—and don't think her features do not drip with actual saliva from the revolting gesture—not once but twice. Yelling curses and horrible love-epithets, he hurls himself upon her, bears her to the couch, where he lies upon her, beating her, throttling her, slavering frantic kisses upon her, howling like a thwarted beast of prey.

When Welford, disillusioned and nauseated, staggers from the room, Stefan becomes even more appalling. Under the scourge of Linda's terrible dismissal, in which she makes him see at last that he represents nothing to her but the gratification of her lowest instincts, that he is and always has been to her only a necessary bestial horror, he pleads, moans, grovels in front of her, bites the very floor in the agony of his need. When he eventually realizes that her decision is irrevocable, that he is forever banished, he makes his one possible gesture. To prove that she is the only thing in the world he cares about, he rips his wrists with a knife, and jumps into the shark-infested sea.

Next morning, the shattered boy drags himself off homeward, while Linda announces with harsh coldness that she must "engage a new head-waiter."

Now I would like to advance a theory as to why Boston allowed this seeming sadistic orgy to proceed without molestation after having taken so arbitrary a stand with a work which, though radical, had been acclaimed for its poetic sincerity. I make a guess that somehow the good burghers may have caught a glimpse of the highly moral intent which I am convinced lies behind the projection of so disturbing a drama. "Sensationalism," "cheapness," "degeneracy," "lust"—these are some of the words which greeted Noel Coward's *Point Valaine* upon its New York opening. All true enough, so far as the terms in which it is expressed are concerned. But the theme—think back to numerous songs like *Dance Little Lady* and *Twentieth Century Blues*, to *The Vortex*, *Cavalcade*, *Bittersweet*, and a host of other Cowardian productions. Remember a line in a lyric, "Love crucifies the lover"? Why, certainly! Time and again Noel deplores what he considers corruption, loss of integrity, lapses from idealism, the sins of the flesh. Often he has used brilliant satire, tender sentimentality, flashing wit or lashing cruelty for his mediums. But over and over the message is the same: "Back to ideals, for in the gratification of the senses lies destruction!"

I submit that in *Point Valaine* he becomes openly what he has always believed himself in his heart to be—a modern Savanarola. He is trying to inveigh against what he considers the degradation of the spirit through the fearful mightiness of physical desire. All the theatricality, sensationalism, hokum, viciousness and brutality are there by design, to drive home his sermon. He is calling down fire and brimstone upon a lost world.

Whatever his motive, he has fashioned and directed something which audiences are flocking to attend, and from which they go out practically punch-drunk. The night I saw it, one dear old lady tottered up the aisle, whinnied loudly, and announced in a trembling voice "Well! I don't think it leaves a very nice taste in your mouth!"

The performances of Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Osgood Perkins and Louis Heyward could hardly be surpassed for fidelity of interpretation. Mrs. Calthrop's settings give exactly the required exotic, sultry background.

Coming to lighter fare, *Three Men on a Horse* is an almost continuously funny farce about a meek commuter whose passionate life work consists of writing verses for greeting cards. He happens incidentally to be gifted with second-sight for doping out horse races—although he himself never bets a cent. When, during the Mother's Day composing-rush, he becomes involved with a group of chiselers who see in him the means of making their fortunes, the results are pretty riotous. George Abbott co-authored and directed in the best Abbott manner. William Lynn, Sam Levene, Millard Mitchell and Shirley Booth are conspicuously commendable for their acting.

Fly Away Home is moderately amusing fare. Thomas Mitchell plays engagingly a father who finds himself more or less in charge of his adolescent children, whom he has not seen for some years. They are as smart-aleck a bunch of brats as I hope I never see in real life. The clash between their sophisticated uppishness and his earnest stuffiness provides many good moments—enough to make the evening profitable.

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Every home should have a bottle of MARTELL'S. It has been the world's standard of quality for over 200 years.

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The Sights of Whitehead Street

Continued from page 25

we get him off to one of those—well you know—or we just surprise him in his room sometime and then of course the price goes up. But there's really no money in that anymore. The N. R. A. has practically put a stop to it."

"They've tried to stop everything," said Questioner.

"Johnson cracked down on us about the kids," you say. "Tried to call it child labour, and the oldest boy over ten. I had to go to Washington on it. 'Listen, Hugh,' I said to him. 'It's no skin off the ants of conscience in my pants what you do to Richberg. But the little boy works, see?' Then I walked out on him. We got the little fellow up to around ten thousand words a day after that but about half of it was sad and we had to take a loss on that."

"Even at that," said Questioner, "It's money."

"It's money, yes. But is isn't real money."

"I'd like to see them working."

"We work them nights," you tell him. "It's not so good for the eyes but they can concentrate better. Then in the morning I can go over their stuff."

"You don't mind putting it all out under your name?"

"No, of course not. The name's sort of like a trade-mark. The second rate stuff we sell under other names. You've probably seen some of it around. There was quite a lot of it around at one time. Now there's not so much. We marketed it under too many names and it killed the market."

"Don't you write any yourself anymore?"

"Just a little to keep it going. The boys are doing fine and I'm proud of the boys. If they live I'm going to turn the business over to them. I'll never forget how proud I was when young Patrick came in with the finished manuscript of Death In The Afternoon. He had done the whole thing from a single inspiration. Damned odd story. He saw a negro funeral going by of the Sons and Daughters of Rewarded Sorrow, a sort of insurance agency that's quite popular down here, and as it was the afternoon at the time that gave him his title. The little chap went right ahead and dictated the whole thing straight off to his nurse in less than a week."

"Damned amazing," said Questioner. "I'd like to get in on something like that."

"I said to him, 'Pat there's a picture in this if we can get some moron to buy it.' And do you know what the little fellow answered? 'Daddy let Williams who cleans out the garage buy it. I heard you call him a black moron when he threw away the beer bottles you wanted to return to Mr. Josie.' Shows you how up to snuff they are."

"Did Williams buy it?"

"Yes. He's out on the coast now. He's trying to sell it to Jock Whitney for Technicolor. Of course Williams is colored himself."

"Do you ever write any stories about negroes?"

"Well we've tried to avoid it on account of the instability of the southern market but this year we're about ready to shoot the works."

"What do you mean about instability?"

"Well you just get a character popularized and he makes some mistake and they lynch him. But we're avoiding that by using genuine negro dialect with certified white characters, many of them daughters of the Confederacy. What do you think of it?"

"I'm for it. Tell me some more about it."

"Well we're going to write an epic. They're working on it now day and night. Bumby has the historical sense, Pat does the dialogue and Gregory does plot. You see we've got a new angle. It's an epic about the Civil War but the trouble with most epics is they weren't long enough but what somebody would be able to read the epic and pass the word it was lousy. We figure to run to three thousand pages. If it nets a million we're going to send Gregory to school, he's always crying to go to school, and let Pat open up an office on the coast. That's all he keeps talking about. 'Daddy when can I go out to the coast?' until I get so I can't listen to it. So I said to him today, 'Finish the epic and if it goes over as it should you can go to the coast.' He claims he wants to see Donald Ogden Stewart. Funny isn't it? I said to him, 'I'll go with you Pat. Because I want to see Dotty Parker. I really do.' But he says, 'No Daddy I want to go to the coast alone to open up our office and I want to see Stewart. Alone.' What do you suppose has got into a hard-working kid like that? What does he want to see Stewart about? Maybe an old debt or something like that. Kids are funny that way. Now I forgot anything we owed Stewart years ago."

"You know, I think I ought to go," Mr. Questioner said, and there is a new respect in his tone. "You may be busy."

"Never too busy to see you, Questioner old sod. Come by any time when we've knocked off. Nathaniel can always get you a quick one."

"Goodbye Hoggelway," says Questioner. "You don't know how interesting this is to me."

"Details of a man's work are always interesting."

"Goodbye and thank you so much."

"Goodbye."

Questioner is gone and you call Nathaniel.

Nathaniel: "Yes, Mr. Emmings."

You: "Nathaniel, make a practice of locking the front door at all times."

Nathaniel: "Yes sir. It wasn't my fault Mr. Questioner got in this time."

You: "I understand, Nathaniel. But make a practice of locking it, Nathaniel. If one strains the imagination so late in the day, one is always liable to rupture it. Yes, thank you Nathaniel. Yes, another."

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 14

IRE? MAYBE; TRADE? NOPE!

You can't fool me any longer—those George Jean Nathan articles are put out to draw female ire and trade. The first one was funny—but lord help us! The February article was not! If your magazine is for men, you need not go to the expense of such articles—men already know they are vastly more presentable than females. Women are not so damned sure of themselves. They believe in a little self-improvement. If Mr. Nathan wants to see some unadorned femininity—let him come out to our plains. He won't object to paint—no—nor perfume when he goes back to his east.

Lord knows what Nathan wants women to do. We are messy, but, after all, once in a while, we bear male children. (Doesn't that outweigh our faults?) And when we copy masculine "presentableness"—such as closely cropped hair, which is simple to keep in order, we get hell for that, too. And as for sending the editor a list (Nathan suggested it—speak to him) of men who wear uplift brassieres—well, let me point out to a clean-minded bachelor like him, that men have nothing on which to hang brassieres. Someone should have explained all that to him before turning him loose in an orgy of article-writing. Being a clean-minded old maid (I can claim a clean mind—I don't have a sweet face)—I will refrain from naming an article or two. (I wish Nathan would send me a list of women who wear them) which women don't wear. Why didn't you label his article "humor"? It is funnier than Ray Knight, which is not very darned funny.

Another thing—all the masculine squabbling in *Sound and Fury* is funny—reminds me of the dear editor letters in our nice female journals—one sister quits because of beer ads and illegitimate children in the serials—another because the stories are too sweet and nice.

Anyhow—I like Esquire—particularly the departments and the fashions (don't see well-dressed men often in these here parts). I even like Nathan, but honestly, he will just have to cut it out. I keep on buying Esquire—"Magazine for Men" on the cover doesn't intimidate me. Two bits the "man" who defended Dick Powell so warmly in February *Sound and Fury* was a female high school junior.

Love'ments,

Bixby, Okla. Hilda Downing

WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO FOR YOU?

Credit one broken romance to Esquire. I got so damned interested in the January issue I forgot all about the petite blonde I'd dated up for the evening.

Now here's the plot, gentlemen. This blonde baby of mine is nuts about dancing. And since you owe it to me to restore me to the arms of my voluptuous sweety, why not, as a brother Sound and Furyer suggests in this January number, run an occasional article with illustrations on some of the more modern dance steps, so that, by gees, I'll be able to dance my way back to my baby's heart. (Ten to one Tin Pan Alley can get a title out of that last clause, *viz:* Dancing My Way Back to My Baby's Heart.)

Woe is me.

Sincerely,

Brooklyn, N. Y. C. A. Marshall

A DOCTOR LOOKS AT PICTURES

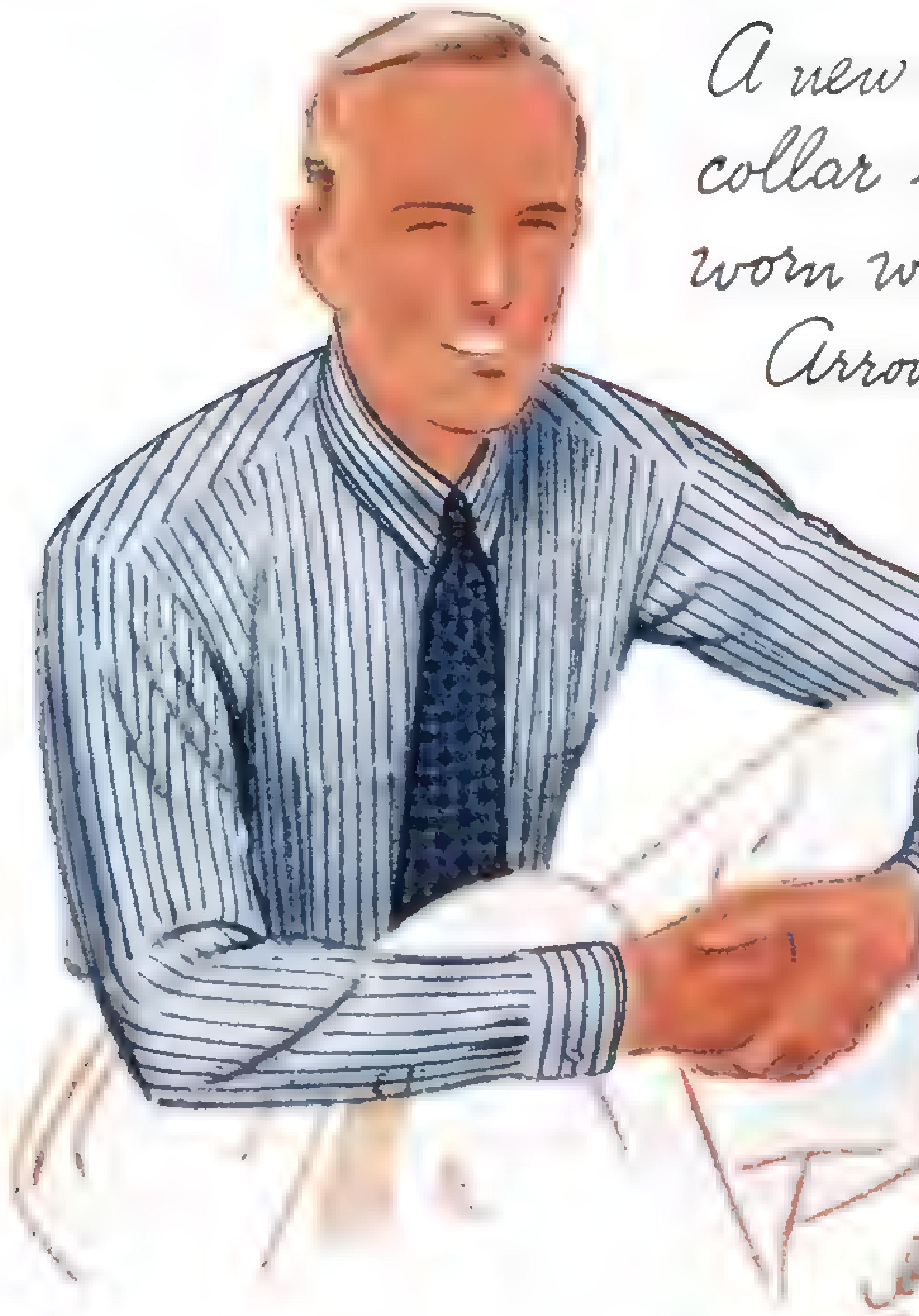
It is rare indeed that I write to the newspapers, but you seem to welcome comment, and I feel a most sincere urge. It is not remarkable that you can sell this truck under the guise of literature, but I have yet to meet the veriest General-Hospital-ward bum who lacks completely some trace of a sense of decency. Your March issue truly trods on toes in its artistic offering of page 114, in which it imputes the pruriency of your average readers even to medical devotees. Such an insulting implication, that a surgeon takes advantage of his professional prerogatives in gratifying lascivious inquisitiveness, is an insinuation that few physicians would allow to pass unchallenged. If you like frank comment, mine would be that the sale of your sort of material is gross evidence of decadence, if not agenesia, of any feelings of propriety; and those who buy fall into the class, psychiatrically, of ocular onanists.

Very truly yours,

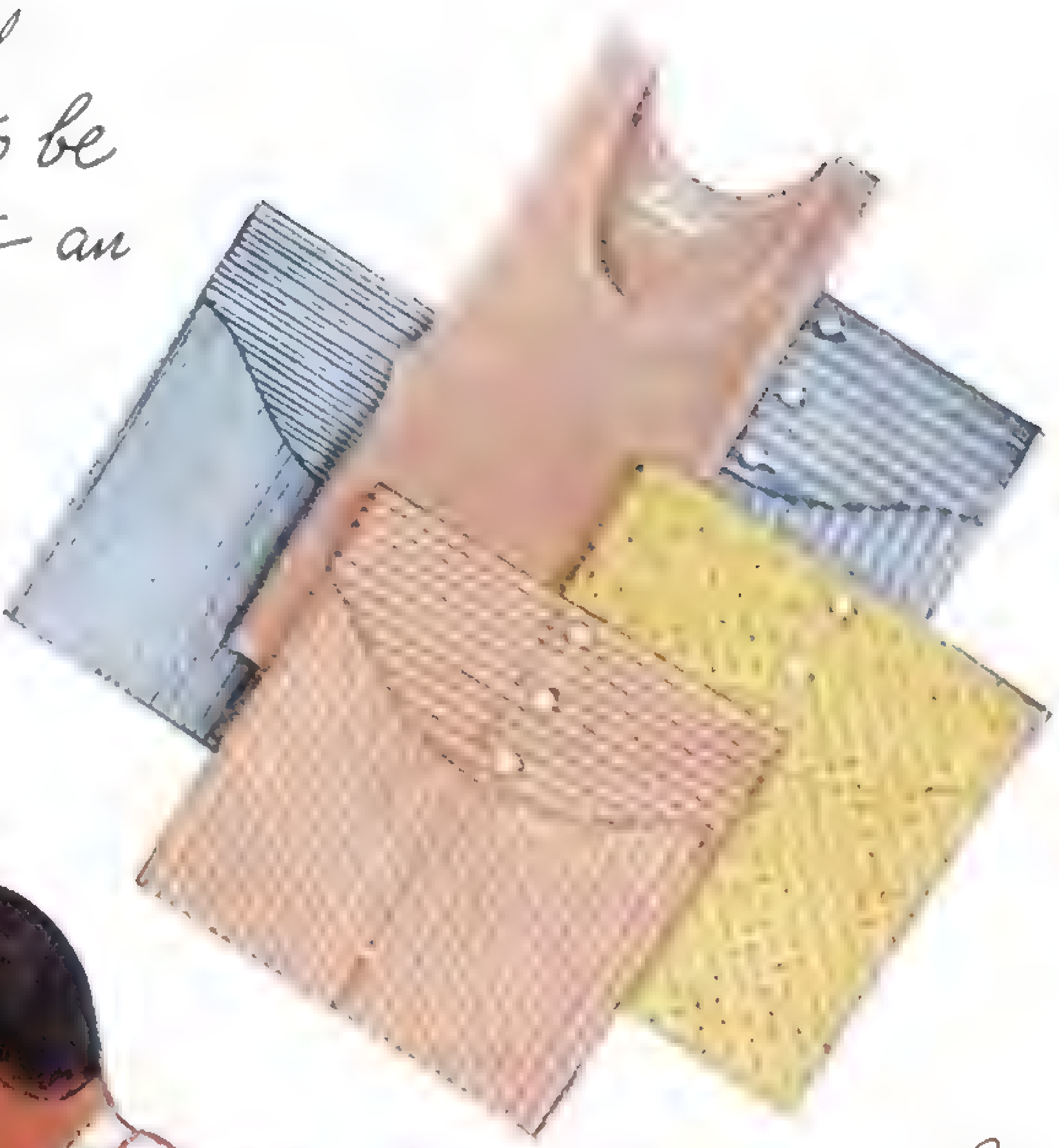
Kansas City, Mo. Richard L. Sutton, M. D.

Editor's Note: *We don't know any general hospital ward bums, but we're awfully nice about meeting new people. By the way, you don't mind our substitution for your last word, do you? We fancied the alliteration.*

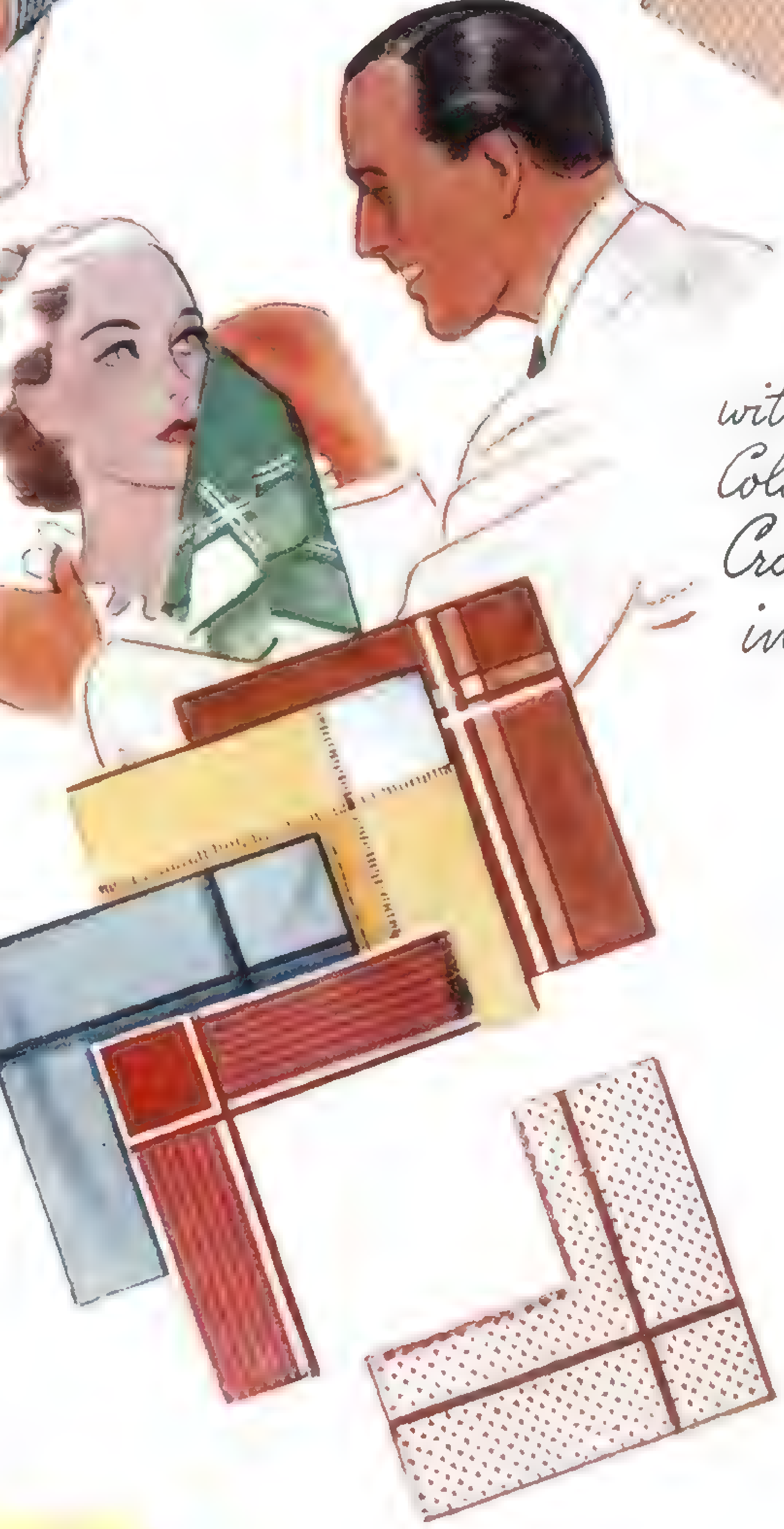
Continued on page 159



A new one – a shorter pointed collar specially designed to be worn with pin. It's the Holt – an Arrow Shirt in the Mitoga form-fit design. – Sanforized – Shrunk.

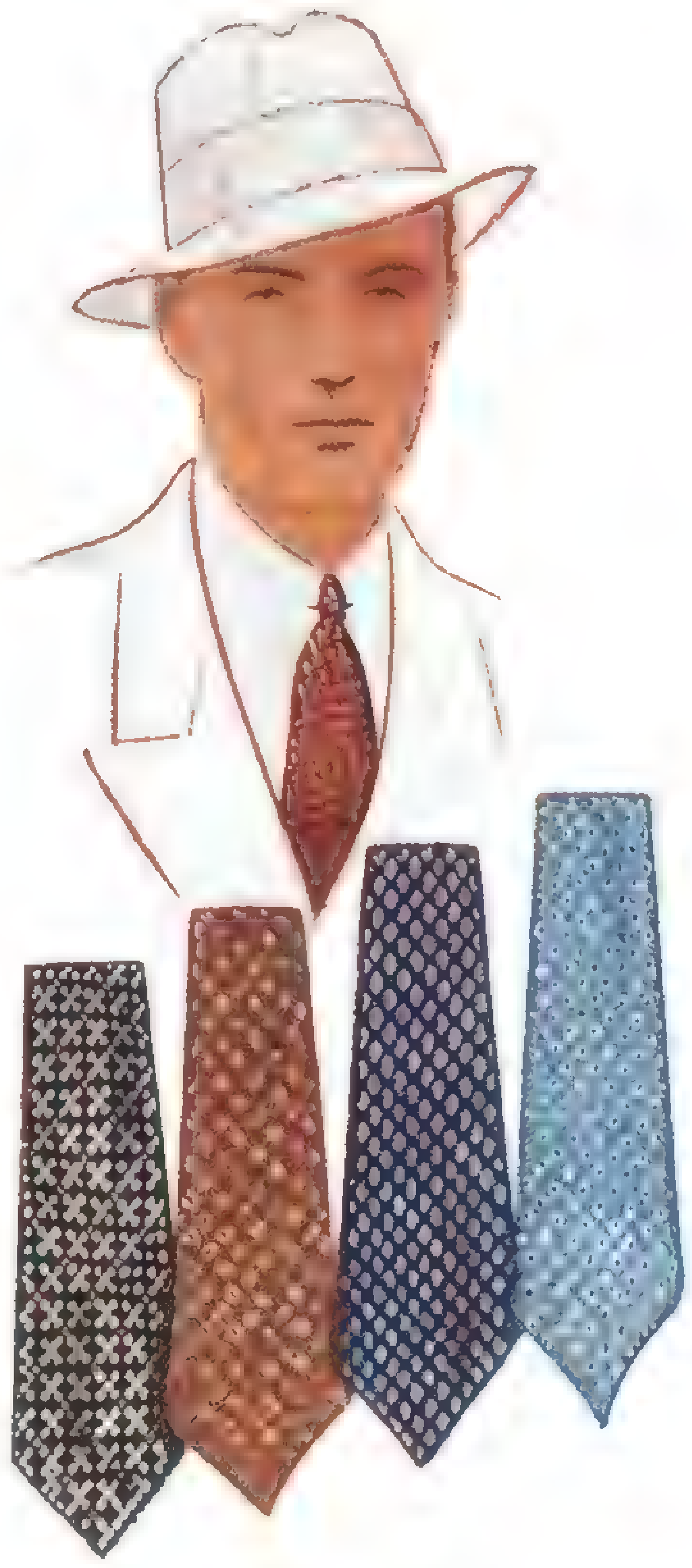


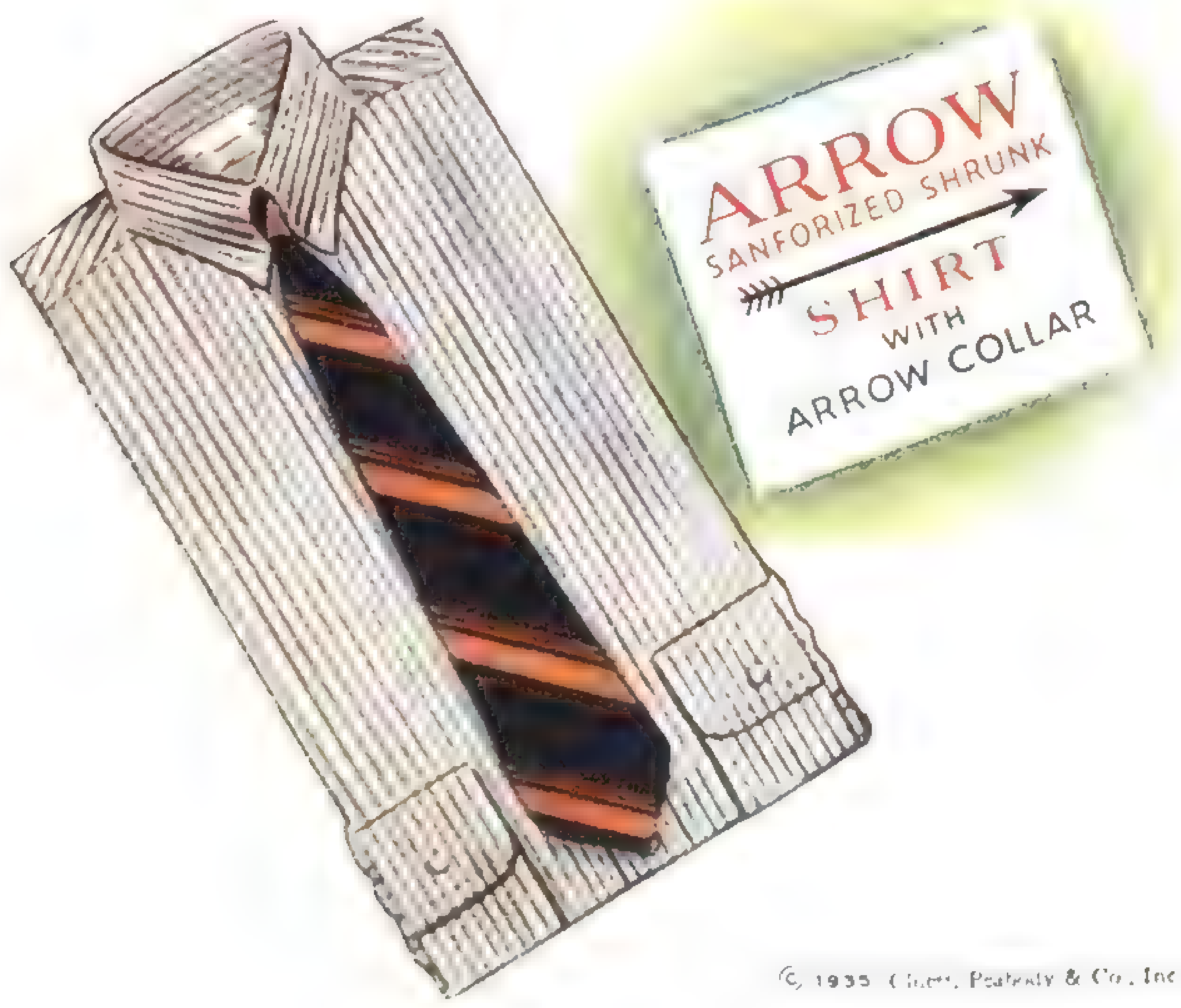
Arrow's answer on how to combine smartness with comfort in underwear. Colorful shorts with Seamless Crotch. No annoying seams in the middle. – Sanforized-Shrunk.



Spring styles call for complementing, rather than matching, of handkerchief, shirt and tie patterns. Here are six Arrow contributions.

Wicks is the name – a new tab collar on a shirt by Arrow. Comes in Mitoga form-fit design. Sanforized – Shrunk





If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.

You'll be seeing a lot of pure silk twill foulards this Spring and Summer. Arrow offers these five smart suggestions.

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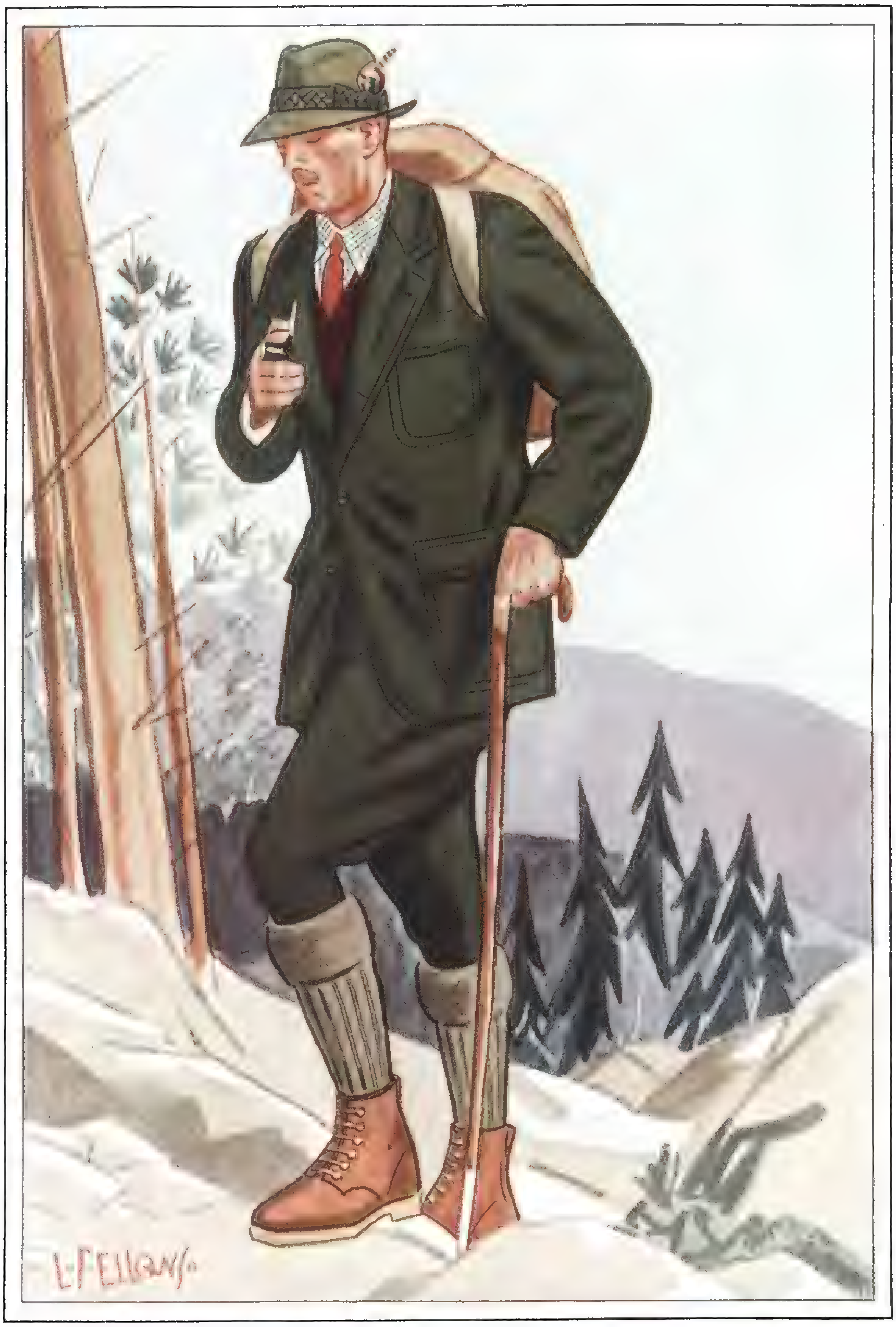


FOR OVER THE WEEK-END WALKING TRIPS

Walking as a sport, rather than as a hardship, has made slow progress in this country, although it has long been one of the most popular Continental pastimes. Recently, however, tramping through the country-side over week-ends and holidays has begun to achieve something like the beginning of a vogue. Perhaps it is only a subconscious reaction, on the part of solvent citizens, to the sight of so many thumb-jerking hitch-hikers. In any event the idea is, while tramping, to look as un-tramp-like as possible. This object has been achieved with a knicker suit of heavy lovat Harris tweed, with hose of natural Shetland wool, shoes of heavy calf with crepe soles and heels, a shirt of grey Glen Urquhart flannel, a sleeveless cable stitch wine-colored sweater, and a water-proofed rough-finish hat with a woven tweed band—and even plumage. Note the Norwegian rucksack and the cherrywood stick.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 156

YES, WE'RE WONDERING TOO

I have read Esquire since its birth and enjoyed every issue but the March, 1935. I thought you published a man's magazine, if so, why accept advertisements for Women's fashions? (Page 17).

Yours in chagrin,

Leonia, N. J. Nelson R. Kraemer

P. S.—I wonder how many more letters exactly like this you will receive and refuse to print?

YOU WIN: IT'S COMING UP

I am just a young high school lad with a subscription to your magazine. Like most of your readers, I have something to say (or rather suggest) about an improvement in your magazine.

If you pay no attention to it, it makes no difference to me, I won't stop buying things at my chosen store, or cancel my subscription, because I believe you already have the finest magazine on the market, and if I ever become a successful advertising man you may be sure that Esquire will get space from my clients. (If I get any.)

However, my idea is this. I feel sorry for the majority of high school boys who want to look like college men, but don't trust their taste in clothes enough to buy the right things. Nine out of ten want checks or something different, but always end up with blue, or oxford grey, or plain brown—a cinnamon brown.

So why don't you remedy this, and possibly boost circulation, by having a double page by L. Fellows, quarterly? Just of things for the high school kids to select from?

By doing this it would flatter him, and cause his chest to swell. And I know that if I didn't have a subscription, I would gladly go without my lunch for a day or two, to get information like that.

What do you think of this for heading for layout: "A Page for the High School *Man*, Who Wants to Look Like a College Boy."

Sincerely yours,

Akron, Ohio Pete Johnston

P.S.—This is my mother's letter paper.

RETORT TO RASCOE

It is certainly an impertinent thing for me to say whether a man of Mr. Burton Rascoe's size is right or not in his judgment of a book, but some of his feelings about John Strachey's *Literature and Dialectical Materialism* seem to me, although understandable, very unfortunate; and I hope that these lines will sound reasonable enough to be printed.

Mr. Rascoe says very bitter things about this statement of Strachey's: "One cannot help feeling that Mr. MacLeish (in *Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City*) is somehow being a little busy about being an American."

"But such is the thick-skinned stupidity of the intellectual limey," writes Mr. Rascoe, "that with him it is perfectly all right for a limey to be very busy about being a Communist, but if you want to set somebody in his place all you need to do is say with an air of condescension, 'He is somehow being a little busy about being an American'."

Now "being a little busy" is a very nasty phrase any time of day and in the particular connection under discussion as nasty a phrase as you could hit upon in a long long time; and I will be the first to admit all this. But it cannot be called condescending. John Strachey happens to be a man who can write very very well, in the British style, and when he knows of a particularly blasting way of remarking about some one who stands for something that he does not care for at all he would not be human and would be a coward even if he did not use it. The mere fact of Mr. Rascoe's becoming so agitated that he devotes his whole review to personal remarks about that "illiterate snip" Strachey will suggest the degree of efficiency of the snip's phrases.

Now Mr. Strachey is a Communist and like most Communists of the better sort has very high ideals. They are, in fact, so high that many will tell you that that is what is the matter with them. Mr. Strachey does not expect to usher in the millennium by the destruction of capitalism: none of the intelligent communists do. He only believes that under communism man's unending battles with his environment, which always have and do now and will always, in spite of science and religion and the Epic and Townsend Plans and anything else you can think of, occur, will be raised from the low level on which they are being waged today to a higher level. Man will fight to understand, say, the meaning of the beauty of a sun-hit dewdrop balanced on the point of a grassblade, or of the moving shadows made by candles in a dark room, rather than fight bitterly with his fellows for the possession of money. To Strachey and Communists of his sort this improvement in quality of man's environmental battles is what constitutes human progress.

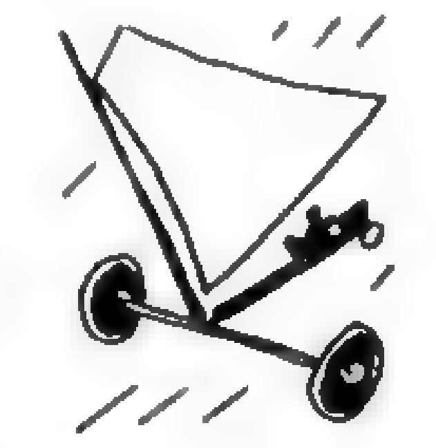
Now not being a Communist I am not sure that communism can bring to pass this God knows desirable step in progress. I cannot prove it can and I cannot prove it cannot, and I expect that I must remain, like everybody else, in a state of "watchful waiting." But the point is that John Strachey is convinced it can and naturally, being what he is, wants to acquaint every one else with his reasons for so believing. To be "busy about being an American" cannot accomplish anything but to be "busy about being a Communist," to a Communist, is the whole meaning of life. Strachey is doing the very best that he knows how to help ameliorate man's condition in the universe, and he seems to be doing it imaginatively and reasonably and with more persistence than many another possesses; and for some one to try to dismiss him from the scene by hitting off a few neat generalities about his being "offensively condescending" and a "thick-skinned stupid limey" is not only unintelligent but downright unfair and standing in the way of progress.

Yours always very faithfully,

New Haven, Conn. Gardner Carpenter

ICE-WAGON BY ALEX

The other day in a friend's house I found your magazine staring me in the face (well practically staring me in the face, it was crammed between two well-known weeklies). I pulled it out of hiding and none-too-soon either, for the little runt on the cover was gasping for breath, or a drink (probably both), sweat was pouring down his monstrous pan, and his eyes were fairly popping from his head.



I began scanning the pages when lo and behold, avast and awhere, stop and go, five and ten, plus other expressions of amazement, there right before my eyes on page 65 (Jan. issue) was an ice-boat, yes it was an ice-boat because it said so in writing underneath the drawing, besides it had a sail and was built somewhat like the numerous ice-boats I have seen; but to top it off or rather to bottom it off, it was mounted on wheels. Evidently wheels on an ice-boat would increase the speed, yes they would . . . Not! Perhaps Mr. (or is it Count) de Sakhnoffsky is confusing an ice-boat with an ice-wagon.

There's a sucker born every minute so I bought your February number and I suppose I'll continue tossing down my four-bit pieces for your crummy bit of pulp.

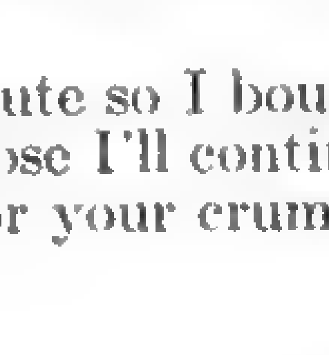
Sincerely,

Kew Gardens, L. I. F. A. Bodenheim, Jr.

MUST CAROL COME INTO THIS?

Hurrah, hurrah. Two cheers only, I'm a cheapskate, but they are for Meyer Levin, *the Candid Cameraman.* I sometimes disagree with him about the listings he gives certain pictures, but he is frank enough to say what he thinks which is something we honest Hollywood people can appreciate (those not corrupted by movie studio influence).

Here in Hollywood, the press rates anything from a Tim McCoy meller-drammer to *Barretts of Wimpole Street* with the same glamorous expletives of praise. It's really pretty sickening.



But that isn't all. We give our other hurrah for his frank and candid views on what Levin thinks is wrong with the movies; and, incidentally what is wrong with the New York stage along with it. In this March issue, he comes mighty close to hitting the dummy right smack in the mid-regions. When I was a kid in school, we called an imitative child a copy cat.

From the gallery, it looks like the New York theatrical producers and the Hollywood picture producers are a couple of black cats, and pretty nondescript at that.

Yours,

Hollywood, Cal. Gerald Fitzgerald

P. S.—Carol is just a naughty girl that needs spanking but interesting nevertheless. Most naughty girls are.

WE LEARN 'EM MANNERS, LADY

I cannot refrain from commenting on the high moral caliber of your gentlemen readers.

To illustrate my point, I go so far as to explain I am one of thousands of commuters traversing the river between Hoboken and New York every day. During the rush hours, getting a seat on the ferry boat is practically a miracle. But the unbelievable did happen the other day, which prompts this letter. A gentleman actually arose and offered me his seat. After my dizziness had subsided, I opened one eye and saw a copy of Esquire protruding from his pocket.

So, unless my illusions are shattered at a later date, I shall immediately recognize a gentleman as one who reads Esquire.

Cordially,

West Orange, N. J. (Miss) Mayree H. Mudd

A QUOTA FOR CLEANLINESS

As the boss was just saying as he read my March Esquire over my shoulder during working hours, the magazine is getting pretty rotten. "The jokes should be at least 40% clean." I think you have something there, but I'll step outside while you clean it up.

I enjoy a dirty joke as much as you do, but that is beside the question. There are cheaper magazines than Esquire for smut seekers, and Esquire is good—no excellent—enough to get along without it. I don't want to have to tear the cover from my copy when I carry it around.

So let's keep the situation more refined, and if there is a dearth of cartoonists of purged abilities, let's stick to Lichty, who relies upon genuine comedy. 40% isn't too strict a quota, now, is it?

Yours very truly,

Berkeley, Calif. David R. Brown

P.S.—Of course, I'll continue to buy my copies, regardless.

Editor's Note—*Well, now, 40% may not seem strict to you, but the way to decide it is this: keep track for a month or so, of the number of funny stories you hear that strike you as being funny enough to pass on. Then if you find that 40% of them were clean, we'll grant you that the quota is reasonable.*

SO THAT'S WHAT PETTY'S GIRLS ARE MADE OF?

It would be an excellent idea if your good Doctor Kraetzer would expand his dietetic knowledge to more than four or five vitamines, and a few dashes of carbohydrates, protein, and starches.

He says the "detestable spinach we take for iron and roughage." How much iron has spinach got? Damn little and what it has got cannot be taken up sufficiently by the body anyway.

The dear Doctor is just learning that an excess of oatmeal is acid forming. Naturally. What have we done with our natural oats. We have rolled them, crushed them, pounded them so they contain little more than starch and none of their valuable fluorin without which Petty's girls would not have their glossy hair and smooth skin.

Meat certainly does not cause high blood pressure, just as the doctor says but cook it to death and it is a sure cause. Let it be rare and you have valuable sodium left intact which routs high-blood pressure.

I am glad to see he holds no passion for milk. But I doubt that he knows why some people can take it and some can't. There is a very definite reason other than the ones he mentions, which he would do well to investigate.

The doctor probably never heard of a "white bread face." He is right about too much roughage. Often too, too wrong in its source. There is far greater danger of toxemia and auto-intoxication from demineralized foods than there is from the foods that nourish.

I grant there are many food fanatics. I come in contact with plenty of them who must be warned there is as great a danger in over-alkalinity as there is in "acidity." Incidentally there is never acidity in any human being. Such a state should properly be known as sub-alkalinity. If we were really organically acid, most doctors deal purely in inorganic chemistry, we would die.

If the doctor doubts any of my statements, let him write the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture and H. S. Cummings, Surgeon General of the U. S.

Now may I say you have a damn good book? You know it and I know it and though there is a monotony to your jokes, I certainly admire the makeup and general run of stories.

Sincerely yours,

Chicago, Ill. Phil Walsh

Continued on page 160

I knew you'd like
THAT NOBELT
IDEA!

THEY STAY UP
WITHOUT WAISTLINE PRESSURE

Nobelt Pajamas in all styles, $2 to $10 — leading men's wear stores

NOBELTS get rid of the "ROPE" that ruins sleep . . . . Faultless Nobelt Pajamas get rid of old-fashioned drawstrings that try to saw a man in half.

Nobelts have a flat, wide waistband of supple rubber that holds pajamas up without noticeable pressure. Pajamas don't slip and slide — don't gather up in uncomfortable bunches around your middle. Nobelts let a man sleep — sleep soundly. And wake up refreshed.

Look for the NOBELT label before you buy. There's only one Nobelt waist — a *broad, flat band* of stre-t-c-h-able rubber encased in soft, expanding fabric. Other "elastic" waistbands are made of tiny rubber *threads* that are tightly stretched and always under tension. Only Nobelt fits the body lightly, snugly, without pressure. Nobelt is also specially treated so laundering can't hurt it. The Faultless Nobelt waistband is unconditionally guaranteed to give satisfactory service during the life of the garment.

Faultless
NOBELT
Pajamas

tailored by
WILSON Brothers, Chicago
also makers of V-Line Shirts — Buffer Heel and Toe Hose — Nobelt Super Shorts — Wilbro Neckwear — Skipper Sportwear — Shorline Swimwear.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 159

THE PRIVATE MAIL OF G. J. NATHAN

Your More Presentable Sex has my endocrines at a standstill. My red corpuscles, usually so jolly and racing for life, are turning as even yet the worm to a pale fishy pink. Born a complement to man! The unfairness of it all.

Anymore I can't take to my bed with sweet, sweet Lethe and Innocence. I am no longer an Eve. I am Lilith gone berserk, made of Adam's entrails. You have corrupted my twenties. Ten points shoot as salt through my brain. Brassieres' And girdles! Oh Nathan, surely these hips don't belong to me. How do you suppose they got there now? But people will lay around and a woman is a woman for all of that. Rouge, lipstick and tweezers (eye-brow plucker to you—heh heh, it's little enuff fun one gets in this world) and no matter how shaggy the mange, it's brains, George, brains. That has been a sore point with me too. Give me a man every time who can find my brains without eyebrow pencil and lipstick as a diagram.

But here's where we score, Nathan. Your bald denuding of woman's inherent afflictions almost caught me in its bitter vortex but this fact alone has raised my I-Q to dead center again: Shhhhhhh, listen closely: I have freckles! Yessir, big ones and small ones, brown ones and sepia ones, hundreds of them on my nose, on my arms, on my legs and one small dainty string runs right down into my little lace brassiere. Aren't you glad? This fact alone may save us, Nathan. Don't put too much hope in it but it certainly proves that woman may be evolving or devolving into something or other. Am I becoming too involved? But I feel quite atavistic over my freckles and shall now guard them with my very all and think of you George every time I give them their morning ablutions and shall nurse them along tenderly thinking, "Ah, ah, ahh." Je supine.

But nevertheless and *quo tandem ipse via;* it is hopeless and pathetic to straddle the pitiable average and I pray to the gods riding high never to let me pass you standing on your street corner. I should feel naked, positively naked, freckles or no freckles, as you penetrated my delicate ectoplasm. I shall close saying I suspected we were duped all the time and shall probably die gasping that it was fun while it lasted. Then along came Nathan.

Promising to be brave, I am iconoclasticly yours (isn't that a daisy?)

Detroit, Mich. PAULINE VAN VLECK

P. S.—What DO men do so long in the bathroom? Especially?

CAROL'S WAITING FOR ANOTHER INSPIRATION

First the letter from Carol Dinan, and now the one from W. and M.

Both of the above letters were interesting to this subscriber, and here's hoping that there will be more of them to come.

Perhaps the M. or should I say the W. of Canton, Ohio, as a male, will take a crack at submitting a few stories. If so, the odds are that they will be worth reading.

Your February issue was a honey. The Machines, Lost Sheep, Little Red Riding Hood, etc., were as good as a shower and a highball after a good game of tennis.

Yours truly,
Cleveland, Ohio A. B. JACKSON

P.S.—We are an Unnatural Boy.

ESKIE, MIXER OF MEN

I live in a boarding house and two other fellows live here also—Mr. M. and Mr. G. Now Mr. M. is the studious type and reads *Fortune* for recreation and Mr. G. is a happy-go-lucky cuss who gets his enjoyment out of the humorous weeklies and similar magazines.

Who would think that these two fellows could get together on anything? Well, they couldn't—hardly spoke until ESQUIRE came to the house. Since that eventful day, they have both become ardent ESQUIRE readers, and, quite by accident, they started discussing it the other evening.

Stories and Articles led to Cartoons (where G. shone), and from the latter to Styles and back again.

As a result, M. decided that G. was not so much of a reprobate as a lover of fun. G. later remarked about M. that he "guessed there was life in the old boy after all." There are strong symptoms that they are becoming friends and the credit goes to "ESKIE."

I congratulate you upon having the No. 1 "broad-appeal" magazine.

Yours truly,
Decatur, Ill. R. E. BARRETT

BECAUSE PRICES RISE WITH REPUTATIONS PERHAPS

Your stories have been well worth the money, regardless of carping critics. I found *Rice Pudding Cold* absorbing, though my good wife to whom I read the thing aloud, considers the denouement aggravating. I don't approve of Mr. Gibbs' use of *like* as a conjunction (middle page 61) "like his father might have been." Why don't editors correct these grammatical slips and save authors' reputations? On the same page young Mort Davis is referred to as Colonel, then five paragraphs later he is Captain again, which is ruthless demotion, considering all the other troubles the poor fellow had.

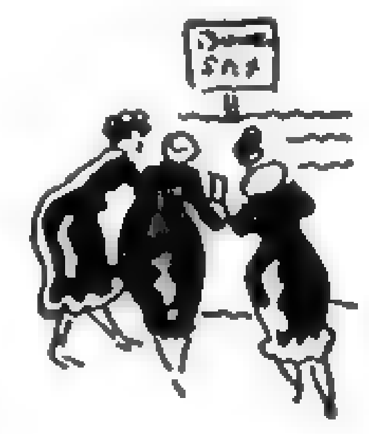
As for Hermine in *A Shot in the Forest* I must say her dreams should have been kept in the family. She needed and deserved a night out, poor dear.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

Beverly Hills, Calif. SYDNEY KING RUSSELL

PANTING READERS IN SKIRTS



—i have a circulating library here in the city of senators and the ESQUIRE reviews help me somewhat, occasionally. Think i orta be given a commish for telling the Saroyan fans to read Ernie's bleats about him in the January issue. And for insisting that they discover that James Cain can produce something more savory than the Postman.

—*Sweet Faces and Foul Minds* is the best phrase Nathan has spawned in many a paragraph. And G—'s drawings are sardonic masterpieces. The nice thing about ESQUIRE is that it recognizes the existence of all classes. Though it may be sorta snooty, in its democratic and fraternalizing manner.

—i see that a librarian in Denver sez men are loudest howlers for pornographic literachoor, and i rise to howl dissentingly. My women readers are just so avid, just so gutter-minded, just so pantingly eager for *Passion in the Night*, *Her Scarlet Sin*, and *Mistress of a Millionaire*. And both sexes like to dissect the purple passages. All my copies of Ulysses are lined and underlined, and anon i find pencilled-in notations on margins of the hottest sizzlers.

—Stuff on this stuff about the lil woman being the purer minded! They can't be too too-begrimed for my debbies and house-fraus and stenos.

—Your movie reviews are verra good and verra discerning, though how the critic retains his sanity from constant exposure to the Hollywood version of drammer is beyond my perceptions.

—Long about two months ago, ESQUIRE went on my MUST list of luxuries, and now i do be tempted to place it with the necessities, on my budget sheet. Some fun, keed, balancing a budget. Me 'n' the senators have the situation well in hand, howsobeit, and the country may sigh relievedly . . . .

—Cheerio to lil Esky Whoozit on the cover and do, pray, permit him to keep that I-saw-a-cockroach-in-the-cream-expression . . .

Admiringly yourn,

Washington, D. C. SADIEBLAKE

SHADES OF WM. JENNINGS BRYAN!

We are not interested in your magazine—the stories are not fit to even repose on the library table of decent respectable persons—also we are not anxious to help in any way to increase the use of any sort of intoxicants.

Our views may not interest you, because we are not anxious to pollute our minds with such etc.—in fact it would be a pleasure to spend something to keep such literature (?) out of circulation.

Signed,

Dayton, Ohio E. M. BURY

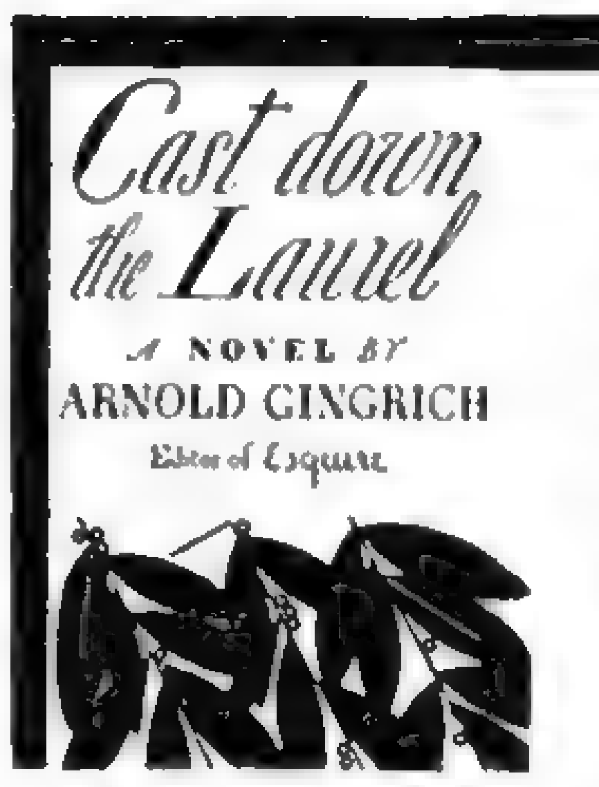
SO WHAT WHAT?

And now our Mr. Nathan is smugly anticipating a flurry over his latest effort in your pages! But such patent absurdities as he sets down as gospel are sure fire comment raisers. Of course my husband doesn't wear "uplift" bras. But then neither do I sport the little gadget worn with his bathing trunks. So what?

Mr. Nathan obviously knows little of the great American bathroom. The head of this house is a stalwart hundred percenter. Yet he maintains, quite unashamed, a veritable Five Foot Shelf of delightful after shaving lotions, brilliantine, talcums, etc. As to his sacred razors, they're so temperamental they know on which day of the week they're to be used.

Why doesn't Mr. Nathan stick to the theatre, where he seems to be at home, and keep out of the beauty parlors? I used to enjoy his comment on Art so much. But perhaps that is because I'm only a Foul minded, ugly,

Bakersfield, Calif. AVERAGE WOMAN



"An extraordinary contribution and a book of immense promise. It conveys the abundant life in straight talk and the hollowness of literary attitudes. It is close to life even when it is most glib, and it is at all times vastly amusing."

—HARRY HANSEN in the *N. Y. World-Telegram*

"He writes with a boisterous, undisciplined energy which is captivating. Possessed of a very real and acute sense of time and place and personality, he is sensitive in a brash and vulgar fashion. For *Cast Down the Laurel* is, to be honest, startlingly vulgar; to enjoy it the reader's shock-point must be high . . . but the novel is, I think, at no time deliberately, or at any rate never merely, shocking."

—FLORENCE HAXTON BRITTEN in the *N Y Herald-Tribune*

"It will be fought over and, I think, it is worth fighting over, because it reveals, it seems to me, a striking new talent in American fiction. . . . The 'double-exposure' method of having (people) as they were and as they might have been in the novel-within-a-novel works beautifully. He passes without apparent effort from his colloquial style to a sensitive prose that is often quite lovely. It is a genuinely exciting book in itself and exciting, too, in its promise; it has a freshness and vigor about it that I like and it is intelligent without making unreasonable demands on the reader."

—HERSCHEL BRICKELL in the *N. Y. Evening Post*

"A lively, pungent and thoroughly amusing book. It might be used with profit in courses on the writing of fiction."

—JOHN CHAMBERLAIN in the *N Y Times*

"He has wit, he is a first-rate hand with backgrounds, he uses the American language with precision and feeling."

—CLIFTON FADIMAN in the *New Yorker*

"His style is alive . . . colloquial . . . vivid . . . a style so artless that it is an art. It is for the quality of individuality that the huzzahs are resounding. It is that rare phenomenon, a novel novel."

—FANNY BUTCHER in the *Chicago Tribune*

"A brilliantly written book, startling, satirical, witty, tragic, and all the time absorbing."

—TED ROBINSON in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

"One of the most dashingly brilliant and refreshingly original novels of these latter years. Pass along the word that *Cast Down the Laurel* is a novel which it would be little short of a crime for any literate person to miss."

—W. A. MARTIN in the *Buffalo Evening News*

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, PUBLISHER, New York

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*

"That's grand! But just where do my hats go?"

Here's a problem in cubic measure that's baffling the best minds of our younger married set. Where to fit a case of charged water, when every inch of closet space is precious?

But Joan was clever. And one night Jack found a new acquisition in the house—a Sparklet refillable Syphon, resplendent in hand-blown glass and gleaming chromium. Jack was like a boy with a new train. He filled the syphon with plain cool water, charged it with the little Sparklet Refill Bulb, fizzed and tossed off a grand highball, and vanished for two hours to make drinks for all the neighbors.

But Jack's pride in his new syphon wasn't a circumstance to Joan's comfort. She found she could store ten refill bulbs—equal to a case of charged water—in the space of a deck of cards. There were no empty bottles to fuss with. Best of all, she saved ⅔ the cost of bottled charged water.

SPARKLET SYPHON
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IN WORLD-WIDE USE SINCE 1894

$5 COMPLETE WITH 5 BULBS
EXTRA REFILL BULBS
BOX OF 10's..$.75

Made in U. S. A. At your favorite shop, or write to Sparklets Corporation, 515 Madison Avenue, New York.

*

Maestro's Son-in-Law

Continued from page 39

a frown on his brow; he arose and paced up and down, listening directly under Lange's podium, listening from the rear of the hall. Afterwards, he and Horowitz left together, the venerable Italian talking earnestly, the famous young Russian listening with head deferently inclined. It may be reasonably expected that the Brahms reading which the two prodigious in-laws will give in New York this March will be a memorable one.

Horowitz met Wanda Toscanini at a party in New York in February, 1931. It was only a "How do you do," however, for he spent the entire evening at a grand piano with a cluster of entranced people around him. This is typical of his party life. He is not happy in conversation, and at parties given by non-musicians he edges around to the piano as fast as he can, sits down, and plays the rest of the evening, whether he is asked to or not. The gatherings he enjoys most are in New York at the homes of his friends such as Rachmaninoff, Sophie Braslau, or Heifetz; on these occasions he has been known to play violin-and-piano sonatas for four hours straight, wearing out two or three internationally famous fiddlers. In Europe, since his marriage, he has become a part of the Italian social colony.

He and Wanda were married in Milan on December 21st, 1933, in the presence of the beaming Maestro and a few friends. Horowitz speaks only a smattering of Italian and an interpreter was hired to translate the ceremony to him. But the interpreter, who happened to be a Milanese musician of some standing, was absolutely tongue-tied with emotion at the notion of uniting the brilliant young pianist to the Toscanini family; he just stared helplessly. Horowitz managed to get the drift of the ritual, however, and made the proper answers.

Horowitz and the Toscaninis converse in French for the most part. Horowitz calls his father-in-law "Maestro" and Mrs. Toscanini "Mama." Toscanini affectionately calls him "Volodya," which is to Vladimir what Jimmie is to James. This is a far cry from the tense atmosphere of the first meetings of the two. In February, 1933, a full two years after he had met Wanda, Horowitz attended a big party for musicians given in New York by the Muschenheims of the Hotel Astor. Toscanini was there, too. Everybody wondered what was the matter with Horowitz. He sat glumly in a corner all evening and people thought he was in an ill temper. His strange behavior, however, was caused merely by awe at being at last in the presence of the Maestro, whom he had worshipped from afar for so long. A couple of weeks later he was sent for by Toscanini to come to the latter's suite at the Astor and go over the piano part of the "Emperor" concerto. Horowitz arrived, shaking like a leaf. "Can't play a note," he whispered in agony to Bruno Zirato, the Philharmonic's assistant manager, who met him at the door. Zirato thwacked him encouragingly on the back and things went off smoothly enough. The full rehearsals and the performance were equally successful. Toscanini's comment, "I like to play with this boy," still makes Horowitz's head whirl. Busybodies have taken note that, for the last two seasons, the young pianist's bows have become startlingly similar to the famous self-deprecatory bows of Toscanini.

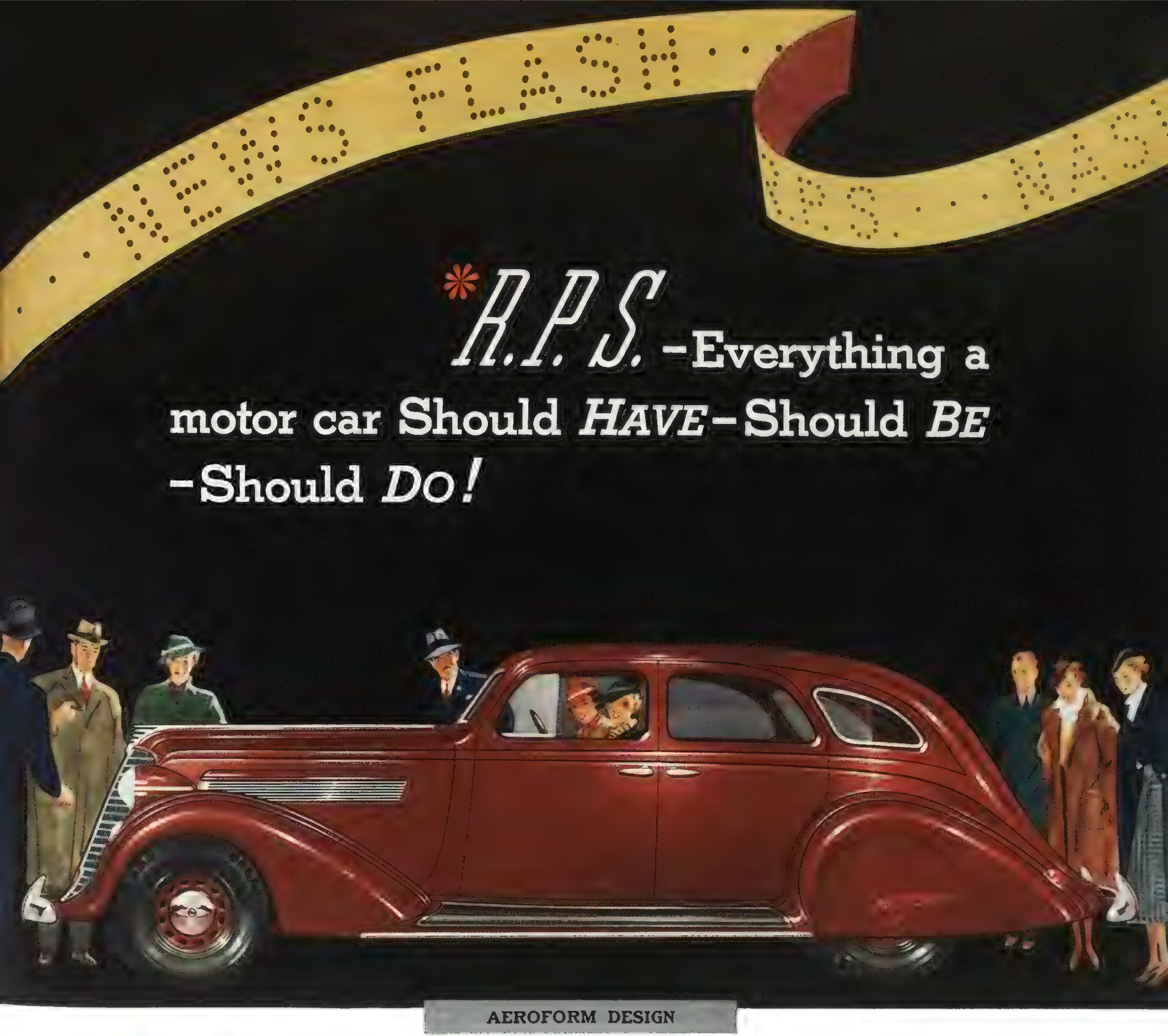
Color, of kaleidoscopic brilliance and variety, is a major characteristic of Horowitz's playing and is the thing he works hardest to achieve. There is no corresponding wealth of color in his personality. In the thirteen busy years of his career he has dedicated himself too passionately and continuously to his art to have developed outside interests.

He reads little and talks less. On tour, he used to while away the tedium of long train hours by playing endless games of poker with his current secretary-valet. This country frightened him his first season here. One wintry night he had a date to play at Cold Spring Harbor and was driven out via the Motor Parkway. The car broke down for a few minutes. While the driver was tinkering with the engine a Long Island dog bayed ominously. Horowitz shivered. "Wolves?" he asked, thinly.

He didn't take time to make a determined effort to learn English and even four years ago it was pretty groggy. He played at the White House in 1931 for the Hoovers and seventy-five diplomats. Beforehand he had been instructed, by Henry Junge of Steinway & Sons (who has always arranged the White House musicales), to say, when introduced: "I am delighted." When the introductions were made, Horowitz said solemnly to each person: "I am delightful." Nobody flinched, and Hoover gave him a signed photograph after he played. Horowitz's English is better now and he likes to show it off.

His success has enabled him to indulge a näive taste for expensive things. He bought a Rolls-Royce in London two years ago and isn't calm about it yet. When it is mentioned, he leaps out of his chair. "That is beauty, that is for all life, that is forever!" he cries, in vague excitement. For the past several years an expensive Paris tailor named Kneze has made all his clothes ("And charges *plen*-ty," says Horowitz, proudly). He is irked by his youthful appearance. Once when he was on his way to have some photographs taken a friend suggested he postpone the date because there were circles under his eyes. "Good," said

Continued on page 164



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Maestro's Son-in-Law

Continued from page 162

Horowitz, "then I shall look older."

He is neither modest nor arrogant, but has a quiet awareness of his stature as an artist. The day after his American début he received a friendly letter from Rachmaninoff, in which commendation was tempered by an admonition not to play the cadenza so fast in the Tschaikowsky concerto; the letter also invited him to dinner at the Rachmaninoff home. Horowitz went to dinner, and the two have been friends ever since. But Horowitz has never abated the speed of that cadenza by so much as a quarter of an iota. When he has played as many encores as he wishes after a recital, he often closes the keyboard cover himself. This gesture would offend the audience of a lesser performer, but Horowitz audiences take it and like it. Such assurance is his only at the end of a recital, by the way: he suffers pitifully beforehand and makes it a point to arrive just in time to hang up his hat and coat and rush out on the stage; if he sat brooding for twenty minutes, in the Paderewski manner, he would probably end up by going home. On the night of his Budapest début in 1926 a *contretemps* forced him to scamper out on the stage ten minutes late. His trunk didn't arrive that day and it was 7:20 p.m. before he and his frantic manager located a tailor shop that was still open. The only dress suit in the shop was big enough for a 300-pound man, but the tailor and all his family pitched in and, with the slim Horowitz standing by for progressive fittings, cut the suit down in one hour flat. Horowitz sat down to play, a little breathlessly, at 8:40 and next day one of the Budapest critics spoke of him as an "elegantly tailored young man."

He has no hobbies, other than that of hiking up and down mountains during his summers in Switzerland, where, up to now, he has worked up his new programs. His only fetish is a picture of Liszt, given him by an aged pupil of the Abbé; it is always beside his bed at night and on a table in the artist's room during every concert. Saturday night was always play night for him during his bachelor days: when in a capital, he would rush with friends from hot spot to hot spot of a Saturday evening, remaining only a few minutes in each, grinning with delight, never dancing, never drinking. He is no gourmet, but eats Russian food when he can conveniently get it. He smokes cigarettes and drinks an occasional glass of wine. When lounging around, he likes to wear not only a tie of solid scarlet but a shirt of the same screaming hue. His favorite diversion is going to the movies; he will go to any movie, no matter how terrible it is, and sit contentedly through it: doesn't even look to see what the picture is, just buys his ticket and walks in.

His name is not Vladimir Horowitz. It is Vladimir Gorowiz. He was born in Kiev on October 1st, 1904, in a house on Musikalnyi Pereulok, which means, roughly translated, Music Street. Despite this good omen, he didn't begin to play the piano until he was six, an age at which people like Mozart, Josef Hofmann, and Baby Ruth Slenczynski were playing entire recitals to awed audiences.

He is the youngest of three children. His sister, Regina, is now a concert pianist of considerable repute in Russia; his brother, Georg, today plays in the violin section of a Moscow symphony orchestra. Simeon Gorowiz, his father, an electrical engineer who now lives in Moscow, was, at the time of Vladimir's birth, Kiev representative for big electrical companies like Westinghouse and A. E. G. (Allgemeine Elektrizitaets Gesellschaft). Gorowiz *mère*, whose maiden name was Sophie Bodik, was an amateur pianist of unusual ability; she died five years ago. It was a well-to-do, cultured Jewish household, intensely musical. A brother of Simeon, Alexander, was the foremost music critic in the nearby city of Kharkov and had been a concert pianist and pupil of Scriabin.

When Vladimir was three, he used to toddle into the big music room while his mother played, listen gravely, and toddle out when she finished. When she began to teach him, at six, he was neither elated nor bored. His early progress was quick, but not phenomenally so. Nobody in the highly music-conscious family suspected the dimensions of his talent until, at the age of nine, he began, of his own accord, to learn by heart the piano compositions of Rachmaninoff. In a year he knew them all and went on delving into the cabinets in the well-stocked music room. In another year he had memorized the piano scoring of Wagner's *Tannhauser*, *Lohengrin* and *Parsifal* and was starting confidently on the gigantic *Ring* cycle when his parents and his uncle, by now aware that this was no ordinary gift, clapped him into the Kiev Conservatory to study under Sergei Tarnowsky, who had been a pupil of Annette Essipoff, Leschetizky's wife. For two years Vladimir thus received, at third hand, the teaching principles of the great Leschetizky. When he was 15 he was turned over, for finishing, to Felix Blumenfeld, for years a close friend of Anton Rubinstein. Blumenfeld, remembering well the precepts of Anton, instilled in his remarkable pupil the love of tonal color which has remained with him ever since.

When Vladimir graduated from the Conservatory at the age of 17, having completed simultaneously a general education equivalent to high school and a year of college, it was obvious that he had a brilliant career before him as a concert pianist. But his sagacious parents had no desire to exploit him as a prodigy; they intended him to continue his musical studies until he was 24, before making his début. The Russian revolution changed all that. The Gorowiz family lost its money and its home in the general tohu-bohu, and Vladimir gave his first recital (an all-Rachmaninoff program) in Kharkov in the Fall of 1922, the concert having been reluctantly arranged by Uncle Alexander. He startled Kharkov; by June of 1923 he had given 15 recitals in that city. For the next two seasons he played all over Russia, with great success although the revolution raged everywhere; he was paid in flour and butter as often as in cash. During the 1924-25 season he gave 70 concerts in Russia, 23 in Leningrad alone. In Russia he was a big name, but the country was hermetically sealed. He was unknown to the rest of the world.

Credit for bringing Horowitz out of darkest Russia into the world at large belongs to Mr. Alexander Merovitch, now head of the prosperous Musical Art Management of New York. He heard Horowitz in Leningrad in the Fall of 1924, and in April, 1925, became his manager. He took him to Berlin and there Horowitz, on January 2nd, 4th, and 12th, 1926, gave his first recitals outside of Russia. Then came concerts all over Europe, the dates cannily planned by Merovitch to secure the widest spreading of the fame of Horowitz in a minimum of time. It was Merovitch who later brought Horowitz to this country, and accompanied him on many of his tours. Two years ago, according to the old, old custom of artists and their managers, the two parted company.

Those three Berlin concerts, by the way, were the first the young pianist played under the billing of Vladimir Horowitz. His father had recommended that change, because the head offices of Allgemeine Elektrizitaets Gesellschaft in Berlin always addressed their letters to him as "Simeon Horowitz" regardless of the fact that he always signed his name "Simeon Gorowiz" in a perfectly legible hand. "They'll call you Horowitz anyway," said Papa, in effect, "so you might as well beat them to it." His son beat them to it, and regrets it bitterly to this day, Gorowiz being a rare name and Horowitz—well!

Work is not the secret of this earnest young man's climb to the top of Olympus. Unlike Liszt and Paderewski, who practiced like fiends in their early years, Horowitz has practiced a maximum of four hours a day all his life, though he often *plays* from ten in the morning until midnight, for his own enjoyment. It is literally true that he has not played an exercise, scale, or arpeggio since he was fifteen. Nature is the only source.

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McKESSON

Numbering Hitler's Days

Continued from page 35

Violently as I have been opposed to Hitler, leading to my exile and the certainty that I would receive a bullet if I returned, truth compels me to state that the Jew baiting was not of Hitler's origin. Some of his powerful sub-chiefs started this with their cattle-like special contingents of Storm Troops recruited, as I have related, from the criminal element. Hitler, who is really a loud-mouthed weakling, was afraid not to back them up.

The next move was the development of a general spying system all over Germany by Captain Herman Goering, as ruthless and cruel as the notorious O.G.P.U. of Russia. All rights and freedom of word and action were suppressed, and for every Jew who was persecuted probably a dozen Christians got the same dose only the outside world never heard about it.

Now as to the rôle that Baron von Papen played. Here is the shrewdest, smartest man in Germany. Having participated in the conference with Baron von Rothschild and learned all that was going on, Papen realized that Hitler was a dangerous opponent who might plunge the country into civil war, with his Storm Troops and the populace beginning to support him, unless his demands were acceded to.

Papen, real leader of the Catholic groups, is bitterly opposed to communism and he realized that perhaps the only way to check its expansion and prevent bloodshed since Hitler loudly clamored for power at all costs, was to drop for the moment General von Schleicher who was ready to take the field with the regular army against Hitler's Storm Troops. Papen finally convinced grand old President von Hindenburg, that for the sake of the nation von Schleicher must go and Hitler be made Chancellor, while von Papen himself would be the checkmate as Vice-Chancellor until the great communistic danger had disappeared. Papen argued that Hitler could not last long since he had made promises to everybody and couldn't possibly carry them out.

As the only non-Nazi in the Cabinet, Papen played a clever game, checking the Nazis in their extremes wherever he could and waiting for the day of reckoning. Today a great majority of the Germans in Germany are strongly anti-Hitler, but they are terrorized and bullied by an organized minority and so permeated by Goering's feared secret police that they cannot organize in a military sense to revolt. Their only hope is in the grim regular troops of the Reichswehr who are straining at the leash in their anxiety to get at Hitler and his Storm Troops.

It is the boast of the 100,000 Reichswehr that they would take on the entire 2,000,000 Storm Troops without artillery and with nothing but the bayonet regardless of the 20 to 1 odds. And it is not an idle boast. I know these men and their officers. They are fighters. They only wait for the word from their leaders, and the chief reason the leaders do not give the word is because they fear that once they have established a military dictatorship and run the Slovak, Hitler, and all his group out of Germany, the communists might start a revolution to overthrow the Republic before the monarchists could get together and agree on who should be Emperor, since it is almost certain that Germany will not continue as a Republic.

The Hitler government of Germany is now in its last stage of life, a slowly dying body which has created much unrest to the remainder of the world but which has given the Germans who permitted it something much worse—hardship, suffering and bloodshed, with possibly much worse to come before the turnover into a new form of government is completed.

At this moment the rank and file of the German people are bewildered and frightened, sickened and disgusted while the various groups seeking power fight over them like jackals over a great nation dragged down into the dust.

Naturally such a condition has brought about a reaction. It was intolerable and it has led to the formation of a counter-secret organization of German citizens something like the masked riders or vigilantes known in this country. No mention has ever been made of this organization in the United States. It has become enormously powerful. It has ramifications all over the world. It is known only as the Vehmegericht. In its ranks are men of the highest ability, character, intelligence and rank.

The nucleus of it was composed of former German officers. It was this organization which has its own secret trials, which made the discovery that a certain high Nazi official had sold out to the French and become a traitor.

This organization works in the utmost secrecy. It must because immediate execution through the firing squad or the guillotine would be the fate of its members if they were known. The object of this group is not only to root out Hitler but all the gang he has brought to power, all the thieves and charlatans and moral lepers who have brought Germany to its present low estate.

One of the things it has done to date has been to develop an amazingly efficient secret investigation force all its own. This investigation or espionage force uncovers every activity on the part of any German of importance either in official or unofficial circles, and turns in a detailed and accurate report on it. If the individual is guilty of misbehavior, treason or questionable activities, he is given a trial without his

Continued on page 168

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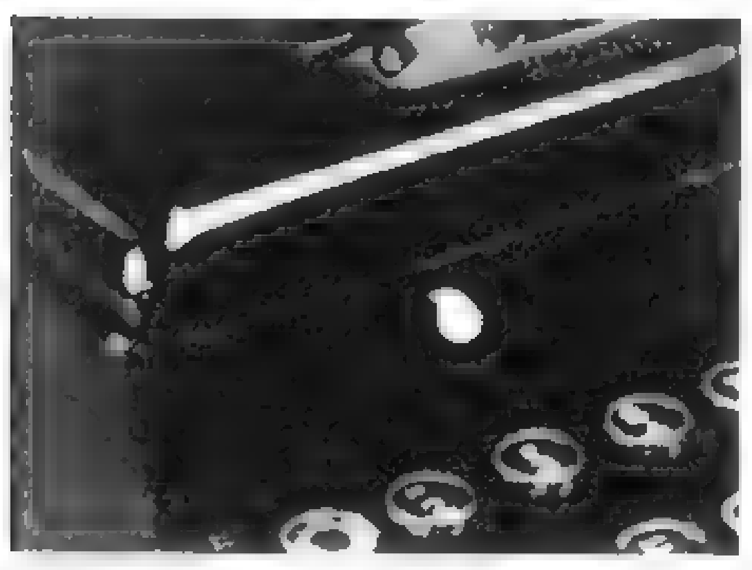

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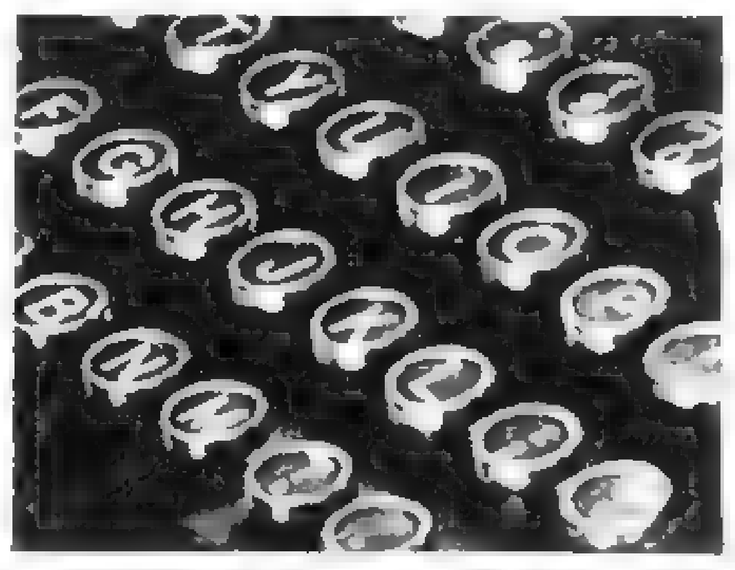

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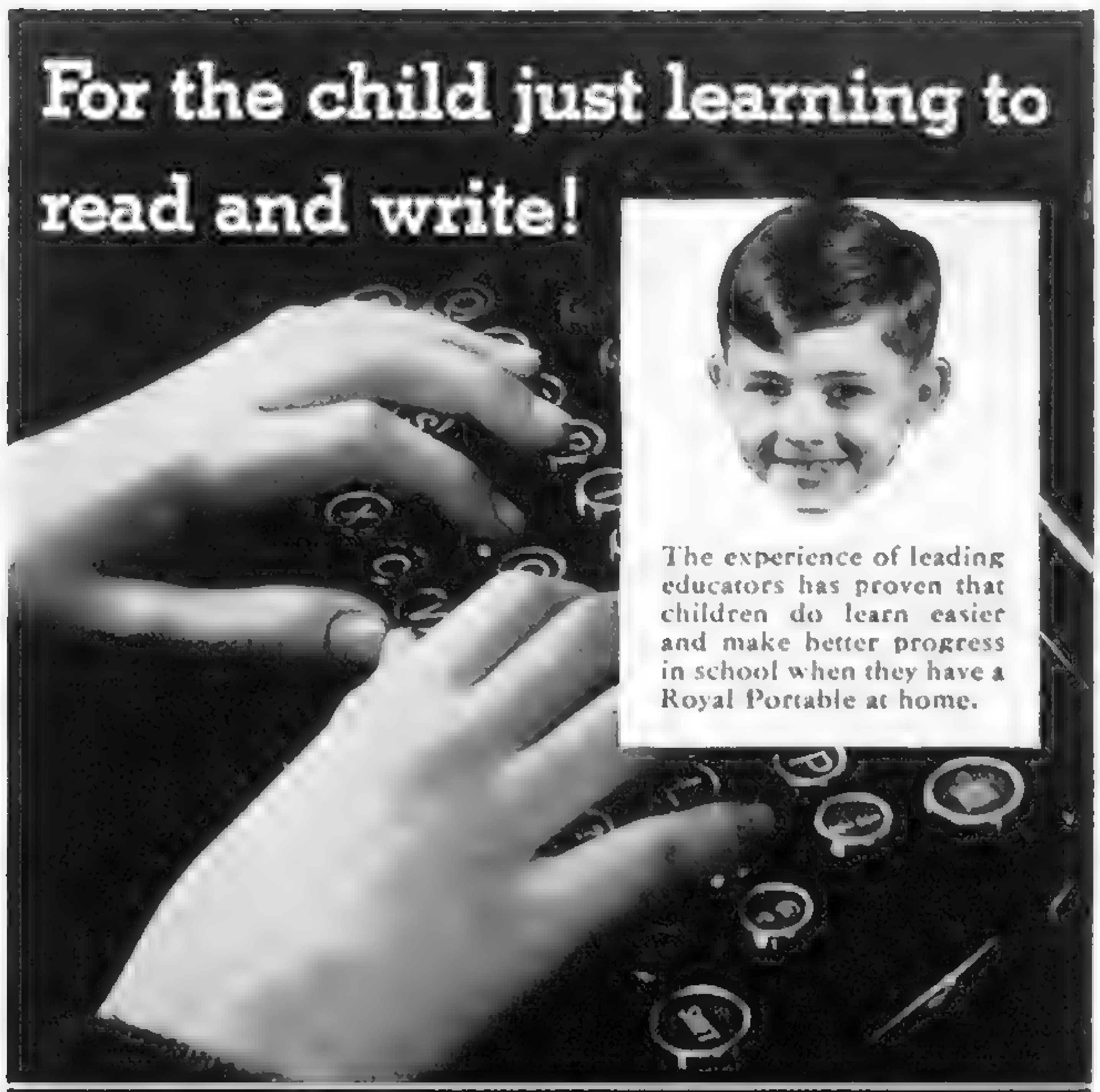

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Numbering Hitler's Days

Continued from page 166

knowledge. That is, his case is brought before a secret tribunal which goes over the facts fairly and thoroughly, and a judgment is handed down.

In the day of reckoning that is near at hand, when the Hitlerists will be overthrown and a military dictatorship established in Germany to be followed either by communism or monarchy, this organization will quietly step forward and place in the hands of the military dictatorship the proofs to condemn those who deserve the firing squad they probably will get.

There are branches of this organization in all parts of the world where there are large numbers of Germans. These serve a two-fold purpose. One is to check up on the international activities and relationships of German officials. The other is to gradually inform the Germans temporarily resident in foreign lands of the truth concerning what is going on at home.

Through the work of this organization a great deal has been done to inform the German people who have been betrayed by Hitler and his gang. And the German government knows of the existence of that organization.

Possibly Goering's dreaded secret police are busy trying to ferret out the leaders of it, but their efforts are in vain.

For the first time, I am going to reveal the plans which are all ready for this military revolt to set up a military dictatorship, kick out the Hitlerites and re-establish the monarchy. In a general way I am going to tell about it because the Nazis can do nothing to stop it. Already it is more powerful than they are and they know it and are frightened to the stage where they would like to drop everything and run but know they cannot because then they would be hunted down like wild beasts by those they have persecuted. So they hang on with a death grip wondering when this formidable force of real fighting men and former fighting men which has united will show its hand.

A few months ago a secret meeting was held at Stargart in Pomerania by leading officers of a number of nationalist and military organizations which Hitler suppressed. The men present represented such organizations as the Pommersche Landbund, Ober-Schlessische-Einwohner-Wehr, Stahl-Helm or Steel Helmets and even the Storm Troops which Hitler has disbanded. Besides that there were ranking officers of the Reichswehr or regular army. All these groups composed of men who have carried the rifle or the sabre or served the artillery guns.

The meeting decided to reorganize the Steel Helmets and Storm Troopers as a weapon against Hitler and in spite of his orders to disband. It also was decided that they together with the other nationalist groups and the Reichswehr would seize the government, set up the military dictatorship at the proper moment and bring Hitler and Goering to summary trial before the Vehmegericht, the secret tribunal I have described previously. The support of all these organizations was pledged to Baron Franz von Papen, the former Vice-Chancellor, whom Hitler would have liked to put out of the way had he dared.

The money to finance this military revolt has already entered Germany by way of Switzerland and Denmark and the guns and ammunition are in the hands of the plotters in spite of Hitler's desperate efforts to disarm them. He and Goering know about what to expect, which explains why Hitler has deposited about $700,000 in two banks in Italy in his own name.

That is quite a sizeable sum for an itinerant paperhanger and nondescript who did not have an extra shirt to his name when he entered Germany. It furthermore indicates that he is at least trying to pave the way and feather his nest for the day when he will try to depart in a hurry from the land which his action brought to its present place where the world looks upon it as a pariah among nations. It must be remembered that it was Hitler himself who declared anyone was a traitor who sent private capital out of Germany to foreign countries. His law on this subject evidently was meant to apply only to Germans, not to foreigners, such as himself.

The truth about the German people is that they are awakening to find themselves bankrupt, surrounded by a ring of steel worse than that which surrounded them in 1914, totally isolated from the rest of the world, a wreck of a nation betrayed by a group of bestial perverts, grafters, and maniacs who fooled them with grand speeches and cunning intrigues.

Perhaps they will recall Hitler's dramatic speech at the beginning of his political career when he clamored to be crucified if he failed literally to make Germany a heaven on earth. Whether he will be I do not dare to predict even if I should happen to know what fate has been planned for him. Too many unforeseen elements can enter.

But I do know and can state without the least hesitation that the military are prepared to act and when they have acted an emperor will again ascend the throne of Germany unless the communists elect to launch a bloody civil war which they will have but little chance of winning, since the capitalist-industrialist class do not want them and the rank and file of the German people recall that under the monarchy they at least had a chance to educate their children and live in comfort. In either case, I do not see how Hitler can survive, and apparently neither does he.

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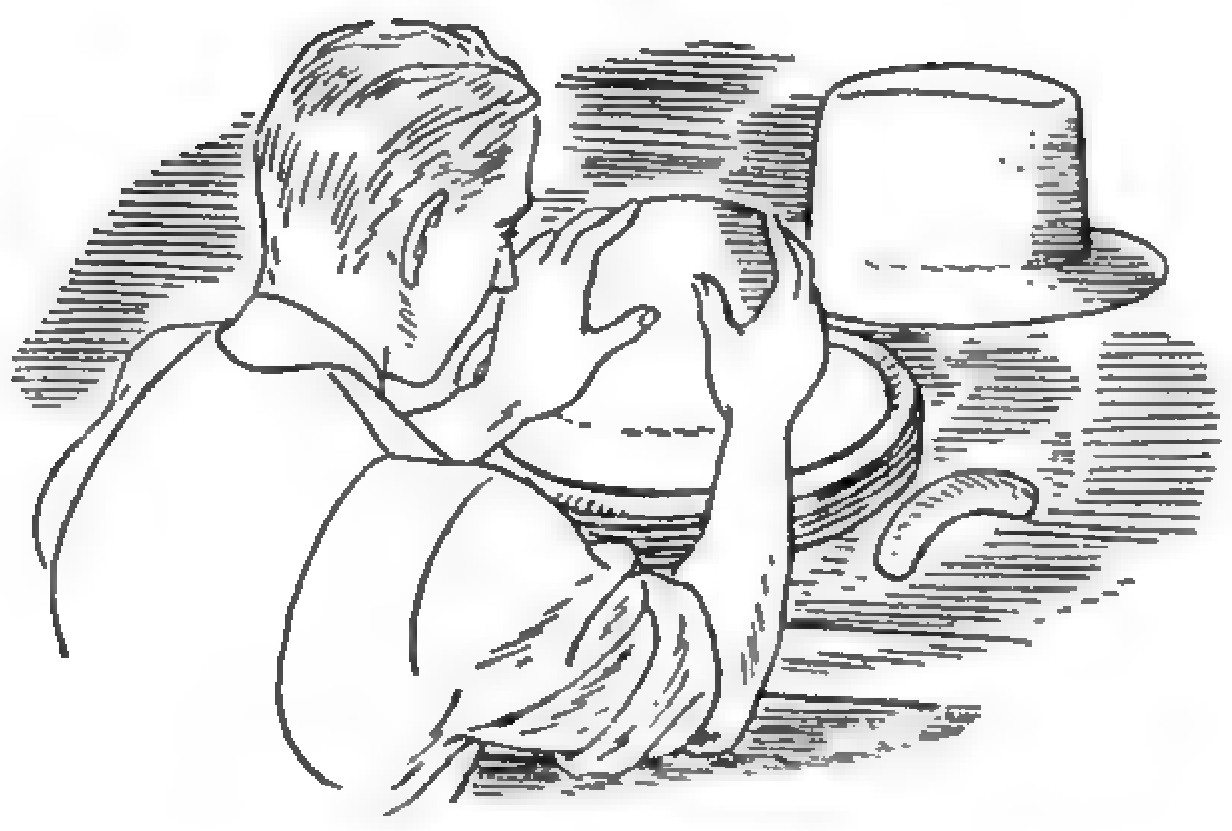

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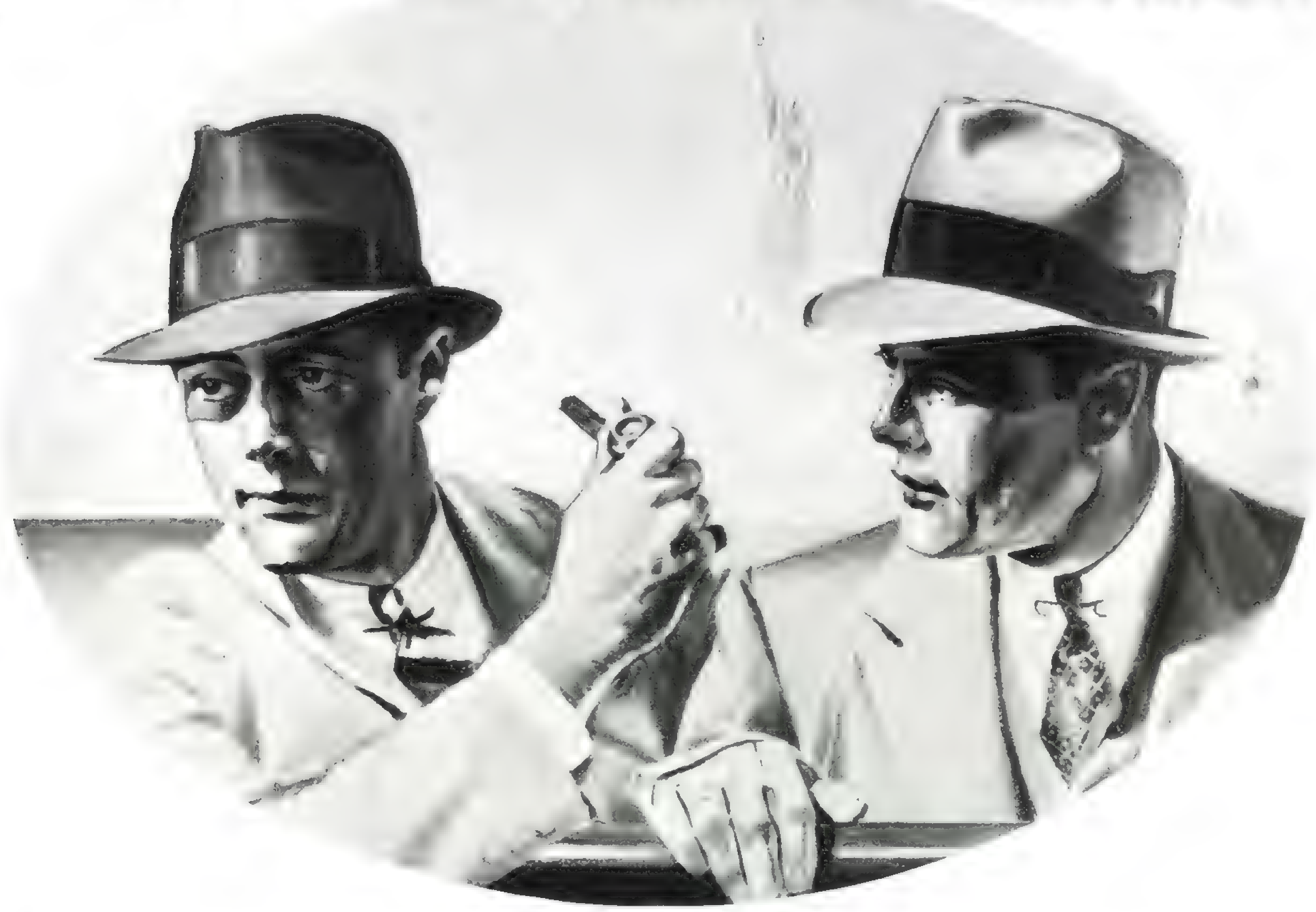

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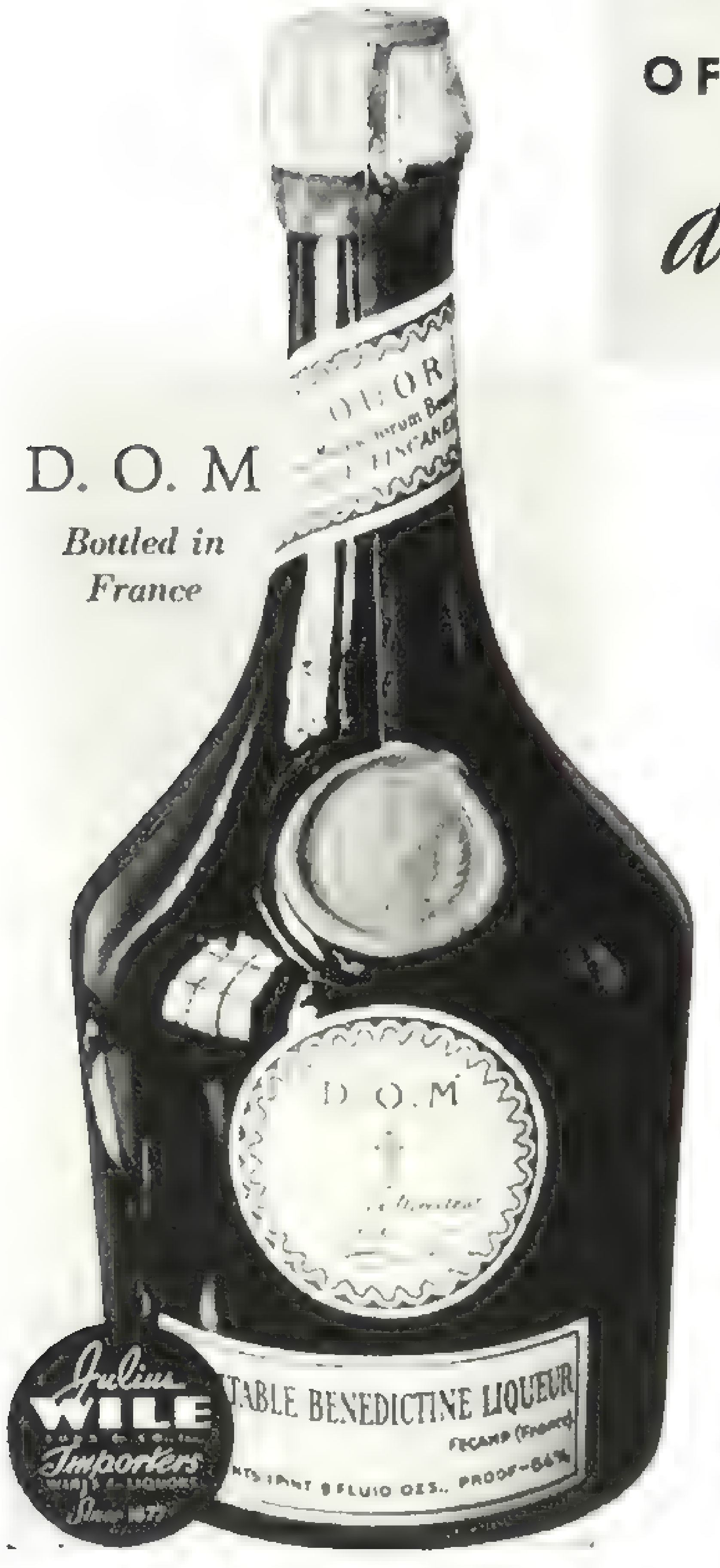

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Heart of a Hoofer

Continued from page 29

separated, it seemed cheaper for Jim to hop a boat and make a personal visit.

As always, when Walker made these trips, whether they were to Florida, Bermuda or Europe it was announced to the press that being on the verge of a breakdown his physician had ordered a vacation, preferably a sea voyage.

Well, this sea voyage took him and his secretary, George Collins, to Naples on the *Conte Grande.* They had booked to make it a round trip, planning to get back to New York just in time for the Democratic convention when Walker would arrive and stampede the delegates into the direction of the *status quo ante.*

Betty hurried down from Paris to meet him in Naples, and then George Collins got sick, and instead of Jim taking the *Conte Grande* back, he decided to take the *Rex* which was making its maiden voyage. Subsequently I crossed on the *Rex* when it spanned the Atlantic in 4 days, 13 hours and 58 minutes, wresting the transatlantic record from the *Bremen*, but on its maiden voyage, the *Rex* stayed almost that long off the rock of Gibraltar.

One of the turbines went blah in the Mediterranean and the ship had to put in to Gibraltar, while mechanicians hurried down from London to repair the difficulty.

Walker walked the bridge like a Napoleon at Elba and in the end, seeing his crown slipping from his grasp, deserted ship, hurried across France, gave Betty another goodbye in Paris, and then caught the *Bremen* from Cherbourg, still hoping to reach New York before the Democratic convention was over.

As a footnote to irony, it should be stated that he arrived later on the *Bremen* than he would have on the *Rex*, which after its turbine was repaired made fast speed for the port of New York.

But in either case he was too late, and the delegates after waiting for a stampeder who never came, turned to a fat, family man, in Walker's phrase "the hardest breathing man in New York," who had been sleeping away on the Surrogate bench, and picked him as their candidate for mayor.

A Democratic nomination, in those days, was equal to election, and as the man they did choose had about one-tenth the popular appeal of Walker, it is a cinch Walker would have won, if his heart hadn't yanked him across the Atlantic just at the time when he was most needed in New York to direct the strategy of his own battle.

As proof of this he received a reception which topped any he had ever given other visiting celebrities. At least five thousand persons went down the bay to meet him and all the Tammany leaders who had nominated O'Brien in Walker's absence agreed that if Jim had been present at the convention nothing could have stopped his renomination.

This may have been their diplomatic way of easing him out of the picture. That may even have been their intention in the first place, but the fact remains that if Walker's back hadn't been turned they couldn't have done it so easily, and the further fact remains that he turned his own back.

Thus one way or another, he had bilked himself out of a job which he wanted to keep till the end of his second term and then retire in his own way.

As it was, it amounted to being thrown out on his ear and his personal pride couldn't permit him to face that. So he took another steamer, back to Europe, this time with Betty who had come over to join him. Trying to gag it to the last, they wrapped themselves in blankets sneaking aboard like Arabs in the night.

Thus they boarded the *Conte Grande* in 'secret,' a secret which they were able to keep for as long as a few hours, due to the fact that Betty was on the third class passenger list, and reporters have a tough enough time skimming through the first class passengers without hunting for 'names' in the steerage.

On the trip over they had a temporary sense of release, even with a raft of newspaper men on board. These were bound for Genoa to return on the *Conte de Savoia*, a sister ship of the *Rex*, due to make her maiden voyage and like the *Rex*, destined to break down en route.

Though I hadn't met Walker up to that time I received a radiogram full of cheerio, signed by him and several others, two of whom I knew. Later a postcard signed by Betty and Jimmy and mailed at Gibraltar beat the ship to Nice. As a consequence we went down to the harbor to meet them.

By the time the *Conte Grande* reached port Jim looked as world-weary as a lunger working on his last cough—a ghost, in other words, of the buoyant playboy of the rotogravures. He weighed 125 pounds, within ounces, in fact, of what Betty weighed, and they were dressed in mackintoshes of identical cut and material.

"Jim!" called Betty.

He moved through the maze of customs inspectors, hotel guides, taxi drivers, *porteurs*, *marins* and trunks, pulled a languid hand from his mackintosh and shook mine as we were introduced.

"Hello, Frank," he said, with the simple, easy air of an old and tired friend.

Thus I met the once Beau Brummel of American politics, appearing like a wraith out of a chilly haze that had suddenly turned the usually sunny, sleepy port of Villefranche into a picture version of the London docks such as Hollywood studios habitually shoot in the foggy port of Los Angeles.

He was unshaven, pallid and red-eyed, his mackintosh pulled up to his chin and his hat pulled down over one of a brace of bloodshot eyes.

A mob of Riviera correspondents were anxious to grill him as soon as he cleared the customs and he, equally anxious, to duck them.

He had a call to make to Paris and he wanted to find a hideaway as soon as he got that off his chest. I told him to go to my villa, as any telephone call of his would surely be tapped in a hotel. He could, I pointed out, go from my place to a hotel, and I urged a retreat on Cap Martin. I added that I'd give the newspaper men some sort of story.

I led them into a little *bistro* and gave them a yarn to the effect that a magazine had offered $50,000 for Walker's life story. I had read the piece in a three week's old copy of *Variety*. They picked the yarn up on the first bounce and it was cabled back to America as news, proving that city editors of dailies don't read much beyond the other fellow's bulldog editions.

After we had cleared all wires I trekked to my villa expecting to find the Walker party there. What I found instead was a setup of movie cameras, portable sound-trucks and arc lights all over the place. Some of the lights were even parked in my garden.

As the place was on a hill remote from all the glittering Riviera traffic, I was the most surprised man in the world at the setup.

All I could imagine was that a newsreel crew had tapped the telegraph wires and were waiting for Walker to walk into a close-up.

But I breathed the well-known sigh of relief on learning that it wasn't anything of the sort. A.E. Dupont, the German director, was doing a picture called the *Marathon Runner*, and liking the location had chosen it without knowing who was living in the villa, least of all suspecting that it was an old friend of his. When he found that out he was so delighted he moved the arc lights and the mucky boots of his mechanicians into our living room.

Fortunately for the Walkerian peace of mind Lord Jim had got out of there before the cameras arrived, or he never would have believed I was on the level with him when I sent him to what, up to then, had been one of the few cloistered retreats on the Riviera. He was, I hoped, reposing at Cap Martin.

At this moment the office memo pad which bills itself as Mrs. Scully, reminded me that Hotel du Cap Martin had burned to the ground a few months before.

That was bad break number two. I had sent Walker to a hideaway that no longer existed and in consequence had successfully lost him. When he didn't telephone by noon the next day I decided to find out where he was on my own. Reporters were pestering me for news of him, and while I hadn't been hired as his press agent, or suppress agent for that matter, that was the spot that the ironic gods had picked for me, and they never let up for the next six months.

As my *amour propre* wouldn't let me admit I had lost contact with Walker, and, further, not wanting some French reporters to find out where the party was hiding and break a bad story over their heads, I called up the steamship line and in the most Walkerian manner said:

"Where the hell did you send my luggage? I have lost a trunk."

"Who is this talking, please?" they naturally wanted to know.

"Who do you think is talking?"

"Valkaire? Shimmy Valkaire?"

"Where the hell is my baggage?"

"Why, Monsieur, we sent them to Hotel du Cap."

"Hotel du Cap, where? Martin?"

"No, Antibes. We sent them in care of the *concierge*. I'm sure if you count them you'll find all your trunks."

"All right," I said, "I'll have him check them again, and call you back. Goodbye."

It was as easy as that. If I, I thought, could run Walker down that easily, imagine what French reporters, supported by *concierges*, cops, and the *Sureté Générale*, could do if they only put their minds to it. So I let Walker know I knew where he was and told him since he had been a public figure for so long he had better gradually ease out of the picture instead of doing so abruptly. If he tried the latter course the reporters would write anything they liked and that might not be what he liked. He chose to ignore my advice and before he knew it he had the whole press against him. I didn't see him then for a week. When he came up he certainly showed what a week of escape could do in building the body and ego of a licked man.

He had picked up ten pounds and that awful pallor and those bloodshot eyes that were outstanding characteristics when he stepped off the boat, had given way to a bit of tan and a yeasty bravado which was more like his old self. He had on one of his trickier costumes. Nobody, you know, could wear such nancy clothes and look so masculine in them as Walker. He had a way too when he sat down of pulling up his trousers and twisting them inward so the outside seam lay on his knee. Thus he kept his creases with a razor edge long after his valet had returned to America.

One day he was a symphony in brown, the next in blue, and one costume I remember particularly of flannel trousers of baby-blue, with coat and shirt to match

His conversation was full of ephemeral wisecracks and only the beauty of the view seemed to

Continued on page 172

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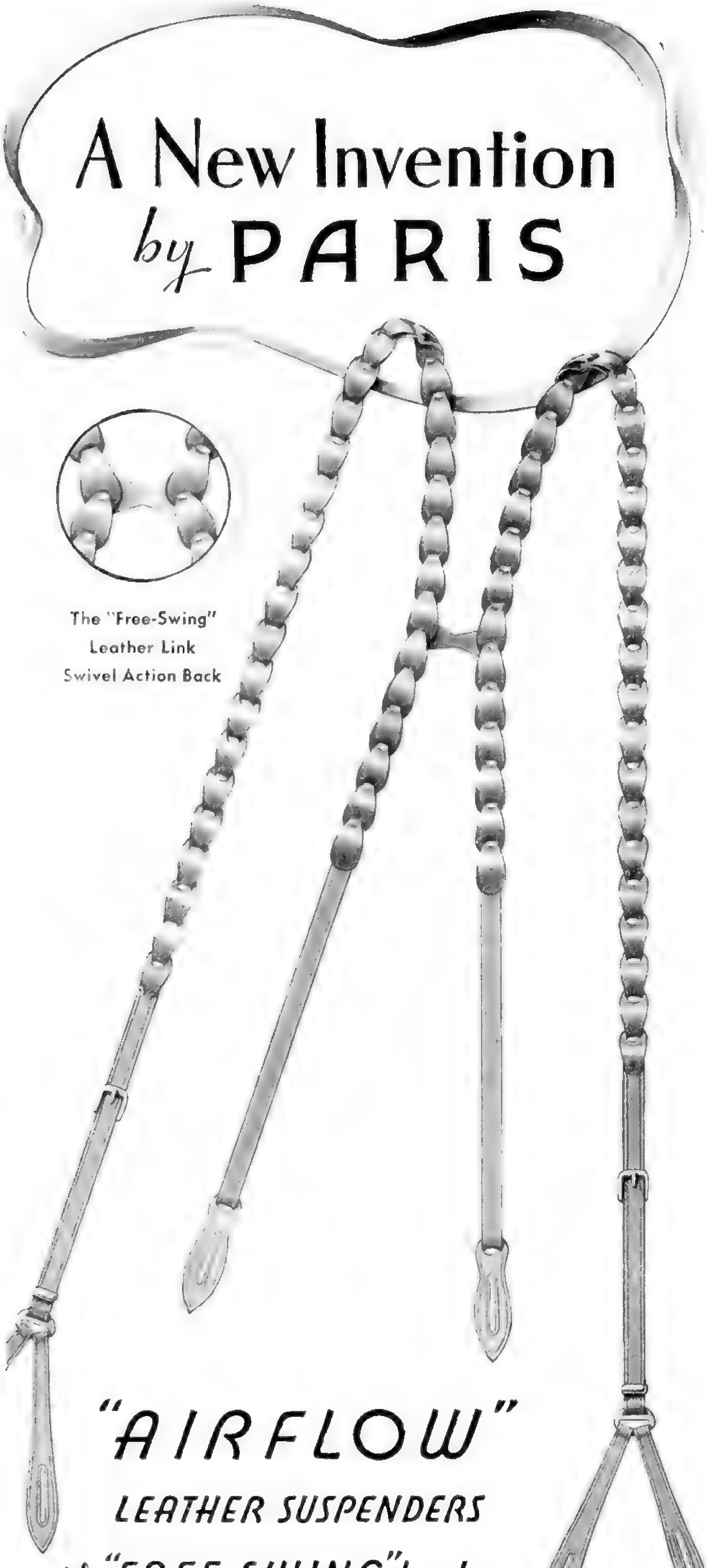

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Heart of a Hoofer

Continued from page 171

silence him for a moment.

He had another trick, conventional enough, of thinking a thing out by brushing a hand over his hair. But he did it in an odd way—with the *heel* of his hand, not his palm, nor his fingers—as if the hair were pommaded and he didn't want his fingers greased by contact with it.

This may have been true, for he had a slicker's haircut and an impeccable part always. These touches added to those sharp-printed features of his, as if a Hollywood beautician had made Lincoln over nearer to a flapper's ideal, gave him the air of a mime with a mind. And that, I suspect, is what he always wanted to be, an actor-manager but given to song and dance rather than the idiom of Henry Irving.

In any case song and dance was what we tried to cure him with. We gave a sort of cocktail dance in a place which was never used except by the peasants on Sunday afternoons. As ours was on a Thursday evening we naturally had the place to ourselves.

One long table was laid out with all sorts of liquors and glasses and *pan bagnet* sandwiches, a generous Nicois idea of what more refined bars call an "appetizer."

Over in the corner was a huge mechanical piano which played so loudly that when the literati gathered nobody could go into a long spiel as to why his last book was a hit or a flop. There was nothing to do but to drink and dance, and most of them voted it the most hilarious party ever pulled on the Riviera.

It started at five and by seven everybody was either half-seas over, or all in from hoofing at such a fast tempo. The music forced them to do this. There was no sitting out of dances, since you couldn't hear a word anybody said to you.

The only flaw in the affair was Alexander Berkman, who wouldn't come because he didn't want to meet a "crooked politician." Others, equally radical-minded, were above such nonsense for the moment and Walker, realizing a bit that he was in hostile territory, was at his best.

The son of Kay Boyle and Laurence Vail, Sindbad, refused to shake hands with him, having heard what a terrible person Walker was. Kay Boyle, trying to overcome the embarrassing moment by shaking hands with Walker herself remarked, "My what warm hands you have!"

"They got that way," said Walker, "from keeping them in other people's pockets."

It took Kay five days to get over the shock of his candor.

But a week or so later Walker was back into his old defeated self and the gnawing that was going on in his vitals began to work toward the surface. He began to think cautiously and soon to act that way, and before the winter was over it was obvious that a change of scene hadn't affected a cure. At best it had been only a shot in the arm.

It didn't take much to discourage him. That fifty-thousand dollar offer for his memoirs had been withdrawn before he left New York and without that to buck him up he had no incentive to write.

"As far as I can learn," reported one scout from Fourth Avenue where publishers gather like bees, "far from fighting for Walker's story the stampede is all the other way. "Editors are wary of him. They don't believe he will tell the whole story and anything less would hardly add to the volumes on political economy which crowd the shelves of the public library as it is."

Taking that tip I worked out a new gag and the market for the true confessions of our exile climbed like a 1928 stock. We decided to write a series of letters from a modern Paul to the modern Corinthians and title them, "Letters I Forgot To Mail." As soon as that story was cabled to America offers were cabled back until we had sixty thousand dollars in bona fide propositions for the first serial rights on the letters alone. I worked out letters to everybody from Roosevelt to Gertrude Ederle, from Al Smith to Queen Marie of Roumania.

In all this Betty was most helpful, so helpful in fact that we soon found we had a problem on our hands. We saw so much of them we couldn't get any work done. They would golf mornings at Biot, a little town, famous for its pottery, and drive to our place afternoons, a matter of twenty miles. We'd work from three o'clock till seven or eight daily, with time out for tea, and Jim was never late. Stuff piled up so fast that I changed the scheduled conferences to every other day in order to give the secretaries time to clear their notebooks.

Then one day Jim said, "Listen, why don't we do a book about Betty first? Everybody knows my story, but nobody knows hers, and hers is far more interesting than mine."

That put me right on the hot plate. After all, you can't tell a gallant gent that nobody's interested in his girl except himself. You can't say: "I've got sixty thousand dollars in my hand if I deliver your story and even half of that, sight unseen, if you'll sign a contract, but nobody has offered so much as a dime for hers." So you say instead: "Allright, we'll knock out a rough draft of hers, a couple of chapters maybe and a table of contents, and a synopsis, ten thousand words, let us say, and send the blue-print on a shopping tour. Then we'll go back and finish yours. By the time we've finished your story offers will be coming in for hers and we can go on with it." Both agreed that was a sane solution. Thus we swung from "Letters I Forgot To Mail" to "Ex-Madame X" and sadly filed away forty thousand words of his story and retreated backstage while La Compton took the spotlight.

Once she got it the famous Compton elbows kept her there. Being a person of much stronger will than Jim, Betty kept at her yarn day and night. We simply couldn't get back to his after that. He soon found himself being driven harder to help out on her story than I ever pushed him to work on his own. He revolted a few times, but the revolts were put down as easily as Mussolini snuffs out a Communist uprising in Rome.

"I come over here for a rest," Jim once cried to high heaven, "and I'm pursued even to the bathroom. I lock the door and through it I hear: 'Jim, listen to this chapter Frank just sent over and let me know what changes you'd suggest.' My Godfrey, am I never to know peace and privacy again?"

He never was. Her car had blocked the road and his couldn't be moved till we pushed hers out of the way. When an offer of twelve thousand dollars came for her life-story all of us were forced to work harder to earn it than any of us would have had to earn sixty grand for his.

Despite his protests to the contrary it was clear to me, if it wasn't to them, that of the two evils he preferred sweating over her story more than he did working amiably on his own. It all had its roots in the same sorry soil. By working on Betty's story he was able to defer telling his own, and by embossing her story with his fine Gaelic hand he was able to have things said which he didn't have the courage to say himself.

In time he saw that this would open him to the charge of hiding behind her form-fitting skirt. After that he began editing the heart out of her story. In brief, having killed his own by his delays he now began to kill hers. In the end he succeeded. Suggestions that certain chapters be built to nearer the known facts met with arty opposition. The piece was to stand as written; not a comma could be changed. That was Betty's ultimatum to the publishing world.

That wasn't Betty, of course, but Jim. She had a lot of courage and if left to herself would have come out with a fine story of their life together. But watered down by his hand it soon became clear that instead of a banquet we were being asked to dine on a tasteless literary *lapskaus*.

I began losing my sense of values at this point and turned to fighting for the integrity of a script, a silly thing to do considering that my name as a writer was not involved, and that profits running up to fifty per cent of the gross *were*.

Stymied in every direction, the editors finally said goodbye to the money they had advanced and dropped the project, leaving me holding the bag, and a possible footnote to any life of a ghost I might subsequently write.

By the time editors were stampeding in the other direction from her story as they had earlier from his, Betty and Jim were married and only too glad to forget the scarlet past which had toned down to a mauve color scheme in her story. They wrapped themselves in a cloak of respectability and left the Riviera for suburban life in England. It was just as well perhaps, as interest in their story had died by that time anyway.

From the beginning of their life on the Riviera, and indeed every now and then up to this day, correspondents have been cabling the news that they'd be returning to New York shortly. I never shared this view and I've been right for at least two years anyway. The rest are still gambling on the hunch that they can't beat the inequality of foreign exchange and a diminishing bankroll forever.

"Well, how can he?" you ask. "How about money? Has he any?"

My answer to that is, "He was in politics for twenty-three years, and if he hasn't he's a sap. And he's not a sap."

But beyond that I don't know. All I can say is that he never borrowed from me. On the Riviera he lived in a villa that cost him one thousand dollars a year and his chauffeur and car (a Roosevelt, ironically, which belonged to the chauffeur) set him back fifty dollars a week. Altogether his menage didn't cost them five-hundred dollars a month—for everything, and if he didn't have that, Betty did.

I base this not on any peek into her private papers, but on the fact that when we would all gather at our villa for the daily huddles, on her life-story Betty was forever asking, "Is that libelous?"

Now, nobody worries about libel unless an attachable bankroll is at stake in the event of a libel suit. I never worry about libel suits. Do you? Hence, the hunch that she was well-heeled, as well as wilful, beautiful and wise.

As for Jim, he has been out of a job for two years now and everybody knows you spend five times as much when not working as when employed. During that time, except for a few pieces for Hearst papers and a column for a Rothermere Sunday rag, he has done nothing to increase a presumably non-existent bankroll. Even his manor in Surrey is announced as a gift from his mother-in-law. In brief, broke or well-heeled, he's sitting pretty—or as pretty as one can sit when plagued with that "consciousness of lost honor" previously referred to in this biographical item.

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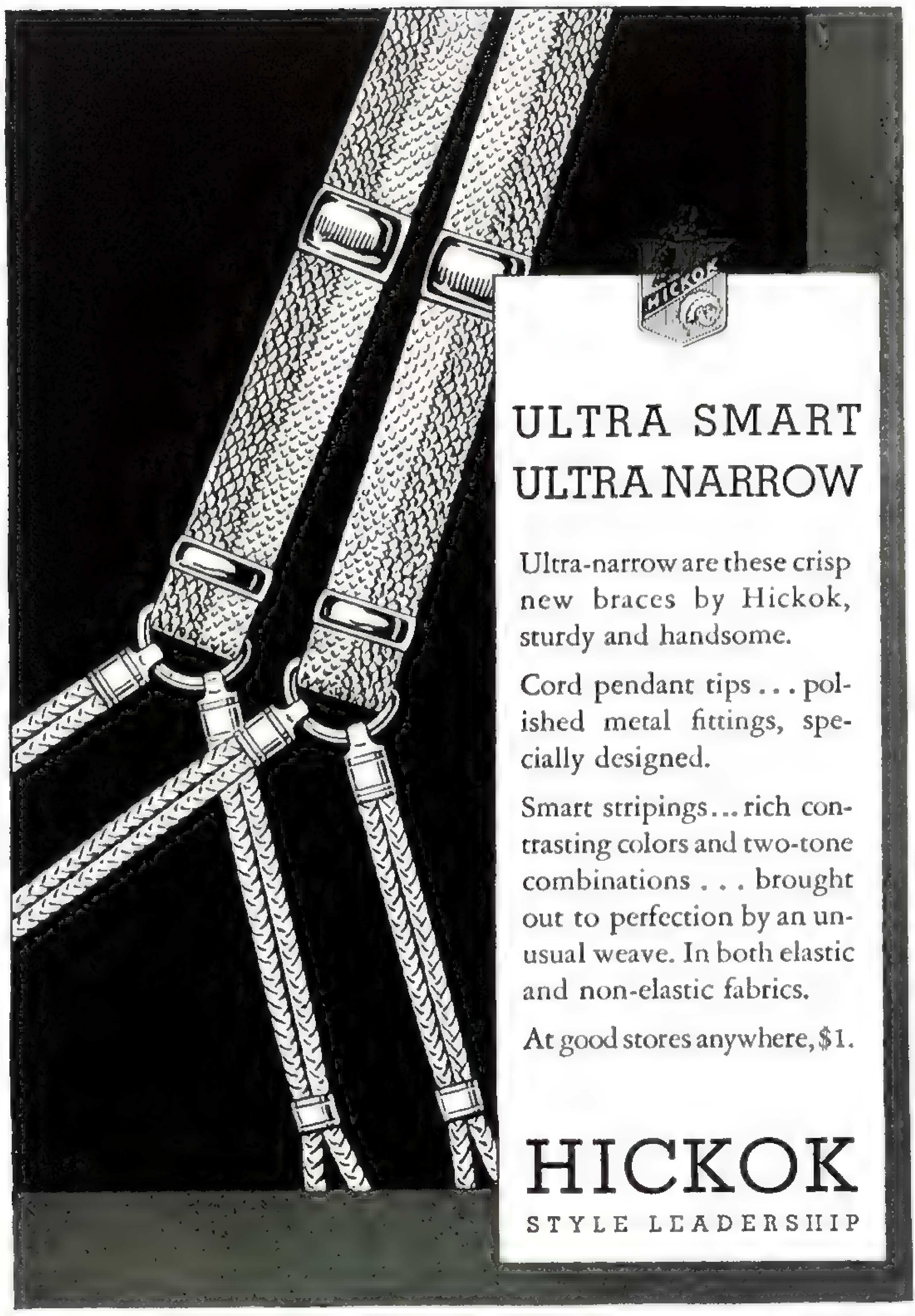
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Can You Beat the Lie Detector?

Continued from page 40

lie was truth. Here was a case, perhaps, which would test the psychiatrist's theory that a man who consciously believed his own story could beat the Lie Detector. So I agreed to make the experiment. L. rounded up an army of newspaper reporters and special writers. He produced news-camera men from four different companies. There could be only one outcome to the test in L.'s opinion. I was extremely sympathetic with the man, but warned him that if the Lie Detector proved he was lying I should have to announce the result honestly. "Absolutely, Doctor!" beamed L. And we went ahead with the test.

L. had shot his uncle. This he admitted. But he claimed that he shot in self-defense. His story had two angles to it. First, he told his alleged motive for quarreling with his uncle, which had to do with a financial transaction in which his uncle had cheated him. This angle the jury evidently had believed, since they recommended mercy. The other part of his story had to do with the physical action on the occasion of the shooting. L. said his uncle had threatened him with a heavy cane, L. had drawn his revolver to cover his uncle while L. backed out of the room, and the uncle had rushed him swinging the cane at his head. If true, this would constitute self-defense, L. being a frail person and his uncle a husky brute. But this part of the story the jury had not believed. But the jury had been wrong. This part of the story was true according to blood-pressure results. Then—came the eclipse! The Lie Detector faithfully revealed that the first and major portion of L.'s convincing tale was a lie. With cameras clicking and reporters rushing out to send the story back to L.'s home state, I had to announce that L. was a liar.

He broke down, wept like a child. Then he told the truth—and I managed to stop the newspaper men until they got it. The whole affair had happened over "the honor of a Southern lady." The lady, whom the uncle had seduced, it turned out was a relative of L.'s wife. This was later verified. The true story, revealed as truth by the Lie Detector, would have acquitted L. in any court. He knew he was innocent. And his honest belief in his own innocence had spread emotionally, during his solitary years behind prison walls, to an equally strong belief in the wholly fictitious tale of a shady financial transaction. Here was a singularly satisfactory proof that subconscious knowledge of the falsity of a story would reveal itself in heightened blood-pressure, even though the witness had come consciously to believe his own lie. In other words, kidding yourself about the truth of your story won't beat the Lie Detector. It takes more effort to lie just the same.

The case of L. also illustrates another peculiar rule in the liar-catching game. Good liars are more easily caught than poor ones with the Lie Detector. The reason is that good liars put more effort into their lying, and therefore raise their blood-pressure to a higher level. Poor liars permit their efforts to weaken sometimes at the crucial moment, with indecisive blood-pressure readings as a result. L. was an excellent liar. He had deceived a jury, and had convinced hundreds of people—including himself—that his wholly fictitious tale was pure truth.

This is the situation with a great majority of criminals. As my psychiatrical critic maintained, they make up stories in self-defense which after a time they come to believe. In the Texas penitentiary system there were 4200 good liars when I interviewed all prisoners as psychologist in a state survey. In addition, there were three or four truthful prisoners who had confessed their crimes in verifiable detail. But none of these excellent liars, many self-deceived, could beat the Lie Detector.

When the United States entered the World War it was proposed to use deception tests as part of our spy-catching system. The National Research Council, to which such matters were referred, appointed a committee of three psychologists to test the various procedures for detecting lies and rate them in order of their infallibility. This committee consisted of Dr. Leonard T. Troland, of Harvard; Dr. Harold E. Burtt, now professor of psychology at Ohio State University; and I. We conducted very severe tests of all methods proposed for lie detection, under crucial conditions in the psychological laboratory. Then we arranged with the Chief Justice of the Municipal Criminal Court of Boston, Massachusetts, to try out the five most promising deception tests on prisoners under jurisdiction of the Court. As a result of our very exhaustive and critical examination of the various proposed tests in actual practice, we reported to Washington a rating of the reliability of deception tests in the following order.

1. Blood-pressure (systolic)—97% infallible when used by a lawyer-psychologist, expert in detecting deception.
2. Breathing (inspiration-expiration ratio)—73% efficient when adaptable to case.
3. Psycho-galvanometer—practical only as supplementary tests; it detects too many irrelevant emotions.
4. Hand-grip test—supplementary value less than galvanometer.
5. Word-association test—impractical in a majority of criminal cases; some supplementary value.

Major R. M. Yerkes, of the Surgeon General's Staff, recommended the blood-pressure test for practical use, with breathing and galvanometer records to be made and synchronized with the blood-pressure record for the sake of supplementary check on the lie-catching expert's judgments. One of the best ways of putting these three records of changes in blood-pressure, breathing, and electrical resistance of the skin together is to attach all three sets of recording apparatus to tambour-markers on the same smoked drum. In this way you get three wandering lines, or graphs on the same record sheet. This is called the "polygraph" method of recording. Later a neat assemblage of apparatus was made for this purpose by Larson, and still later by Keeler. Again the popular accounts of lie-detection mistakenly identified the polygraphic recording device with the Lie Detector, or systolic blood-pressure test itself. Keeler's polygraphic recorder is confused with the Lie Detector. As a matter of fact polygraph records of different instruments used in lie-detection were made at Major Yerkes' suggestion during the War. But they had been made long before that in Germany, France, and in our experiments at Harvard. The manner of recording is a matter of convenience only, not an essential of the Lie Detector, as supposed.

Extreme scepticism met Major Yerkes' endorsement of the Lie Detector in Army circles. Then it chanced that the code book was stolen from the Surgeon General's office in Washington. Circumstances made it evident that one of the seventy negro messengers in the Mills Building had probably taken the all-important code key, probably at the instigation of a German spy. I was called upon to examine all seventy negroes with the Lie Detector. Some of those colored boys had to be herded into the examining office at the point of a gun! They were terribly afraid of the test, every one of them. They thought it was black magic, or some voodoo procedure. As the test proceeded it became apparent that a good many of them had practical reasons for being afraid—we uncovered an amazing list of articles which had been stolen from various offices. Here was an excellent opportunity to test out another criticism of the Lie Detector—namely, its alleged failure when suspects or witnesses were afraid or emotionally upset from causes having nothing to do with the problem under investigation.

The Lie Detector stood the test. None of the negroes, terrified as they were, beat the lie-catching expert. The messenger who had stolen the code book was found, and the book traced and recovered. More important from a long-run point of view was the fact that another alleged method of beating the test had been disposed of. You cannot beat the Lie Detector by letting fear run riot in your brain.

William J. Burns, the famous practical detective, was at that time in charge of the Bureau of Criminal Investigation in the Department of Justice. Mr. Hoover, the present Bureau Chief, was one of Burns' assistants in the office. Burns said to me:

"Will this gadget of yours tell me whether a girl is lying when she says she isn't in love with somebody?"

I said it would—provided the girl was really lying.

"Say, boy," said Burns, "you can't kid me—I know this kid is lying, all right. I want you to put Miss X. through the Lie Detector test and tell me if she's in love with Edgar Hoover!"

So I gave Miss X. the test. She maintained, with many blushes—("love excitement" was one of the emotions which some psychologists claimed would swamp the blood-pressure rise due to lying)—that she didn't give a hoot about Mr. Edgar Hoover. I showed Burns the blood-pressure record. I can still hear his whoop of delight.

"I knew it!" he chortled. "She's nuts about him. You got some test there, Doc. We'll use it."

Still another possible method of beating the Lie Detector had been eliminated. You can't beat the blood-pressure test by being violently in love with somebody you're lying—or telling the truth—about.

As a result of our Washington try-outs of the Lie Detector, I was commissioned and sent to Camp Greenleaf to organize a staff of army psychologists who might serve as experts in lie-detection for various branches of the Government service. The Armistice interrupted this plan. Since the War, application of the blood-pressure test has been made by many criminologists and criminal investigators, with uniform success. Larson has demonstrated in more than 2000 cases that the Lie Detector cannot be beaten by the ordinary criminal. The test is now being used in more than 25 leading American cities by police or criminal authorities.

In 1922 the Lie Detector test was proposed for the first time in court-room procedure. James A. Frye, a young negro, was accused of murder. Dr. Brown, a wealthy colored physician of Washington, D. C., had been killed. His relatives offered a reward of $1500 for the arrest and conviction of the doctor's murderer. Frye came forward and confessed. His trial and conviction would be a mere matter of form—there was no evidence in his defense. Then suddenly Frye recanted his confession and claimed he had nothing whatever to do with the killing. Asked why he had confessed, he told a fantastic tale. Frye said he confessed because he had been promised half the reward for his own conviction!

Frye's lawyers, completely baffled, begged me to test both their client's confession and his later story of innocence with the Lie

Continued on page 176

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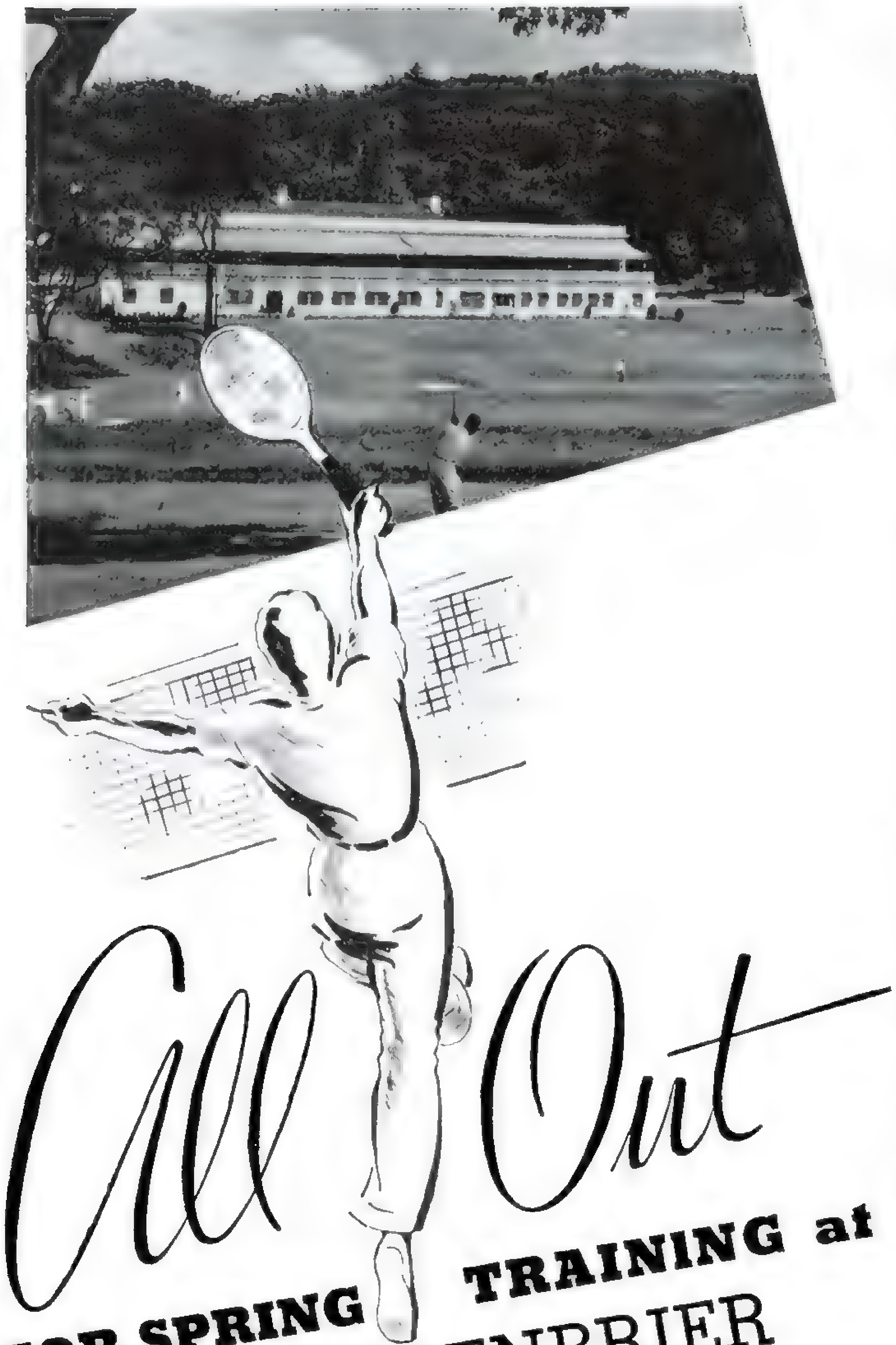

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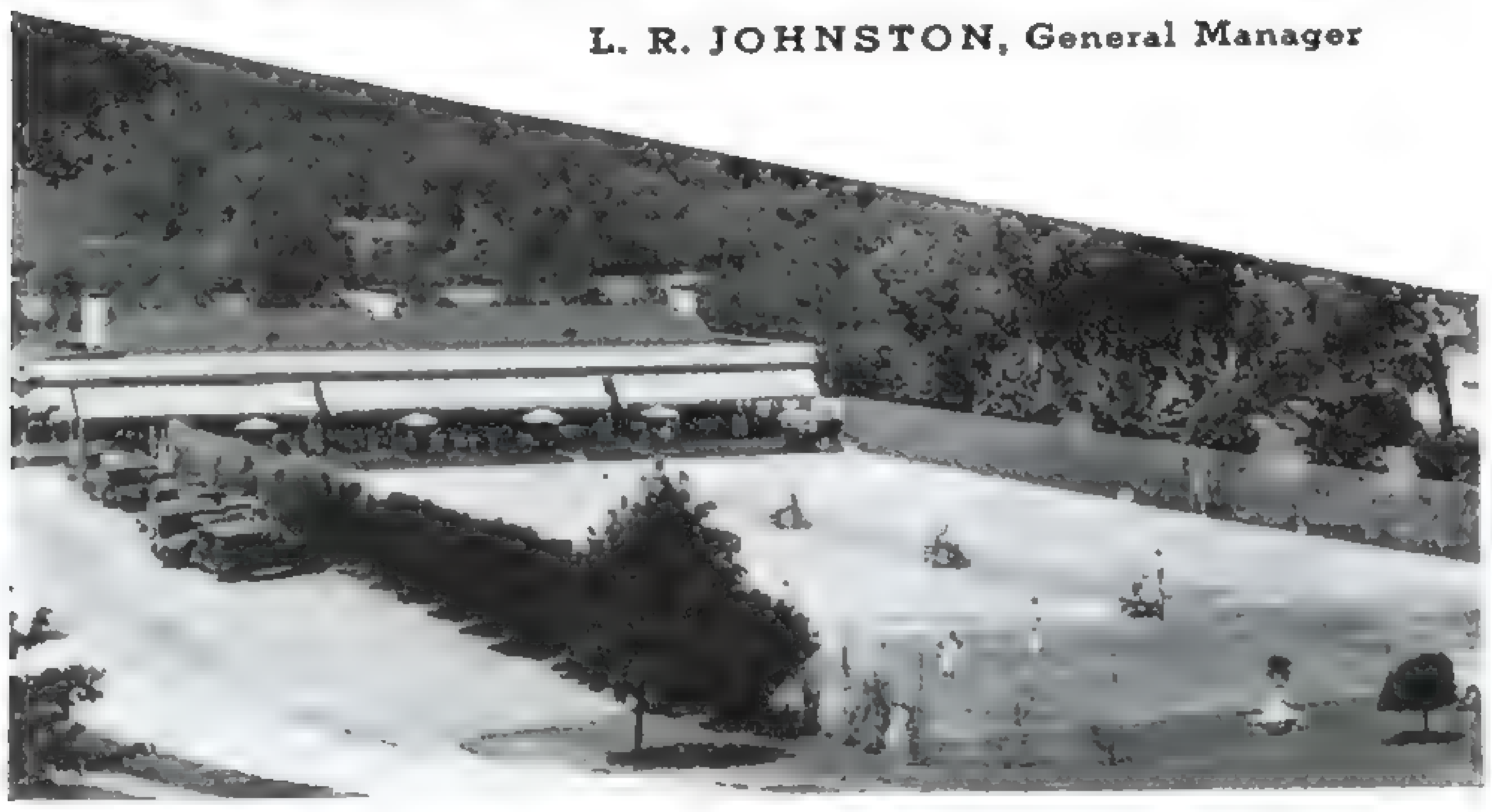

Can You Beat the Lie Detector?

Continued from page 175

Detector. I agreed. We made the test in the District jail. Frye's confession was false according to the Lie Detector; his later story was true. Working with the Detector we gradually unraveled a story of plot and counter-plot. Frye had been approached by a negro who was supposed to be head of a drug ring. This man would have profited by Dr. Brown's death. He had, as a matter of fact, officially turned Frye in as the murderer, and had claimed the reward. According to Frye's story this was the man who had promised to share the reward money with Frye and to get him out of jail just as soon as the reward had been paid. But there was a hitch in the plan because the other negro could not collect the reward. So Frye had retracted his confession.

The case went to trial before Chief Justice McCoy in the District Supreme Court. I was qualified as an expert in detecting deception, and an offer was made—before the jury—to put in evidence the blood-pressure test record showing Frye's present story truthful. Undoubtedly this offer of evidence—which amounted to a statement that the Lie Detector had proved Frye innocent—made a great impression upon the jury. The test itself was excluded by Judge McCoy on the legal ground that it had not been made in Court, and therefore the result of the test bore only upon the truth or falsity of a statement made by the Defendant while in jail, this statement not being itself admissible and so not before the jury. This was a judicial quirk which none of us had foreseen. Nevertheless, with no other evidence in Frye's favor save his own testimony and the offer of Lie Detector results, the jury acquitted him of first degree murder. He was sentenced on another charge, giving time for investigation which verified the Lie Detector findings. Frye and his attorneys gave the Lie Detector full credit for saving him from otherwise certain hanging.

Judge McCoy's ruling in the legally famous Frye case left only one way open to put the Lie Detector test in evidence. Psychologically inadvisable as it was, the test must be given in open Court. This was done successfully by a student assistant of mine, Edward J. New, in Indianapolis, Ind., in 1924. It was an assault and battery case. Both defendant and witnesses submitted voluntarily to taking the Lie Detector test while on the witness stand. New then went on the stand as an expert, showed the charts of blood-pressure variations made while witnesses were testifying, and pointed out lies in the defendant's testimony. One defendant was convicted in accordance with blood-pressure findings, the truth of the witnesses' testimony being apparently accepted by the Court as indicated by the Lie Detector. Since that time, Lie Detector results have been used in cases before the courts in California, Washington, and other states.

The difficulty of getting the Lie Detector—consisting of blood-pressure test, supplemented by other test records—accepted by legal authorities has been greatly enhanced by the failure of other types of deception tests previously proposed. For example the word-association reaction-time test, simultaneously put forward by Wertheimer and Jung more than forty years ago, is nearly useless in practical procedure. This test consists of a long list of words, to which the subject is supposed to respond by speaking the first word that comes into his mind. Mixed among harmless words in the list are "crucial" words which refer to facts about the crime which only a guilty person, or a lying witness, could know. The theory of the test is that a liar will take longer to give his response word during these crucial reactions because he will be hampered and slowed up mentally by his feeling of guilt. But this test, as previously explained, can be beaten every time by people who lie faster than they tell the truth. Moreover, in an actual criminal case, it is next to impossible to find facts or objects which only a guilty or lying person would know about. Defendants and witnesses will have read every detail of a crime in the newspapers long before you examine them. They will also have been coached by their attorneys. Therefore, innocent witnesses will experience the same embarrassment as guilty ones when the "crucial" words are reached in the list.

The psycho-galvanometer is too delicate a test, responding to every tiniest wave of emotion. This test is based upon the well-known fact that emotion causes people to sweat. Microscopic quantities of sweat are detected by the extremely sensitive galvanometer string. But the string will fluctuate just the same whether you are sweating over a lie or a love affair. This test, like the word-association test, reveals for the most part *fear*—these two are tests of a liar's weakness, an emotional breakdown which cannot be relied upon to occur.

The hand-grip test would be an excellent indicator of deception except for the fact that hand-grip can be voluntarily controlled. If a liar wants to beat the test all he has to do is grip his hand together hard throughout the test.

The breathing test, rated by psychologists as next most reliable to blood-pressure, is handicapped by the need of very complex apparatus. This test for deception was discovered by Vittorio Benussi at Graz. He found that people put more effort into their breathing when they are about to lie. This "catching of the breath" is involuntary, it cannot be controlled, and therefore makes a good test. But there is one out about it. A trained psychologist, or a subject who understands the principle of the test, can beat it by catching his breath continuously, whether he is lying or not. He cannot help doing it when he is about to lie; but he can do the same thing voluntarily when he is telling the truth.

The fact that psychologists themselves point out the weaknesses in all these tests for deception naturally makes jurists and lawyers over-sceptical concerning the systolic blood-pressure test. Yet this detector of deception is approximately 97% infallible in the hands of an expert. This is a far higher rating of reliability than tests upon which handwriting experts and psychiatrists base the opinions which are accepted in evidence by the Court. And the two or three failures of the Lie Detector out of every hundred cases are due to extraordinary conditions which can be discovered and taken account of. Certain rare diseases of the heart or circulatory system should disqualify subjects from taking the blood-pressure test. The only type of individual who can really beat the Lie Detector is one who has mastered the rare art of controling his pulse, heart-beat, stomach and intestinal movements, and other involuntary or automatic functions of the body. The Hindus call such a person an "adept." If you want to become an adept, you'll have to spend twenty years or more alone in the mountains of India. It seems unlikely that many Americans will try this just to beat the deception test.

Besides the tests already mentioned there is another procedure for making witnesses talk which is wrongly included among the deception tests by some writers. This is the so-called "truth sleep" proposed by Dr. R. E. House of Texas. The idea is to administer a drug called scopolomin which removes inhibitions in the speech centers of the brain, just as alcohol, light doses of ether and many other drugs do. In effect this is the old detective trick of getting a suspect drunk to loosen his tongue. It works all right. The fellow talks—but he doesn't necessarily tell the truth. Whatever is in his mind comes out, lies, truth and all. If you want to separate truth from lies in a drunken, or drug-induced story, you still must test your suspect's loose talk with a deception test. I remember a case on the West Coast where a man picked up by the police was made to talk in this way. He immediately confessed three murders, describing the places where he had buried the bodies in minute detail. For weeks the authorities dashed about looking for dead men. They found nothing. Later the supposedly murdered people were found alive. The suspect, like most criminals, had been boastful about his ambitions.

In the merry game of catching liars the Hauptmann case represents a sort of modern field-meet. The question has frequently been asked—Why not use the Lie Detector in this case? Aside from the not-so-humorous answer that the Lie Detector, if used at all, should be applied to a great many other individuals connected with the case besides Hauptmann, I may say that use of the Lie Detector was proposed by the press to Hauptmann's attorney, my consent to give the test having been previously obtained. The suggestion, however, was promptly rejected, counsel maintaining that the test was not sufficiently reliable. While not taking this answer very seriously, I am entirely in sympathy with the attitude behind it. Has a lawyer the right to jeopardize his client's interests, in a case of this kind, by placing an absolute knowledge of the defendant's guilt or innocence in stranger hands? Even if counsel honestly believes his client innocent, he knows there is still a good chance that he is guilty. Were a psychologist to determine this fact by test the prosecution might get wind of it, thus greatly strengthening their hand. That is why defense counsel refuses—for his client's sake.

The prosecution in the Hauptmann case would have been delighted to give the defendant a Lie Detector test. But the U. S. constitution says that no criminal defendant can be compelled to give testimony against himself. Legal authorities generally believe that this prohibition applies to the Lie Detector, unless a defendant voluntarily takes the test. If compelled to take a deception test against his will he might have to give evidence against himself.

Summing up the Lie Detector's court possibilities, it can certainly be introduced by the defendant in many courts, following the Indianapolis case. Dean Wigmore of Northwestern University Law School, America's greatest authority on the law of evidence, suggested to me that an enlarged blood-pressure indicator like a thermometer might be devised and set up in the court-room, thus enabling the jury to observe directly the fluctuations of a witness' blood-pressure while he tells his story on the stand. Mr. Wigmore's idea was that there could be no more legal objection to permitting a jury to watch the behavior of a witness' blood-pressure than there is to their observing his facial expression, or the flushing and paling of his cheeks when under examination on the stand. This suggestion has never been put into practice. Sooner or later it probably will be. When judge and jury are able to determine with scientific certainty the guilt or innocence of accused persons, the greatest step toward justice in the world's history will have been achieved.

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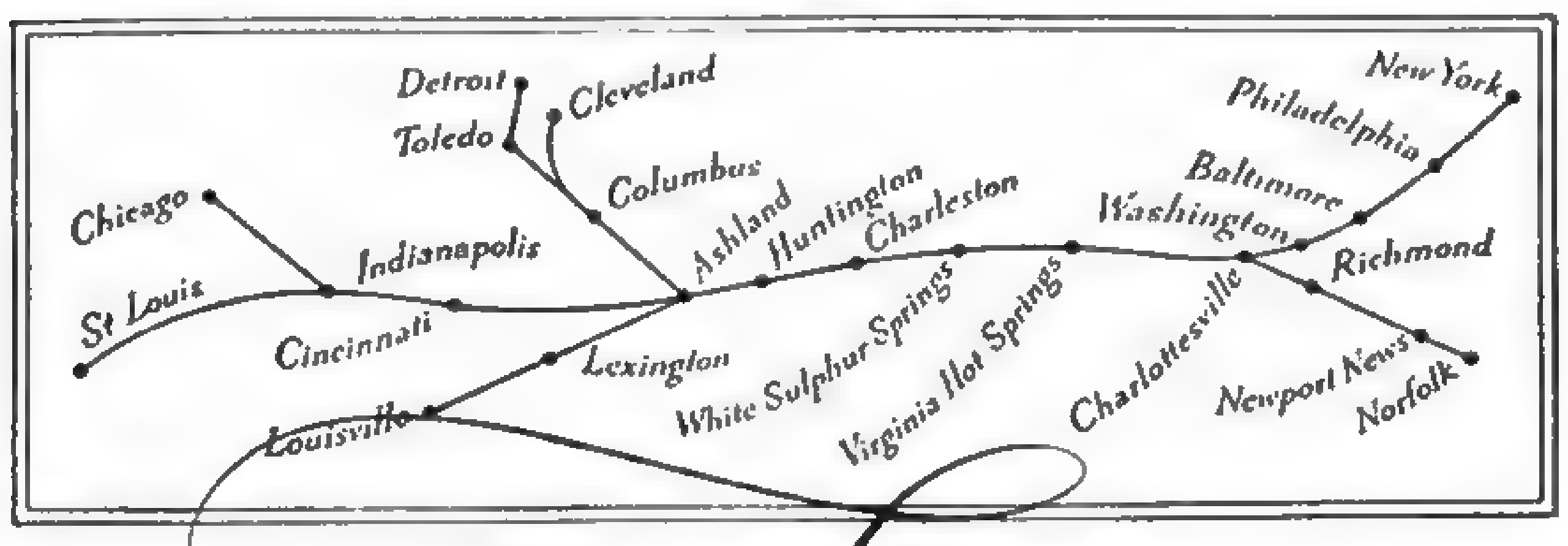

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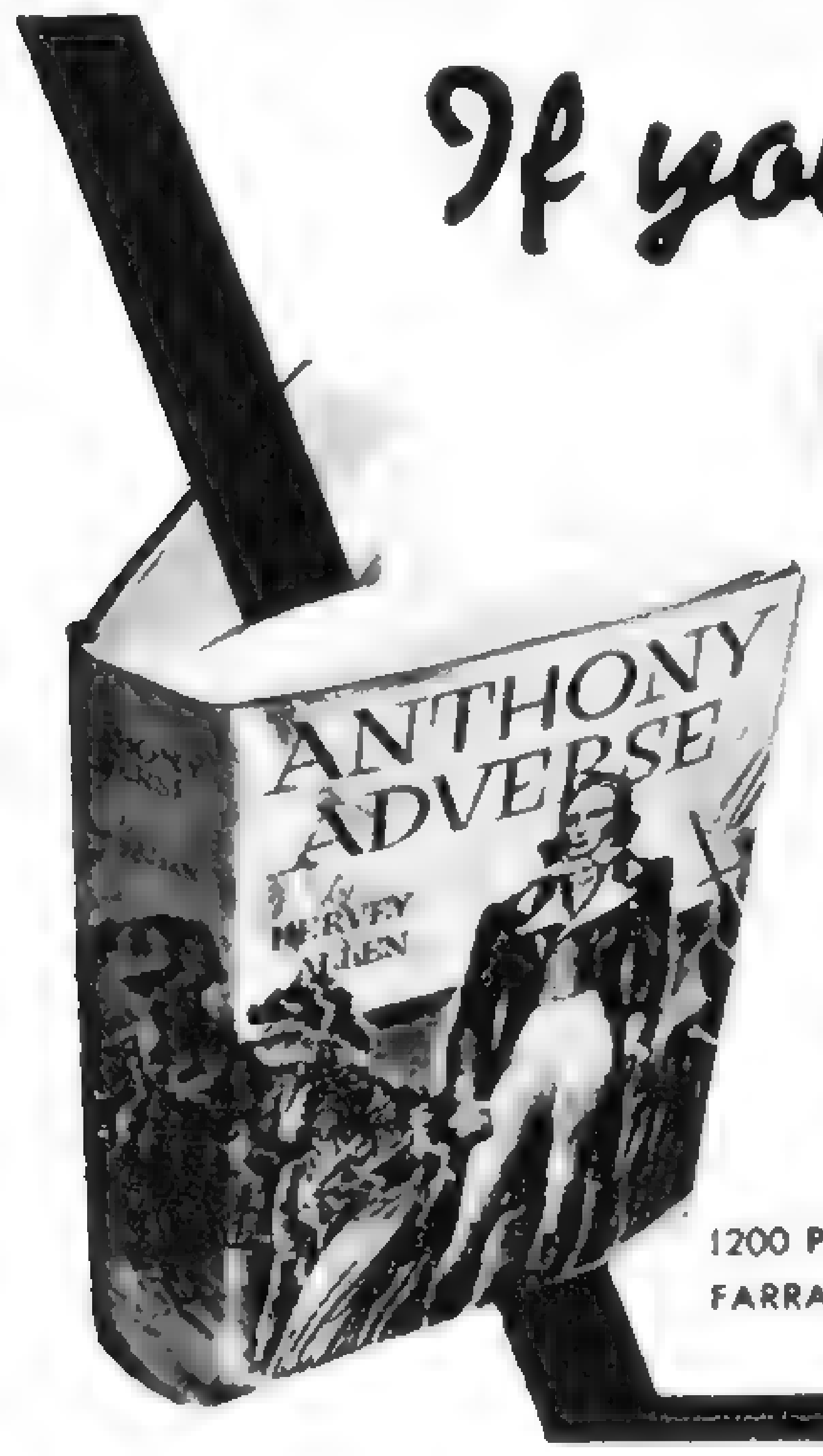

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Breakfasts

Continued from page 42

and maple syrup, to fill in the chinks. You took three cakes at a time, put chunks of the notable butter between them, and poured about half a cupful of rich maple-syrup over the top. You could have as many cakes as you liked, and as much syrup—but it was bad manners, and was reproved, if you over-estimated the amount of syrup you required and left a pool of it on your plate. And quite rightly, too—for this was no nasty chemical product, but real maple-syrup, sent out by my grandfather's brother from Vermont. It came in the form of twenty-pound cans of maple-sugar, and was then turned into syrup by heating it up with a little water. Lord, it was good!

During the meal a few cups of coffee were consumed by each of the adults and a few cups of cocoa by each of the children. No grace was said, either before or after the meal. My grandfather thought it excellent that the women of the family should go to church on Sunday mornings; but he himself needed no such spiritual sustenance. He believed in the prose of Huxley and in the poetry of Scott. And of course in "God."

When breakfast was over, my grandfather would disappear for five minutes, vanishing in the direction of the outhouse. Returning, he would go into the front hall, brush his stovepipe hat, put it firmly on his head, and take from the hall-rack his gold-headed cane. And then my grandfather Davison ("*Lawyer* Davison" to you and to all ordinary mortals) would emerge from his home and castle to walk two miles to his office and take up the responsibilities of the day.

There were breakfasts in those days!

I am sure that my grandfather would call me a "ninny" — his favorite word of scorn—if he could see the breakfasts I eat now. At the slovenly hour of ten o'clock I slouch into the dining-room in my pyjamas and bathrobe, and take a small glass of orange-juice and one slice of toast and one cup of coffee and one glass of milk. How are the mighty fallen!

Even the great captain of industry of today does not live up to my grandfather's standard. He is likely to be hag-ridden by some dietetic theory, and nibbles "Healtho Granules" or "Corpusco Crumbs," and sips "Coffiisco" or "Teaseless Tea" for his breakfast.

How can such a man hope to confront modern problems when he gets to his office? Doubtless it was this bad habit among business-men and bankers and lawyers that brought on the depression. I feel quite certain that my grandfather, had he lived beyond the year 1900 which was his eightieth year, would never have permitted the depression. He simply would not have tolerated it. He would have regarded it as reprehensible nonsense; and he would have reproved it sternly and sent it about its business.

I have seen certain breakfasts of which my grandfather would not have approved. A dear friend of mine—a poet, and one of the most sardonic and acute minds of our generation—took three bottles of beer and a little whiskey for his breakfast, and eventually killed himself with a pistol. Laugh if you like—but his friends did not think it funny.

Hospital breakfasts are a more cheerful subject. Not for the first day or two—when, still sick and dizzy with ether, you are offered a loathsome breakfast—eggs! bacon! coffee!—and you wonder whether somebody is trying to be witty at your expense. It is only because you are a gentleman that you do not slay the nurse who brings in the tray. But that period passes.

After two or three or four days, you notice an incredible improvement in the quality of the breakfasts that are brought to you. Why, this is delicious coffee! And what golden and silver eggs, so fresh and so perfectly cooked! And what crisp brown bacon, so fragrant and so beautiful! It is amazing to note how hospitals manage invariably to improve their cuisine during the first week of a patient's recovery. Some scientist ought to study the phenomenon, and explain it.

To a certain extent, tastes for various breakfasts are a matter of geography. I have little doubt that I could cause positive nausea in a native of Maine if, as he was wolfing down his morning mince-pie, I were to mention to him the Dutch custom of serving thin slices of fine Edam cheese for breakfast.

On the other hand, I would not like to explain to a fastidious Dutch gentleman, as he ate his morning Edam, that the mince pie of Maine is usually accompanied by fried ham, fried potatoes, three kinds of jelly, and hot biscuits that are merely warmed dough.

In India, also, there are special customs. The *choterhauserie* of the early morning is an ordeal. No matter what you do or say, your faithful servant will wake you up promptly at seven A.M. and bring you *choterhauserie*. It is obligatory. You might just as well try to escape death. *Choterhauserie* is a cup of tea and a banana. You may not like tea, and you may not like bananas; but that is of no importance. You must have your *choterhauserie;* and, be assured, you will get it.

I have never been in Norway or Sweden; but I have a terrible fear that the infinite variety of delicious *smörgesbord* (which served at seven o'clock in the evening, makes any possible dinner an anticlimax) may perhaps

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be served for breakfast also. But doubtless I am wrong, and am doing an injustice to two noble nations—one of which produced that glorious figure, Captain Amundsen. I withdraw my statement.

The German breakfast—in the days when I knew it in the house of my venerable uncle, Dr. Hugo Ficke, entymologist, of the University of Freiburg—was like the normal German character of that time: good, sturdy, intelligent and admirable.

There was coffee of a superlative degree of excellence, boiled eggs of an immaculate freshness, and bread and butter that put real life into a mortal.

There was no such formality at the meal as had been the rule at my American grandfather's house; it was served at nine o'clock, and if Uncle Hugo came in a little late, absent-minded, without a neck-tie, and rubbing his eyes, my Aunt Anna (who worshiped the ground this great scientist walked on) would shake her finger at him and say: "Hugo! Hugo! Now just because you were bad, you must wait until Martha boils fresh eggs for you; these on the table are too cold for you to eat: you will get indigestion." Uncle Hugo would accept the reproof: he knew it was deserved, just as well as Aunt Anna knew why Uncle Hugo was late.

They both knew that since six o'clock Uncle Hugo had been in a dream, quite beyond human contact, in his workroom where he was slowly mounting, arranging and classifying the greatest collection of butterflies in the world. They understood each other perfectly. She was a minute wrinkled-faced cheerful woman: he was a vast mountain of a man with a white beard like a snow-field and eyes that saw practically nothing except through the microscope. Aunt Anna regarded him as her child; and he would have died a thousand deaths to save her little finger from a bruise.

They were a lovely couple—a monument to the possibilities of marriage—two people, grown old, going down to death in loving tranquillity. After he had accepted his breakfast-reproof, he would come out of his dream and say to me: "Well! good morning, little man! Shall we go to take a walk in the Schwartzwald this afternoon? Don't be lazy, little man! Shall we? Just you and your old uncle!" Naturally I said yes.

I asked Aunt Anna once why it was that Uncle Hugo worked so furiously at his butterfly collection, as if time were too short for him to complete a task. It was a child's question, innocent in its intention, but like an arrow straight to the heart. Aunt Anna put her finger to her lips, shook her head, and did not answer. I was perplexed at the time; but I understood well enough when, a few years later, I received the news that my uncle Hugo had suddenly fallen dead in the jungles of Sumatra, his butterfly-net in his hand; and that his great collection of butterflies, perfectly mounted and classified and catalogued, had been bequeathed to his beloved city of Freiburg.

But I am dreaming now. . . . There is no longer any such world. And it was breakfasts I was talking about. . . .

The worst breakfasts I know anything about are in Greece. Long ago, when my charming and learned classmate, Professor Chandler Post, and I were both pups, we had a lovely time exploring the mountains of Greece and the islands of the Aegean Sea. We nearly lost our lives, but it was worth it. The breakfasts, however, both in the mountains and among the fishermen, were hard sledding. Believe it or not, breakfast was nothing except a very small cup of poisonously strong coffee and a small square of that gummy candy which is mistakenly called "Turkish Delight." Living as we did among the mountaineers and the fishermen—almost their guests and certainly their friends—we had little choice except to adopt their customs.

It seems to me that those breakfasts have permanently affected my brain.

As to Paris breakfasts—is there no way of avoiding this topic? Can I, an experienced writer, find no way of drawing a herring across the trail, and ignoring the matter? Can I not pretend that people in Paris do not have breakfast? Surely anyone in America would believe me if I said that the entire population of Paris spent the entire night in the resorts of Montmartre, and was then so happy with champagne and vice that breakfast would be merely superfluous. Isn't that a fair and flattering statement?

I fear not. I must be honest. And I will tell what I know about the French breakfast. It is a thing never to be mentioned save with bated breath and with a surgical mask over your face. The wise person in Paris soon learns that French coffee, though perhaps not actually poisonous, is so raucous in taste that many people prefer suicide to continuing to drink it.

When the wise person learns this, he then takes chocolate for his breakfast. It is sickish, but not murderous; on the contrary, it is very sustaining. If taken in bed, beside a beautiful girl, it is not bad at all.

I know nothing about English breakfasts at the great country-houses; but they seem rather formidable, if my friends, the English novelists are correct in what they tell about them. These breakfasts sound much like retired English colonels—a lot of stuff displayed with great dignity on the sideboard, but uninteresting Go you, reader, if you like, and talk to all those English colonels and eat all those English breakfasts of cold grouse, grilled kidneys, deviled chops and other tempting morn-

Continued on page 180

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Breakfasts

Continued from page 179

ing dainties—while you attempt to be merry with twenty other guests to whom you were not introduced the night before. It sounds like the lunchroom in the Grand Central Station to me. I shall stick to my glass of milk, piece of toast, cup of coffee and glass of orange-juice; and I shall take them in complete solitude. Anybody who can be civilized at breakfast is a barbarian at heart.

To conclude this tale of horror, I want to speak of the Russian breakfast as I have heard it described. A very nice girl, a good friend of mine, traveled in Russia recently. She saw an odd sight. She saw, in the dining-car at breakfast-time, a number of Russians making their breakfasts out of large glasses of cold water and slices of dill pickles. She wondered whether she was really seeing this, or whether it was an hallucination. It was only after she was safely back in America that she learned from other travelers that the dill pickles were indeed true, but that the tumblers-full of transparent liquid had not been water: they were straight vodka.

This is enough. We will not consider the breakfasts of elephants—who eat hay for breakfast: nor the breakfasts of tigers —who eat babies for breakfast: nor the breakfasts of babies—who must have quite a nice time at breakfast if their mothers are young and pretty. We will ignore the breakfasts of female spiders, and of cannibals. Indeed, we will leave even the innocent Eskimo to consume his tasty breakfast of raw seal-blubber without being present in person. For persons who have squeamish stomachs, breakfast is a subject that needs to be handled with delicate tact.

So You Won't Talk?

Continued from page 27

They came to the locked door of the room. The Swedish handy man answered their knock and he spoke through the door, "The doctor wants to know who is with you."

"The professor is with me and no one else."

Then the bolts were drawn and the two men entered the room. There it was all before them, and the doors were quickly locked. The Russian doctor spoke to the professor. "It's a good specimen."

On top of a cabinet, especially built for the purpose and containing machinery necessary to pump the blood and keep it at its right temperature and pressure, containing glass tubes, graduates, rubber piping, two electric motors and the maze of intricate apparatus—on top of this cabinet, surrounded by a short glass collar, embedded in two inches of paraffin, was the dismembered head of Handsome Dan. But it showed no signs of life.

Was it alive, or was it dead?

The Russian doctor washed his hands in the sink. He lathered them hard with soap and he scrubbed with a big nailbrush and he dipped his hands in the basin containing some antiseptic solution and dried them on a clean towel.

He put on his coat and he rubbed his hands together and smiled and said to the university professor, "There it is." And he spoke to him in scientific language, and he used such words as "the sterno-mastoid muscle, and the trapezicus is left extra long because it shrinks so quickly, and the external jugular is connected directly with the electric heart. I removed the lymphatic glands at once to prevent their swelling and the pulse remains here as you can notice."

He placed a finger on the jawbone of the head, just one inch in front of the angle of the jaw, and he took out his watch and counted for fifteen seconds. It was beating as it should beat, and the professor also put his finger to that special place on the bone of the jaw and felt the pulse while the Russian doctor warned him, "Gently. The wax is not hard yet. In a little while it will respond to stimulus. It will take another few hours. You are the first, professor, in America to witness this demonstration. And everything I have done here is clearly in detail described in my articles."

The body from which the head had been taken was on a stretcher on one side of the room and was covered over with a black oilcloth. There were a lot of instruments and tools and all kinds of anatomical paraphernalia that the handy man, well accustomed to hospital things, was busy cleaning up.

The two doctors spoke freely to each other, but Quill could hardly say a word. This was something that had never happened before, and scientific or not scientific, it was being done for one purpose and he was impatient and he could not wait, and yet he recognized that it was a feat most unusual and coughed aloud to attract the attention of the little Russian doctor. And he shook his head and said, "I congratulate you, doctor."

"In a few hours we will begin to stimulate it and then, I believe, late this afternoon or tonight you can come back."

That is how it was. The Swedish mechanic watched the instruments that regulated the temperature, pressure and the speed of the electric pump. He did not leave that cabinet for more than one minute at a time. But the Russian doctor, after his work had been accomplished, paid very little attention but sat in one corner

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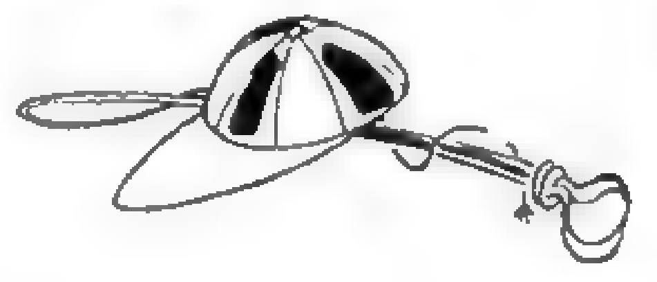

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of the room and made notes in a journal, and he made little drawings of anatomical details, of tied-up blood vessels and nerves, and of the little connections that he employed to join the head to the mechanical heart.

At six o'clock that night Captain Quill arrived.

The head had now taken on a bluish color and the lips were swollen. The face had been washed with a small sponge and seemed very clean. The mouth was a little bit open, the eyes were slightly open, but the head did not breathe. Yet it was alive. The hair looked dull, as though it were a wig.

Quill spoke. "You look very handsome. Can you hear me, Danny?"

The doctor said, "You must stand closer and talk louder."

"Can you hear me, Danny?" shouted Quill.

The lips moved slightly and the head spoke very faintly. "Let me die."

"Can you see what we did for you, Danny? We fixed you up very nice."

The head replied, "Let me die."

"Can you see, Danny?"

"Yes, I can see. For God's sake, let me die."

"Did you see what the rest of you looks like, you bastard?" said Quill, pointing to the headless corpse covered with a black oilcloth.

"I don't care. Let me die."

"So you'd like to die, would you, Danny?"

"Yes," spoke the head.

"It cost me four thousand bucks to keep your stinking corpse alive!"

"Let me die, for God's sake."

"All right, you son of a bitch. Now, who was with you? Who was it, or by God I'll keep you here forever. We got enough blood to keep you alive for weeks. And this is only the beginning. Who was with you?"

"For God's sake, let me die."

A few drops of dark blood, almost black, leaked out of the mouth and fell in the paraffin trough in which the head was embedded. For a moment all was silent and the head again whispered, "For God's sake, let me die."

"All right, you son of a bitch. Who was with you!"

The head hesitated. Then it spoke. "It was the wop Guido. Now let me die, for God's sake."

"You're sure? Say it again. Was it the wop Guido? There's no mistake about it?"

"No mistake," echoed the head. "Let me die."

"In one hour, if what you say is true, we'll turn off the pump."

"It's true," said the head.

Fifteen minutes later they picked up the wop in a poolroom. He swore he was innocent, that he never knew Handsome Dan and they never went out together. But Quill said, "Come along with me."

He brought him to the hospital and led him into the room where the head was being kept alive by the electric heart.

"Now, you stand here," said Quill, "and listen." Then he shouted loud to the head, "All right, Danny, can you see the wop?"

"Yes, that's him," said the head. "And for God's sake let me die."

The wop Guido turned as white as a sheet. He fell to his knees and jabbered his prayers in Italian. He went almost mad and was removed from the room crying hysterically. He was uncontrollable and they had to give him something to keep him from jumping. When they got him quiet, he confessed. He told everything.

Quill went to the room and said, "All right, doctor, you can turn off the switch any time you like."

But the doctor was indignant. His wonderful specimen and all his marvelous work had not yet been seen by the scientific men, and he was waiting for them to arrive. And so, for the glory of science, the head of Handsome Dan was kept alive twenty-four hours longer.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains

Continued from page 89

kimo women have not yet found out where they come from, which complicates things to quite an extent. To these children of nature, sex is an open book and they find all the answers between the covers.

The eminent linguist, Dr. Throckmorton Twirp, traces the high birth rate in Greenland directly to the deficiencies of the Eskimo language. It seems there is no Eskimo word for "no."

Eskimo women are fond of glass trinkets and they will do anything for a few beads. There isn't a single bit of decoration left on my moccasins or embroidered jacket which I purchased at the Blackfoot reservation in Montana.

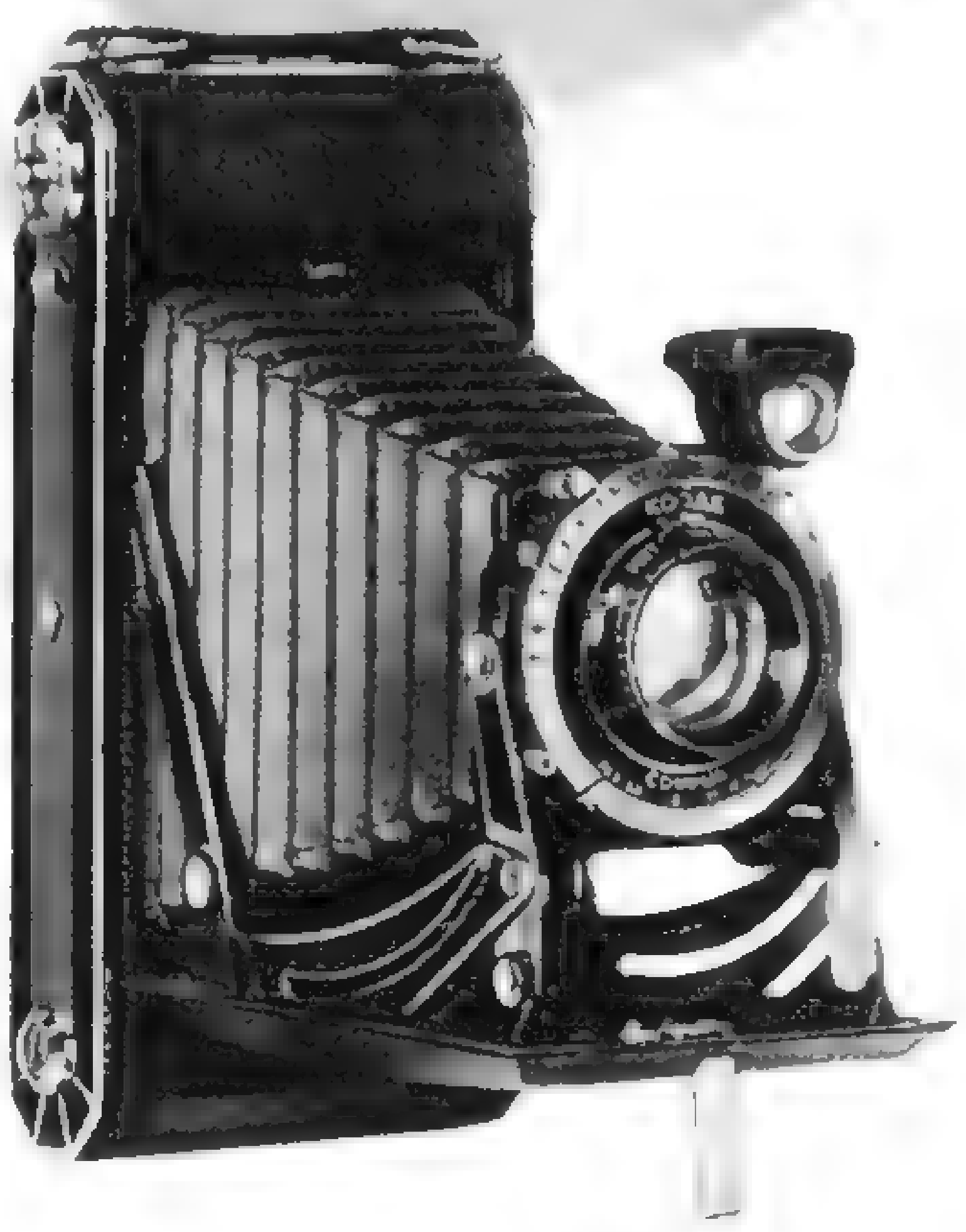
Dr. Twirp in his interesting book, *A Greenhorn in Greenland*, devotes an entire chapter to *Intense Cold as an Aphrodisiac*, and points out that the average temperature in Greenland is 52 degrees below zero. Unfortunately last year just as he had completed a survey of the increase in the birth rate since his arrival, Dr. Twirp departed hurriedly for the states without disclosing the figures. Although he left certain tangible records behind, nothing has been heard from him since.

There are two other forms of entertainment in Greenland in addition to the one just mentioned. One is the open-air coffee party and the other is the occasional radio broadcast which is sent to me by short wave from time to time.

On the day of a coffee-party, the Eskimo women will don their best parkas and sally forth to the beach. There they are forced to remove these beautiful outer garments owing to large signs which say "No Parkaing Here." The men also

Continued on page 182

Master of every picture you'll meet on any trip



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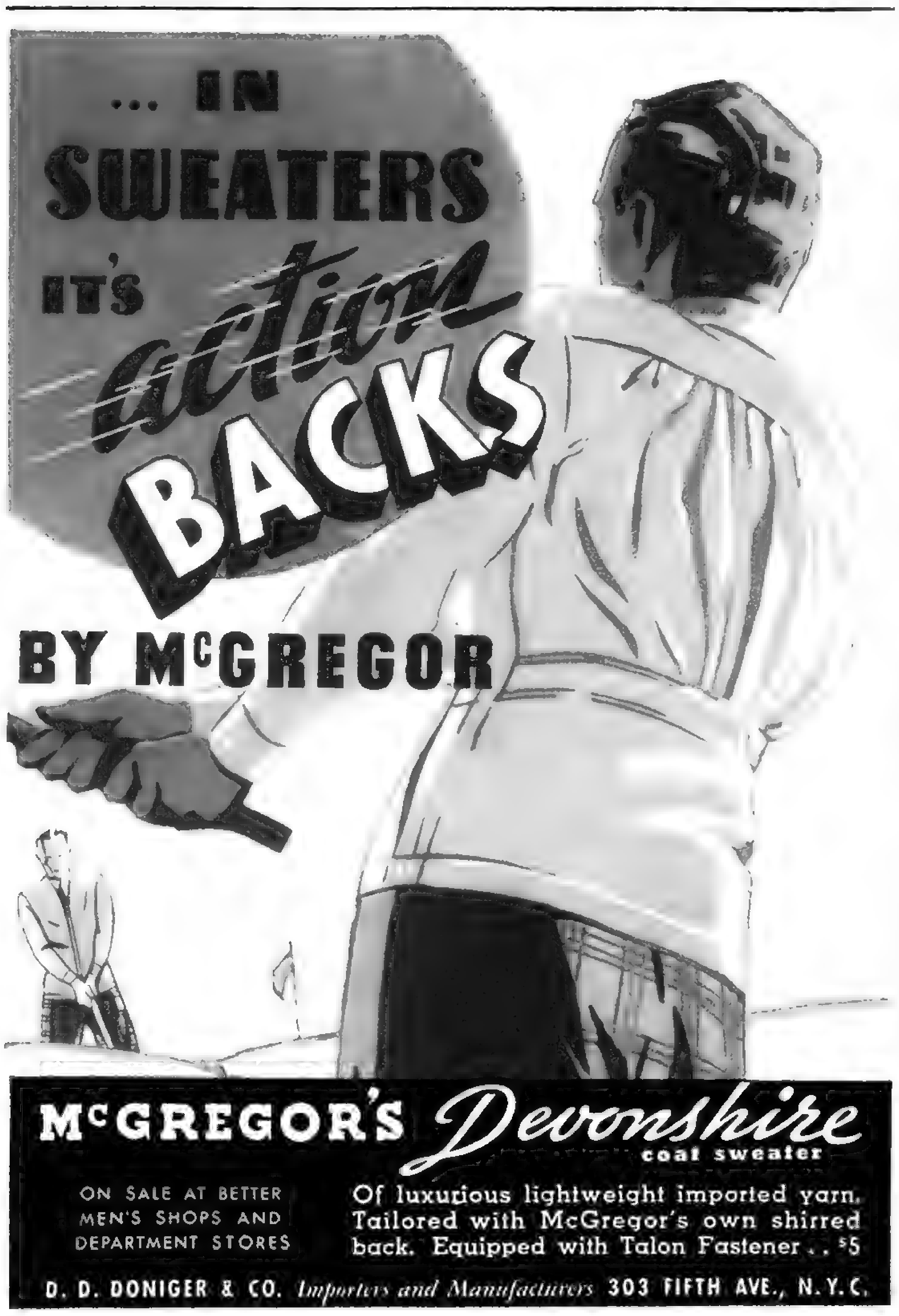
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From Greenland's Icy Mountains

Continued from page 181

sally forth and when all are gathered, they form two long lines, lift their cups and cry "Skaal!" (Here's how). Then they all repair to the little red skaal house, which is a good idea, because it certainly *needs* repairing. After sitting and looking at each other for three or four hours, they all go home. What a commentary upon contemporary "civilized" parties with women in low-necked dresses, cocktails, petting and other similar features. After attending a simple Eskimo party, who would want to go to one of these penthouse debaucheries? . . . Certainly you would!

The other form of diversion is the broadcast which is specially planned for explorers by their friends back home and which is so important to the white man in his isolation. Byrd, Stefansson—all of us—receive them from time to time. To you readers sitting comfortably before your gas-logs, secure in all that modern science has to give you, it is difficult to realize what these programs mean to us.

Let me paint the picture of the last broadcast to me as it came to my waiting ears in my northern retreat. Word had gone around the village that on Saturday night "The White Father" would receive messages through the "magic box." So on Wednesday night, promptly after supper, the Eskimos gathered in my home for the great event. They sat there silently until Saturday, not moving or talking, and waiting for the program. From time to time the children would go out and return, but their elders remained still and held their peace.

The air grew heavy with the odor of seal oil and henna rinses, but they did not notice it. And then promptly at nine o'clock on Saturday evening, as I had been notified, the program began. To me, a white man, sitting in the midst of that colorful Eskimosaic, it was a thrilling moment.

I turned the switch and for a second there was dead silence. Then suddenly, clear as a bell, there came from the loudspeaker: "La . . . tlemen . . we pre . . is time a specia . . . cast from . . . ctady to . . . aymond Knight in . . . eenland."

The Eskimos' eyes opened wide. I listened in rapt attention. The voice continued:

"This . . . dcast . . . ming direct from the Fontainebleau Hotel in New York City where Jimmy Schwartzkopf and his Royal Guatemalans are featured nightly in the Alsace-Lorraine Grill, with dinner dancing from six to nine, featuring a $1.00 de luxe dinner with a glass of imported California wine, and supper-dancing eleven to three, featuring never a couvert."

I listened eagerly. The voice went on:

"Jimmy Schwartzkopf and his Royal Guatemalans now play as only Jimmy Schwartzkopf and his Royal Guatemalans *can* play, 'Red Hot Mamma You Gotta Frigidaire', as a special tribute to Raymond White and his Eskimo friends listening in up there in Alaska, from the Alsace-Lorraine Grill of the Hotel Fontainebleau at 38th Street and Madison Avenue in the heart of New York City. Letter go, Jimmy!"

Then followed a musical number which delighted us all. As in a reverie I followed it note for note. Then the voice came again:

"And now Jimmy Schwartzkopf himself in person wishes to say a few words to Raymond Wright and his Eskimo friends."

A new voice was heard:

"Hello Ray—Jimmy Schwartzkopf speaking and saying howdy. Is it cold enough for you up there? Well, I guess we're doin' our best to warm it up for you . . . Yessir . . . See how you like this new little number we're going to play to you direct from the Alsace-Lorraine Grill of the Hotel Fontainebleau at 38th Street and Madison Avenue in the heart of New York City. Letter go, boys!"

Another musical selection enthralled us, and then, *then* came the announcement I was waiting for.

"And now there's a few of Mr. Damon Bright's friends here who wanta say hello to him. Mr. Richard Crooks!

"Hello Ray . . . I . . . to . . . but lost my voice . . . that's all."

"Mr. Carl Brandt, auth . . . . entative."

"Say, Ray, if . . . nother article fo . . . so . . . certainly . . . thanks."

"Mr. Louis Untermeyer!"

"Esther and I . . . give a damn . . . get . . . women . . . read a poem . . . don't like it you can . . . and that's that."

"And now for the big moment, all you folks that are listenin' in, we got the little woman right here in person. The Missis is going to say hello to Mr. Dwight and the other Eskimos . . . *Mrs.* Simon Dwight."

"Raymond . . . matter . . . please don't . . . to tell you that . . ."

"Okay, Mrs Michaels, that's swell Muchabliged And now folks, Jimmy Schwartzkopf and his Royal Guatemalans will play 'Abie's Baby Maybe' direct from the Alsace-Lorraine Grill of the Hotel Fontainebleau at 38th Street and Madison Avenue in the heart of New York City!"

At that point the radio sputtered and died. There was silence for a moment and then—the personal touch was gone. I was "The White Father" again, alone in Greenland, with only my thoughts, my art and my housekeepers.

So—until the ice breaks and I leave the north to visit my publishers, my galleries and my family—I shall say simply "Aloha nu" (Goodbye now).

And may I say, in closing, that whenever my paint runs dry or my energies are dissipated by the long arctic nights, Camels *always* give me a lift?

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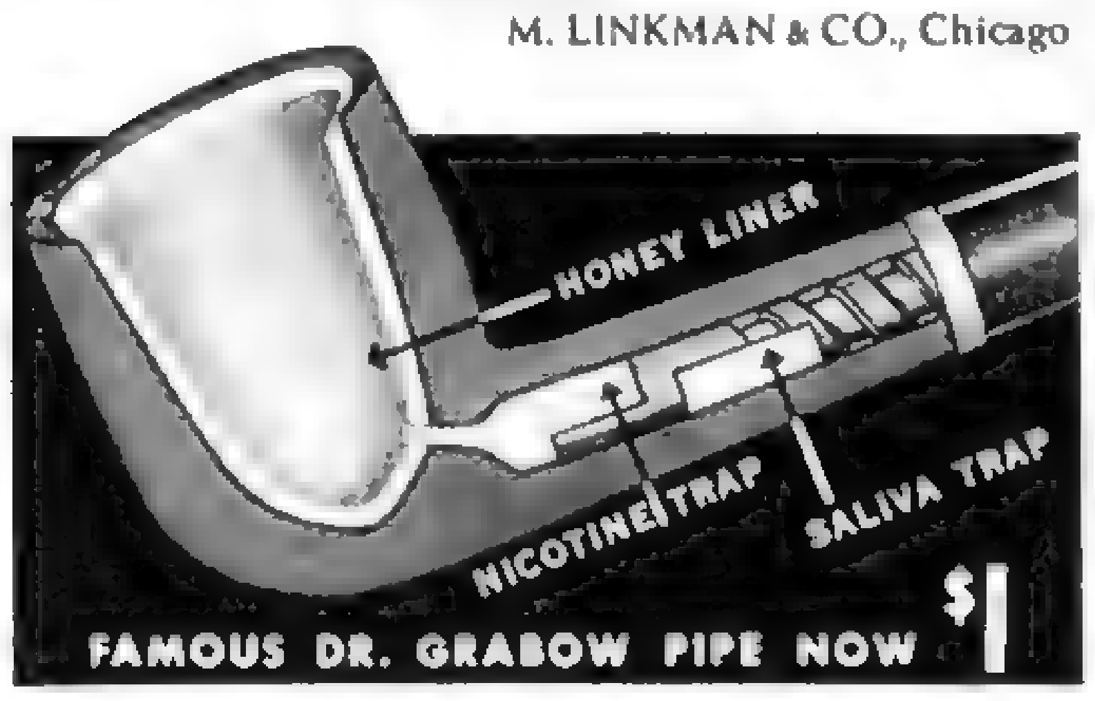

CHAS. HARRIS

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CASH'S NAMES 3 doz. $1.50 6 doz. $2. NO-SO Cement 25¢ a tube
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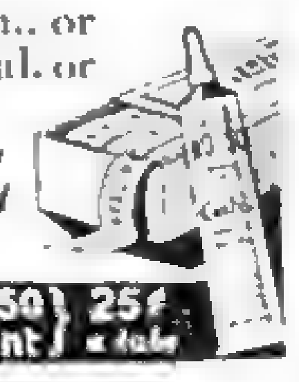

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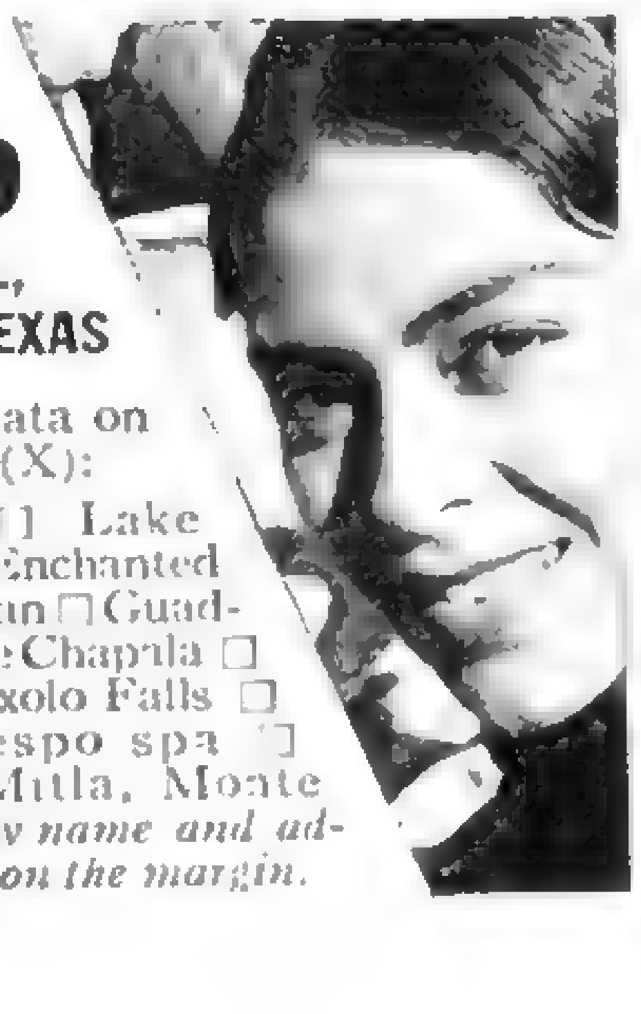

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 100

decent, native Polynesian to America, takes him clear across America, throws him into contact with all aspects of our common life and lets us see our customs, our prejudices, our achievements, our people through the eyes of a lad who brings another sort of background from what we have to what he sees, hears and experiences. The novel contains so much that is rich, warmly human, generous in spirit, so many vital characters brought clearly and sympathetically to life, so many incidents that are comical, tragical, ironical and idyllic, that it is difficult to convey the quality of it. It is vaguely in the genre of what the French call a *roman de la vie cérébrale*, yet it is as much a novel of character reacting upon character as it is a novel of ideas; it is as realistic as it is imaginative and lyrical; it is the bitter with the sweet; it is a story of a naïveté that is the highest sort of sophistication. It is a novel to awaken our dormant sense of beauty and to make us humble in the presence of it. It is one of the most enjoyable novels I have read in recent years and it brings a new and striking storyteller very prominently into the high ranks of current literature.

(Lest there be some quibbling about the "discovery" of Louis Paul later on, as there has been about the "discovery" of Conrad, O. Henry, etc., etc., let it be recorded here that it was Arnold Gingrich who bought the first short story Louis Paul ever wrote and that it was published in the March, 1934 issue of Esquire.)

If an epideminologist acted and talked the way the epideminologist did in *Arrowsmith*, says Hans Zinsser in *Rats, Lice and History*, he would have been useless and a nuisance. Moreover Zinsser says that Paul De Kruif romanticizes his doctors and exaggerates their altruism. Doctors who do hazardous research work into the cause and eradication of disease, who track down germs and often fall victims to the objects of their search and who forego wealth, normal social life and comforts in their work, do not do this, ordinarily, with any lively sense of "doing good"; they do it because such research offers one of the most exciting of all gambles; it calls into play every quiver of the sporting instinct; it is a super-mystery game demanding cool nerves, an alert brain and a profound concentration upon the problem at hand.

The Zinsser book is largely concerned with typhus and its carriers, lice, rats and men. It is a history of the ravages of typhus and it tells how typhus has won and lost more battles than generals, altered the course of history, brought civilizations into decay. He reminds us that until very recently emperors, statesmen, queens and courtesans were, literally, lousy, and that the World War brought very forcibly to our attention the ominous fact that vermin, in spite of all modern hygiene, swarm on the continent of Europe and are ever present among us; and that they, with the devastating termites, may fight the last battle of the quick upon a dying planet. This is a thrilling book and it is written with wit and scholarship.

Ten years ago it would have been impossible to publish for the general trade such a serious, scientific educational work as *The Power to Love*. Ten years ago, and before, there were plenty of pseudo-scientific books on sex, books evasively hinting at some of the manifest truths set down by Dr. Hirsch, and volumes of erotica nastily disguised as books meant only for "professional men, lawyers, doctors, students and research workers." Such books brought stiff bootleg prices; they were hidden in the vaults and backrooms of second-hand and rare book dealers; and they were bought largely by the sort of people who collect pornographic pictures.

The whole subject of sexual relations among the adult and married was so taboo that out of the wrecked lives, the impaired constitutions, the neuroses of those who had had to acquire their knowledge of the most vital thing in life by the haphazard way of trial and error and against the handicaps of fear, secrecy, and harmful social conditioning there, of necessity, arose schools of therapy such as that of Freud and Jung which were designed to undo the harm which suppression, fear, and misinformation had done.

There is not a vast deal in Dr. Hirsch's book which any competent, intelligent biologist or trained physician does not know; but there is very little in it which a young married man or a young married woman could get a biologist or physician to explain candidly and straightforwardly. As a hang-over from the old Victorian prudery in matters of sex there are even yet many pernicious fallacies about biological matters still current among physicians and other men trained in the sciences. They are pernicious simply because they are large factors in the sexual maladjustments of husbands and wives;

Continued on page 184

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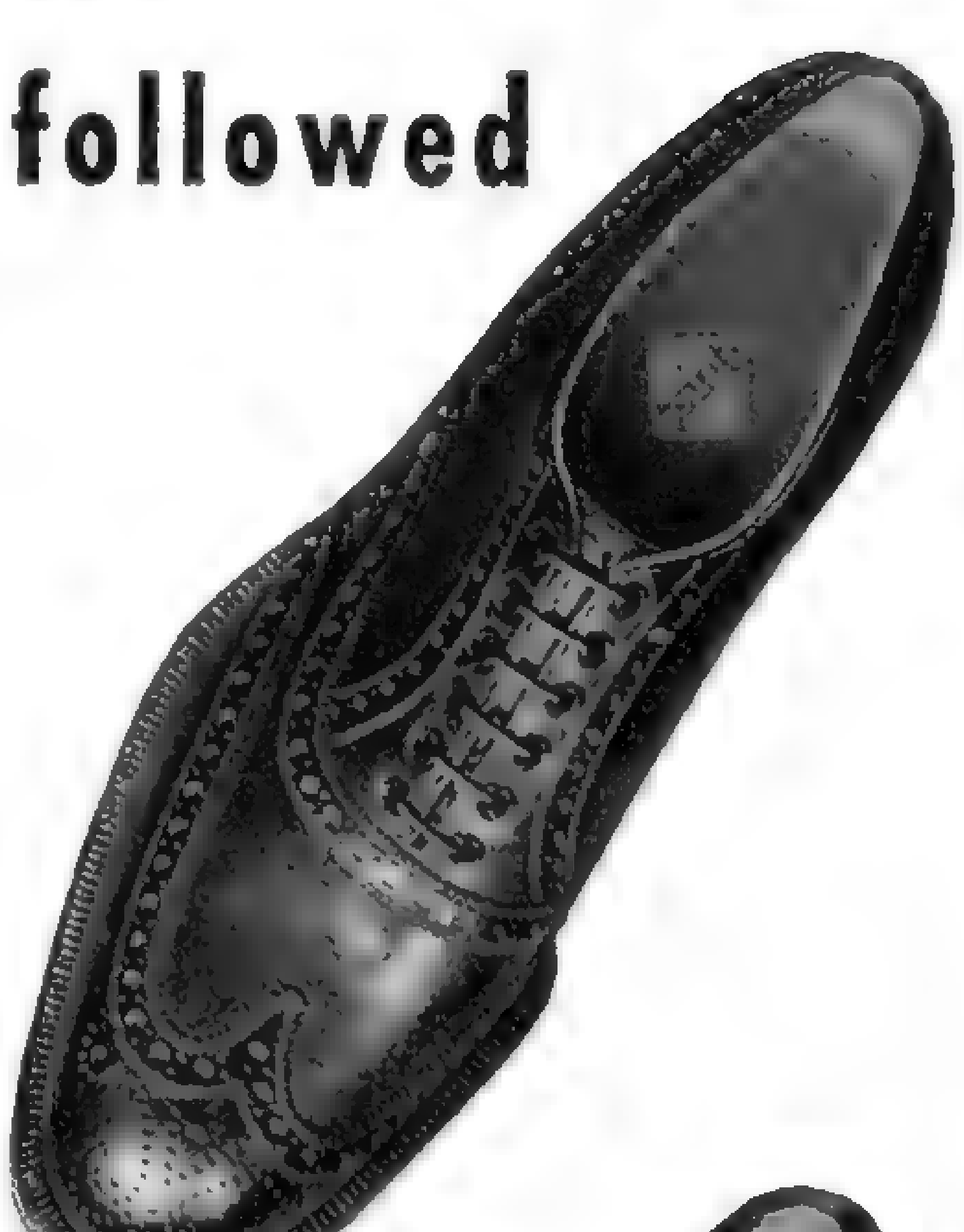
followed



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college
man's
shoe-
prints

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 183

they are factors in infidelity and divorce; they are a social menace. Dr. Hirsch, with rare courage, common sense and scientific decency points out these fallacies and gives a helpful, informative and scientific rationale of sexual conduct and behavior.

Dr. Hirsch's book I have already recommended to the attention of my twenty year old son and my seventeen year old daughter, wistfully sorry that when I was their age I sought just the sort of information this book gives and I had to seek it furtively and shame-facedly. Many of the truths in it I learned slowly and painfully, and after anguish in heart and spirit.

In my book, *Prometheans*, I bungled one intention very badly. In the longish chapter entitled, *St. Mark*, I thought I was writing a parable apropos of the origin and rise of Christianity. To make the parable the more apparent I read diligently and laboriously into the long past of Hebraic literature, the work of Josephus who was a contemporary of Pontius Pilate and the Greek and Latin authors who were writing at about the time of the beginning of Christian chronology, and into many of the source books on Christianity and the works of the apostolic fathers. All to get as clear a picture as I could in my mind about what might have been the causes, economic, political, social, and mystical of the story of the birth, leadership and evangelism of the Messiah. And it was my intention to set this all down as though I were writing about St. Mark and his sources and his times but actually to be talking about Communism and its Messiah, Lenin, and its St. Paul, Stalin; and about the very rapid alteration of the dreams and objectives and teachings of Marx and Lenin in the interests of "expediency" and the far-off vista, the heaven that is to come. For it seemed to me at the time that there was an obvious parallel between the dream of Communism and the dream of Christianity and that there was a very obvious parallel, too, in the fact that those who soon pushed to the fore and began running things in the interests of Christianity were very like those who have begun running things in the interests of Communism; and that Christian leaders who chopped off the heads, burnt at the stake and took into slavery those who were hesitant about becoming Christians were very far from being humble, tolerant and forgiving followers of the example of their leader; and that, in Russia, the wholesale executions of "counter-revolutionists" and the deportations to Siberian prison camps of simple-minded peasants because they did not readily apprehend the blessings of Communism—these acts of Stalin and his little group of men in power did not seem quite in the true spirit of Communism.

As I say, I tried to write a parable, because I was saddened and troubled by Stalinism, Hitlerism, Fascism, and the gabble about a proletarian dictatorship. I failed because my literary powers were not equal to the task I set for myself. The chapter was set down as a rather dull and presumptuous essay in divine scholarship by some one ill-fitted for the task. And I guess it was.

But Eugene Lyons confirms all the intimations I tried to make in that unsuccessful parable. It is an instructive as well as an entertaining book. It should be placed in the hands of all those who think it is fashionable to call themselves Communists. Mr. Lyons shows explicitly just how quickly all such "intellectuals" would be "liquidated" if they were Russians. It will come perhaps as a surprise to them to learn of how little consequence the things they cherish are regarded by Stalin and the group around him; how minute is the freedom allowed to think and be in Russia. And Lyons is unbiased, I believe. He has had an adventurous and happy time in Russia. He has been sympathetic all along to the experiment. But he has seen too much of the operations of the secret police. It is sufficient for some one to have a grudge against you in Russia to report you to the secret tribunals as indulging in counter-revolutionary activities, if that enemy has friends in power. You are lucky if you escape being shot and if you are merely sent to work the mines of Siberia. The articulate and knowing Communists, like the flag-waving politicians in a democratic country, know how to feather their nests; these scoundrels find it easier to take your property which they covet than the political crooks do in our democracy.

NEWS

What you see opposite is the repeat-story of one phase in the making of a newspaper. It is a feature—one of many features that combine to make this particular paper the leader that it is. It is one of the well-made but distinctly subordinate parts of a nationally-important powerfully-geared whole—the New York Herald Tribune.

It is important to remember this point of distinction between the *features* of a newspaper and the *essence* of a newspaper.

Things like the Herald Tribune's sports section (one of the greatest), its world-web of news-gatherers (including the United and Associated Press, the City and Standard News Associations, the scores of H-T correspondents in every major news-nerve-center of the world)—all these make a powerful pattern in a great newspaper.

Of course, there's also that large battery of Herald Tribune special service features on fashions, foods, beauty, gardens, finance and on down the line. Between them, they prompted half a million inquiries from readers last year. But make no mistake—they are still the parts which compose the whole.

Then again, there are Messrs. Sullivan and Lippmann who put news into a retort tube, and F. P. A. who gives news a columnist's acid bath, and Lucius Beebe who ogles news through the heartless lens of a Manhattan Merryman, and Joseph Alsop who punctures news with a stylist's stilleto . . .

But all these stars, constellations, luminaries and first-magnituders are—like the booklets itemized across the way—merely the picked parts of a magnificently organized whole . . . the whole being a newspaper which puts the accent definitely on the first syllable . . .

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune

Note: Since a good booklet may well serve to introduce a great newspaper, we repeat an offer. To Esquiremen who, perchance, don't already know the New York Herald Tribune, this offer of a group of man-appeal Herald Tribune-edited booklets and pamphlets is—by your leave—hereby encored.

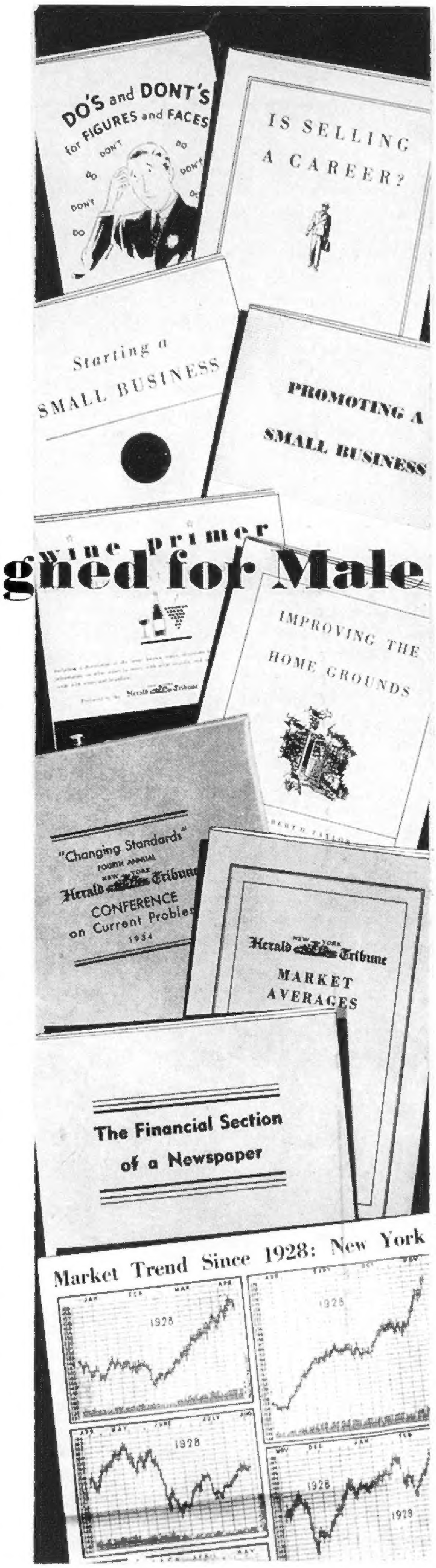
Encore

The wise men of *Esquire* recently resorted to the columns of the New York Herald Tribune to cry their wares. They received, we are informed, a deluge of subscriptions.

Applying the same reasoning reciprocally, the Herald Tribune hands over its this month's *Esquire* page to the cause of some Herald Tribune booklets—and assuming (fairly safe assumption) that Esquire's readership is of the same determined-to-know calibre as the general run of better newspaper readers, an invitation is here extended to it to send for any of the booklets and leaflets described below.

The list begins in Esquire's own bailiwick—with a new booklet titled "Do's and Dont's for Figures and Faces." It's a catechism of men's dress rules gathered by the Herald Tribune's fashion department, writ pleasantly and painlessly, discussing color, fabric and design in relation to a man's individual build and coloring.

Booklets Designed for Male Ways of Living


DO'S and DONT'S for FIGURES and FACES
DONT
DO
IS SELLING A CAREER?
Starting a SMALL BUSINESS
PROMOTING A SMALL BUSINESS
Wine Primer
IMPROVING THE HOME GROUNDS
"Changing Standards" FOURTH ANNUAL New York Herald Tribune CONFERENCE on Current Problems 1934
New York Herald Tribune MARKET AVERAGES
The Financial Section of a Newspaper
Market Trend Since 1928: New York
1928
1929

In addition to dressing, there's that rather pertinent problem for men of making a *living*. When the upsetment of these times forced thousands of untrained into Selling, and pushed thousands of others into business for themselves . . . the Herald Tribune's Job Problems Editor did a monumental piece of work. From his labors came forth two much-sought booklets—one titled "Is Selling a Career?"—the other, "Starting a Small Business".

Another huge quota of Herald Tribune readers already having their established businesses, for them the problem often is how to make a small business go bigger places; for them another booklet helper—"Promoting a Small Business".

But with life still holding to its lighter moments, there remain those legions of men who quaff critically the ageing juices of the grape—especially those who insist that the particular wine served be best suited to the particular victuals it's served with. For these would-be-wine-wise, the Herald Tribune's Home Institute prepared a "Wine Primer for Host and Hostess."

Any categorical list of males must include those putterers-'round-the-house who not infrequently drive their wives to distraction and waste their good energies in the process. A simple cure for these—self-administered in pleasant doses—is an intelligent interest in improving the grounds of their cottages and castles. Many readers have written to Old Doctor Herald Tribune for that pertinent pamphlet—"Improving the Home Grounds"—illustrated with *Right Ways and Wrong Ways*, by landscape architect Albert Taylor and Herald Tribune horticultural editor J. W. Johnston.

For that considerable body of men serious of mien and sober of mind, who try to key their thinking with the chief thinkers of these times, who follow closely the Herald Tribune's annual Conference on Current Problems . . . for these, there's a compendious booklet of Conference Proceedings—"Changing Standards" recently published, greatly referred to, widely read.

Inevitably, a newspaper which has one of the most complete and extensive financial sections of any journal in the world is constantly referred to—its financial-statistical averages constantly sought by business men, financial men, investors, instructors and researchers. For these there are two important items: a booklet analyzing ten years of *Market Averages;* a chart of the *Market Trends*—continuous Herald Tribune averages of 100 leading stocks from 1928 to June, 1934.

And for the uninitiate (or for the initiate who would be wiser) there's also a master guide for financial section readers—"The Financial Section of a Newspaper" prepared by the Herald Tribune's financial top-notcher, C. Norman Stabler. This booklet analyzes the contents of the Herald Tribune's financial sections under *forty-eight* clearly defined subjects (which scope gives you a pretty good idea of why the Herald Tribune is the most-read newspaper among members of the New York Stock Exchange).

If, in addition to informing yourself on specific fields covered by these booklets, you also want to keep acutely aware of the state of the nation and its leading city, a subscription to the Herald Tribune is itself the best possible answer and will prove—as it has with nearly half-a-million others—a newspaper reading habit that, once acquired, cannot be shaken.

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
230 West 41st Street • New York City

Gentlemen.

I enclose ________________ in check ☐ money order ☐ stamps ☐ for which please send me the booklets I have checked below·

	Prices *	
1—Do's and Don'ts for Figures and Faces	15c	☐
2—Is Selling a Career?	25c	☐
3—Starting a Small Business	25c	☐
4—Promoting a Small Business	25c	☐
5—Wine Primer for Host and Hostess	25c	☐
6—Improving the Home Grounds	1.00	☐
7—Changing Standards	1.00	☐
8—Market Averages	25c	☐
9—Market Trends	10c	☐
10—The Financial Section of a Newspaper	1.00	☐

NAME... ....
(print it, please)

ADDRESS..

CITY....................... STATE..........

* If you live in New York City, please add retail tax to cover your order, according to the schedule below:

$.13 to $ .62	1c	$1.13 to $1.62	3c
$.63 to $1.12	2c	$1.63 to $2.12	4c

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune

To the EXECUTIVE
Whose Signature Is Required On Advertising Contracts

The Balloon Era in Advertising

"Let's have Balloons!" came the word from scores of conference rooms. And presto, this little device, borrowed from the comic strips, became hero or villain according to one's point of view.

One group sees in the "balloon" an ugly threat; a lowering of the proud standards of Beauty; the desecration of a cherished achievement in American advertising.

A more caustic viewpoint interprets the movement as pandering to a moron grade of intelligence.

Still other groups; in open defiance of all the gods of Beauty, declare they don't give a hoot so long as it broadens the appeal and sells the goods. And so on.

But the true significance of the "Balloon" Era goes far deeper than any of these. For it means a re-awakening to the fundamental facts of "*Class*" versus *Volume;* recognition that the way to volume sales leads through "Volume" street, instead of "Class" Avenue; realization that the source of true Volume is Mass Buyers.

The little "balloon" may pass on, but what it teaches will live. Imagine the lasting benefits to our national sales structure, if, from its many lessons, the Volume manufacturer holds firmly to this one: *the profit per sale is the same whether the purchaser's income be $3,000 or $300,000.*

This includes of course the importance of reaching *your whole audience.* If you for example, have a message for your board of directors, numbering twelve, and you reach only three of them, it doesn't matter so much how expertly you have prepared the Message.

In the same way, advertising may reach only a fraction of potential Volume. The way to approach full Volume is to have your message reach the *whole* Volume audience . . . and that means the *gainfully Employed,* for it is they who today hold squarely in their hands *the buying power of the nation.*

Right now consumer advertising falls within three classifications, and in the following sequence of importance: (1) *maximum* Volume (2) *fractional* Volume (3) "Class".

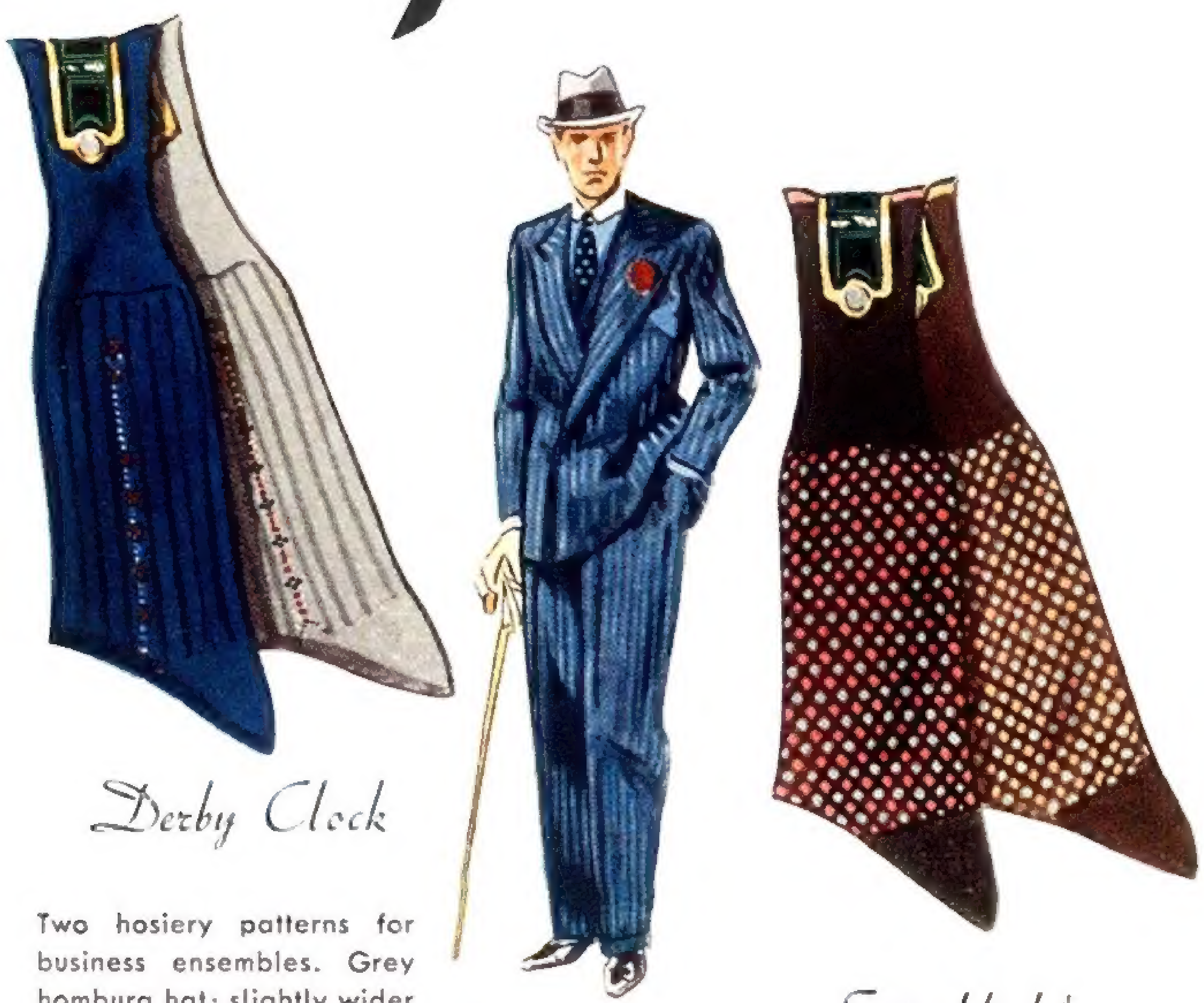
And there is only one place in the United States where the vast army of gainfully employed (*maximum* Volume) gathers each day, twice a day, and that is in the Street Cars.

Elsewhere you can reach "fractions" of them at high costs, but only in street cars can you reach *all* of them, at the low cost of Car Advertising.

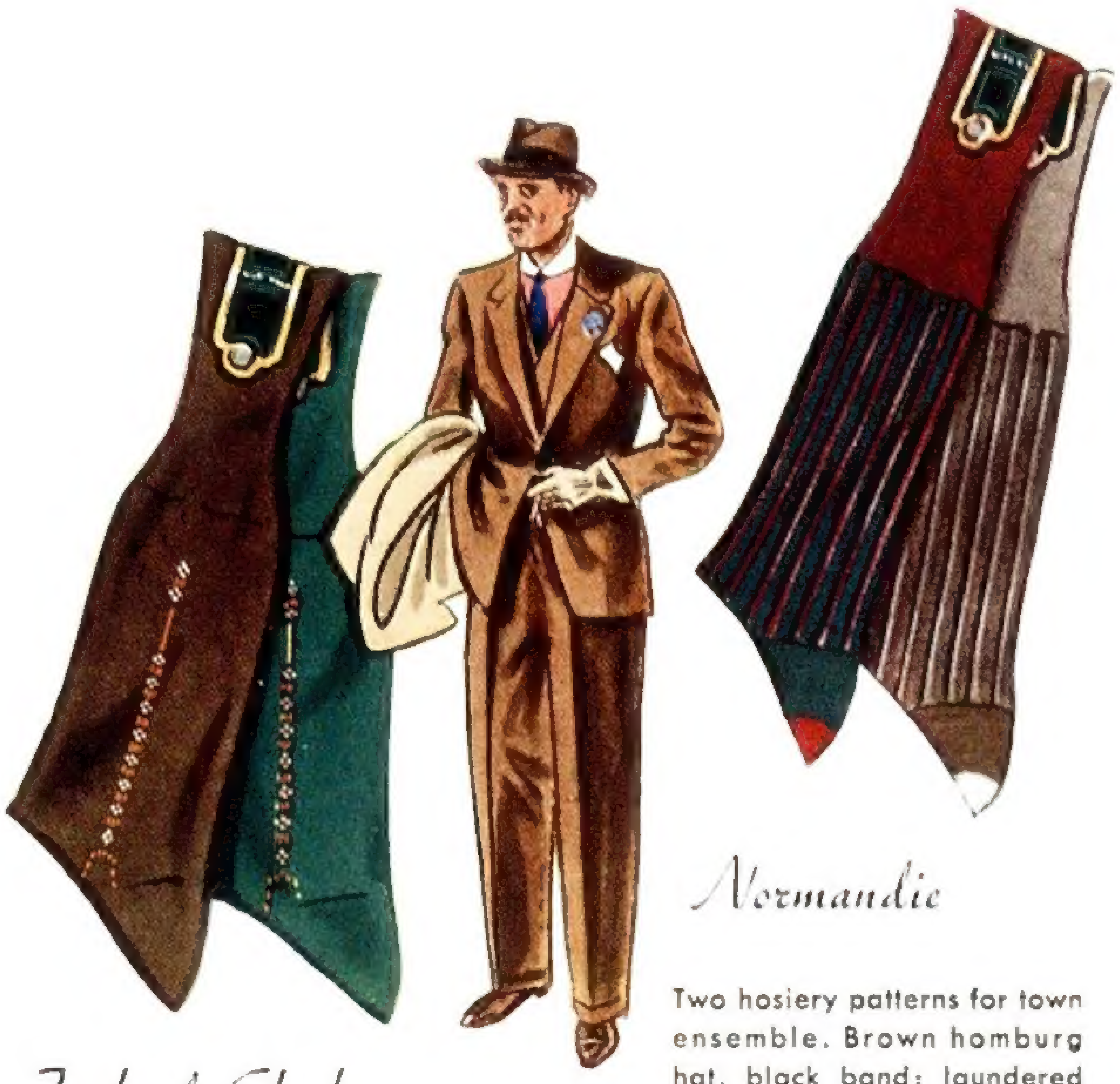
W. S. B.

STREET RAILWAYS ADVERTISING CO.
220 WEST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK

Fashion Footnotes

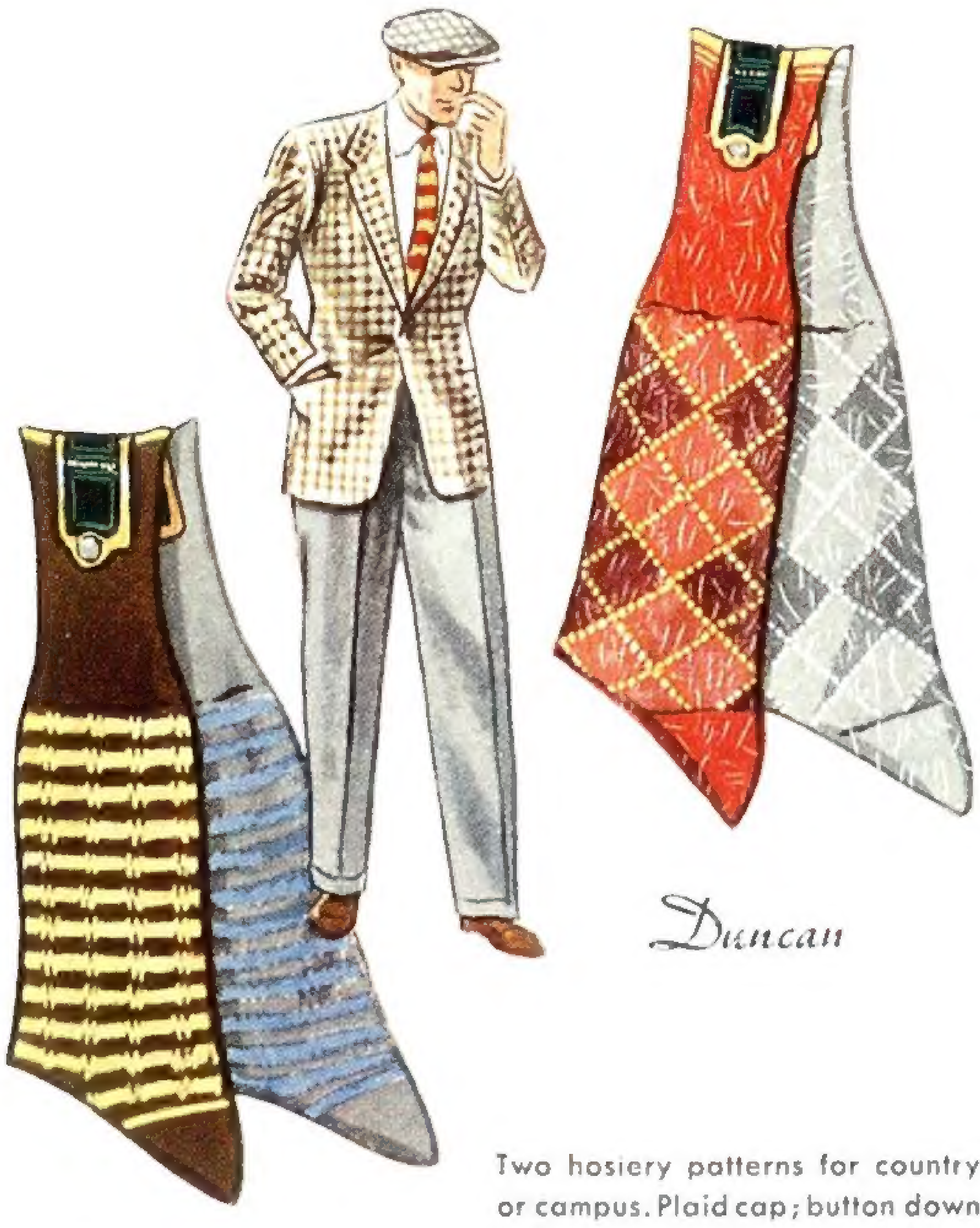


Two hosiery patterns for business ensembles. Grey homburg hat; slightly wider spread white collar on a colored shirt. Long roll lapel, double-breasted suit in flannel.

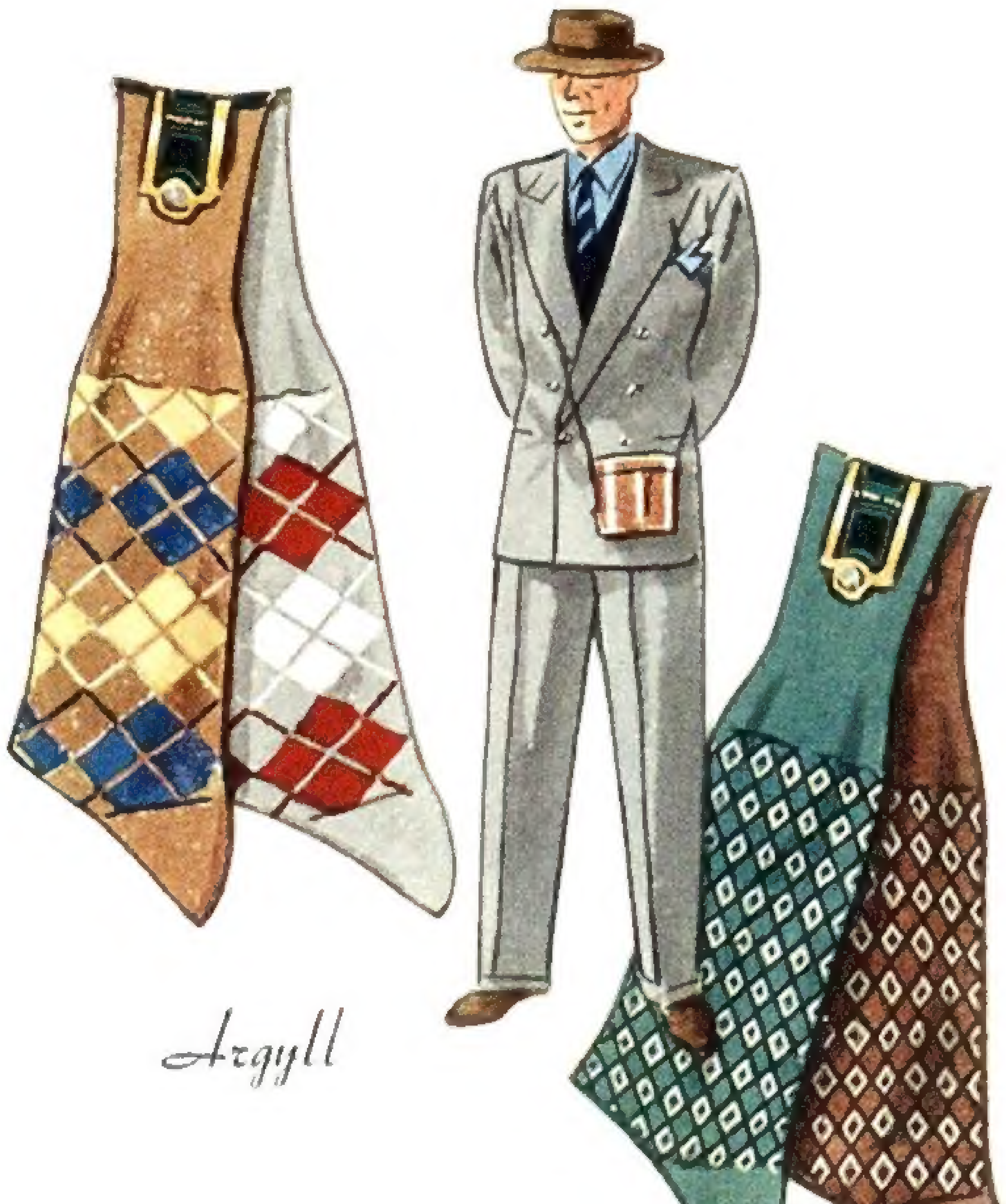


Two hosiery patterns for town ensemble. Brown homburg hat, black band; laundered collar of white or to match colored shirt; single-breasted suit in Saxony or flannel.

INTERWOVEN HOSIERY is much more than just well made, long wearing, comfortable fitting hosiery. It is fashioned and attuned in keeping with the clothing with which it is worn. The scope of the Interwoven line affords ample opportunity for individual expression of taste and illustrated herewith are examples of hosiery which harmonize and contrast with the ensemble.



Two hosiery patterns for country or campus. Plaid cap; button down collar oxford shirt; crocheted tie; odd jacket of checks or plaids; flannel slacks; buckskin shoes.



Two hosiery patterns for spectator or countryside outfit. Porkpie hat in brown or deep green; wide spread collar attached shirt. Sleeveless pull-over; long roll lapel double-breasted flannel suit.

Interwoven

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WE ASKED LEADERS IN WINTER SPORTS:

"Is this fact important to You?"—

Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos..Turkish and Domestic..than any other popular brand

(SIGNED) *R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.*
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

ENERGY! "Camel's 'energizing effect' is a great thing for any one who is active," says Paul Thompson, right wing and high scorer of the world-champion Chicago Black Hawks hockey team. "When I come off the rink, dead tired, there's just one thing I want—a Camel!"

HEALTHY NERVES! "Streaking through an icy bob run demands nerves of steel," says Ray F. Stevens, North American Bob-Sled Champion. "After the last heat, I light a Camel and enjoy smoking to the full, knowing Camels *never* bother my nerves!"

FLAVOR!—Jack Shea, Champion Speed Skater: "Camels taste so good! With me, they get the nod every time. For sheer pleasure, there's nothing like a Camel."

MILDNESS! Betty Chase, expert skater, gives this answer: "Camels are so mild and appealing! And to me it's a very important fact that Camels use finer and choicer tobaccos."

VALUE! "I'm with Jack Shea and Ray Stevens when it comes to smoking Camels," says Edward Kent. "I 'get a lift with a Camel' when I'm tired. The fact that choicer tobaccos are used explains why Camels are so pleasing. It means a lot to me that millions more are spent for the tobaccos used in Camels."

Copyright 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.